

THE SEVEN LOST TRAILS OF AFRICA

*A Record of Sundry Expeditions, New
and Old, in Search of Buried Treasure*

By
Hedley A. Chilvers

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A RECORD of ad-
venture and peril
encountered in the
search for vast treas-
ures of gold and
diamonds lost in the
hidden valleys and
forest depths of the
African continent.
The story is also told
of the origin and
growth of the ten
chief towns of the
Union, revealing some-
thing of the romance
and glamour of
modern South
Africa

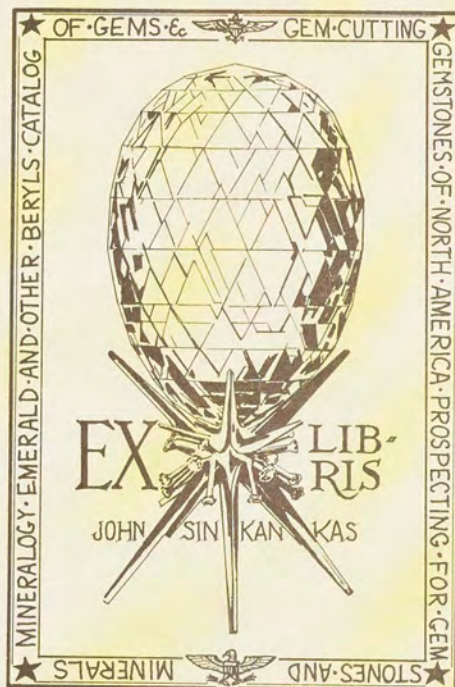


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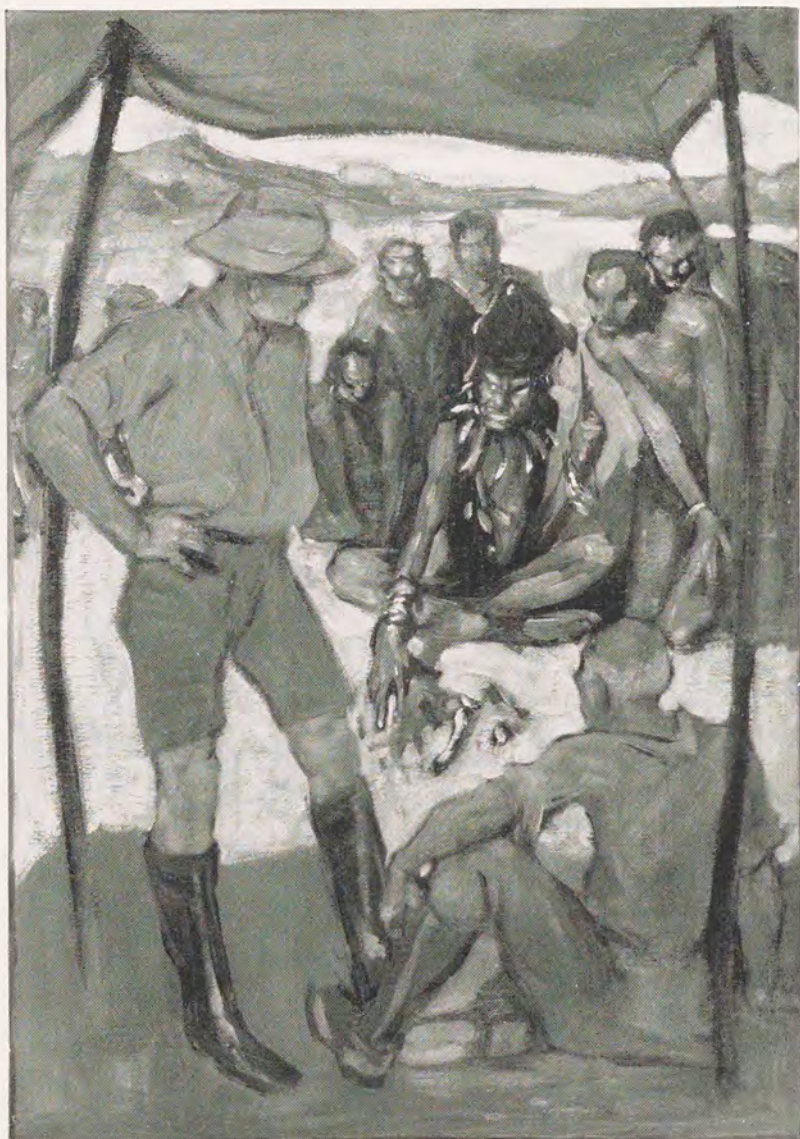
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THE SEVEN LOST TRAILS OF AFRICA

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The Witch Doctor threw the bones for the treasure-hunters

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The Seven Lost Trails of Africa

*Being a Record of Sundry Expeditions, New
and Old, in Search of Buried Treasure*

By
HEDLEY A. CHILVERS

Author of "Out of the Crucible," etc.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALFRED PALMER, R.O.I.

AND EIGHT MAPS BY
H. E. WINDER



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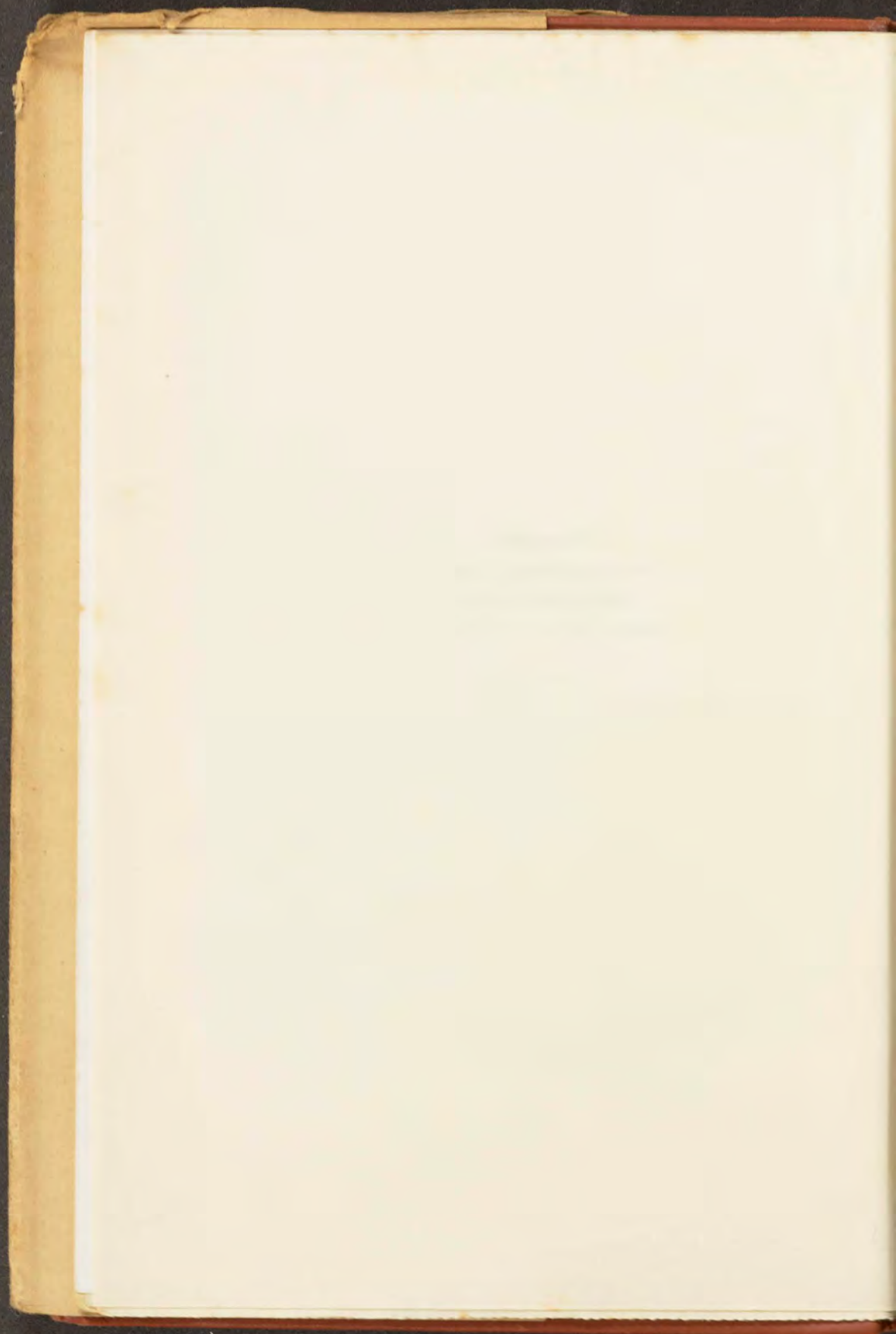
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TO MY WIFE, AND
THE LITTLE ONES:
ALAN, BRYAN AND JANET



PREFACE

THIS book is an attempt to record some of the exploits of African treasure-hunters. Thirty years spent at the heart of African affairs has enabled me to see something of that Pageant of Adventure which I have attempted to describe; and the experience has resulted in some acquaintance, too, with the chief characters in that Pageant, with the men of Science, the strange visionaries, the volatile spirits, who virtually dedicated their lives to the hunt for African treasure.

Certain of the leaders of treasure expeditions have passed away, their deeds surviving only in the memories of friends. Others live in the enjoyment of just rewards. Others again are old and obscure, dreaming, it may be, of lost hoards and fortune unretrieved. Their stories will be found in this volume, the first possibly to be devoted solely to buried treasure which has been written in any country.

What, then, are the seven mysteries designated under the title "The Seven Lost Trails"? They are:

(a) The way to the great valley of precious stones said to lie somewhere in the wild tangle of hills to the north of the bend of the Orange River;

(b) The trails to the old diamond-craters, the sources of the gems scattered over Southern Africa, which when discovered will probably be found crammed with inexhaustible wealth;

(c) The track to the diamonds and gold bars supposed to have been buried by the murderer Swartz in 1903 in the banks of the Blyde River in the Transvaal;

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(d) The precise site of the *Grosvenor*, which sank with a great store of Indian valuables on the Pondo Coast of Africa in 1782;

(e) The way to the Rhodesian cache in which Lobengula, King of the Matabele, buried his hoard of diamonds, gold, and ivory, shortly before the Matabele War of 1893. This treasure has been assessed at £2,000,000;

(f) The trail to the old silver mines at Chicova, or Chicoo, on the north side of the Zambesi, from which it is thought supplies were derived for the Courts of the Ancient World, and which the Portuguese sought vainly to find in the sixteenth century;

(g) The whereabouts of a second and larger half of the giant Cullinan diamond, supposed to have been stolen by a native employed in the Premier Mine near Pretoria.

These, then, are the seven lost trails. Others, such as the missing goldfield of Madagascar, and the quest of the Kruger millions, discussed in the book will, I hope, interest my readers. I have ventured to introduce the general theme with a chapter making symbolic use of the word "trail," the lost trail here being that of Man's origin, lost, it is claimed, in the trackless forests of the Congo. The fact that while this book is in the Press, Professor Raymond A. Dart, of the Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, is with the Italian Scientific Expedition in the Congo forests testing his theories of Man's origin, may be deemed to add to the interest of this chapter.

The actual treasure experiences recorded are mainly those of well-known South Africans, such as Fred Cornell, Dr. Harold Harger, Sir Aubrey Woolls-Sampson, Sir Thomas Cullinan, Dr. Hans Merensky, Dr Reuning, Tom Donovan, Harry S. Lyons, Robert Lewis, and others, obtained from them in certain cases personally and for the first time. Before writing the story of the *Grosvenor*

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wreck I was afforded opportunity of examining a mass of old records of the syndicates which tried to retrieve the treasure. The examination proved profitable. Again, although I experienced difficulty in gathering data concerning the late Sir Aubrey Woolls-Sampson's expedition to the Zambesi in 1910 to find the old Chicova (or Chicova) silver mines, various friends of his have retained vivid recollections of the stories he used to tell. By a remarkable chance, too, I was able to interview Lobengula's one-time Secretary—now a very old man near Johannesburg—and to cross-examine him closely concerning Lobengula's buried hoard, though in justice to one who is making another attempt to find it shortly, I have had to refrain from defining too closely the suspected site of the cache. This book thus claims to be a real-life record of the exploits of adventurers old and new. And while I trust that it will appeal to young people as well as to adults, it is to be hoped that because of the romantic character of the facts it discloses the book will not tempt readers to invest money in further pursuit of buried African Treasure. All too much has been lost in that fashion already.

The phenomenal success which attended the publication last year of my book "Out of the Crucible," the story of the Rand goldfields, inspires the hope that the public will be no less generous to me this year.

I have added to this book four chapters giving the record of the ten chief towns of Southern Africa. These have been carefully compiled by Mr. E. C. Alderson, (formerly Librarian of the Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg) under my direction, as a complementary note to the volume. Those whose views of Africa may have been influenced by the treasure-stories, will find in these chapters evidence to show that in addition to its store of romance, Southern Africa possesses all the amenities of civilization. A large

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amount of information is condensed into a comparatively small space.

I would like to pay a tribute to Mr. Alfred Palmer, R.O.I., the artist who has illustrated the work. He has made a close study of the Native. A regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, London, the Paris Salon, and at international exhibitions, his native drawings are based on experience of many tours of Zululand, of the Drakensberg Mountains, and generally throughout Southern Africa.

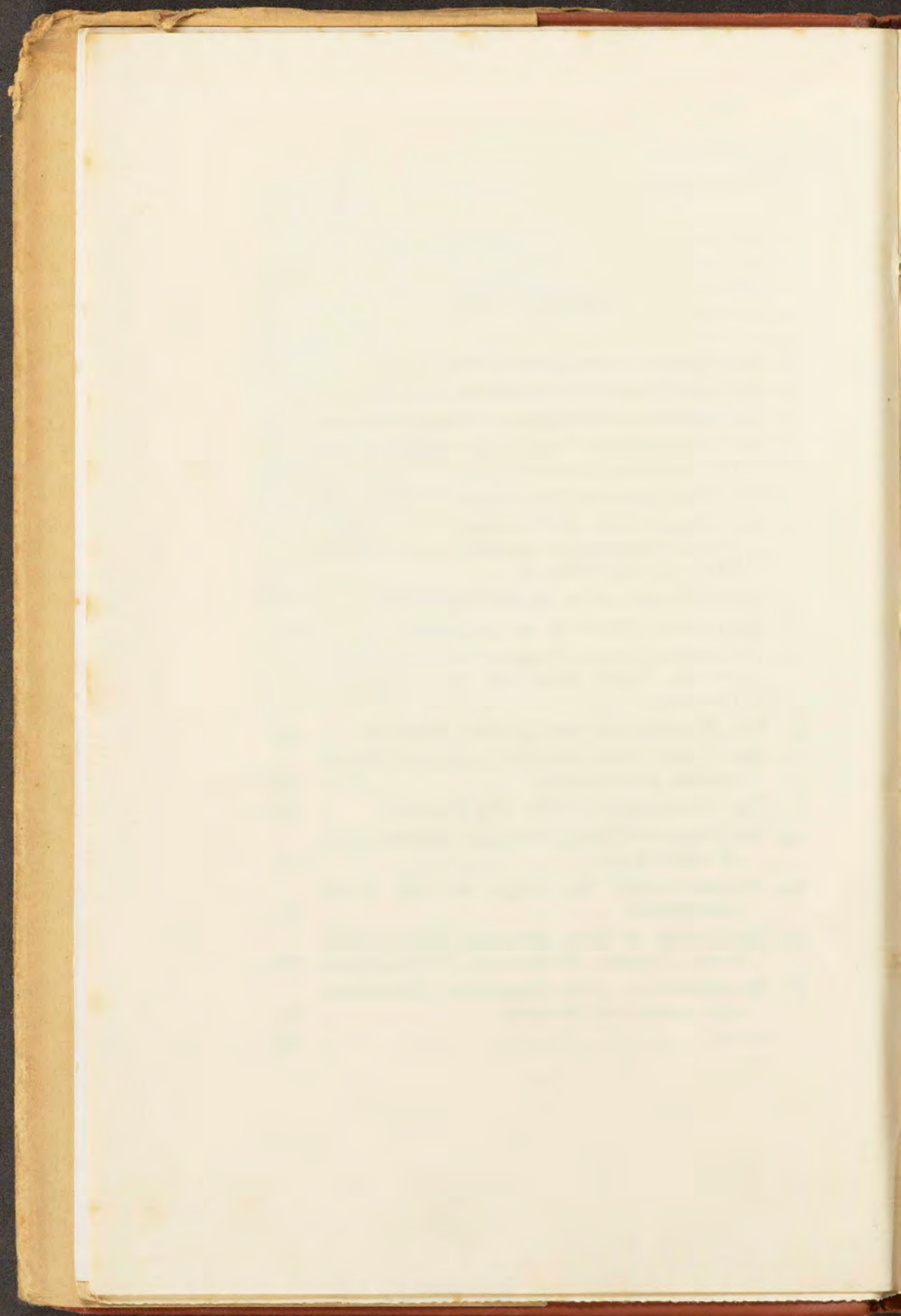
The maps in the volume have been compiled by Mr. H. E. Winder, of the South African Press, from material supplied by the author. Finally, I have to thank Mr. Clifford Hopkins of Johannesburg very cordially, for his invaluable help in revising the script.

HEDLEY A. CHILVERS

Johannesburg, August, 1930.

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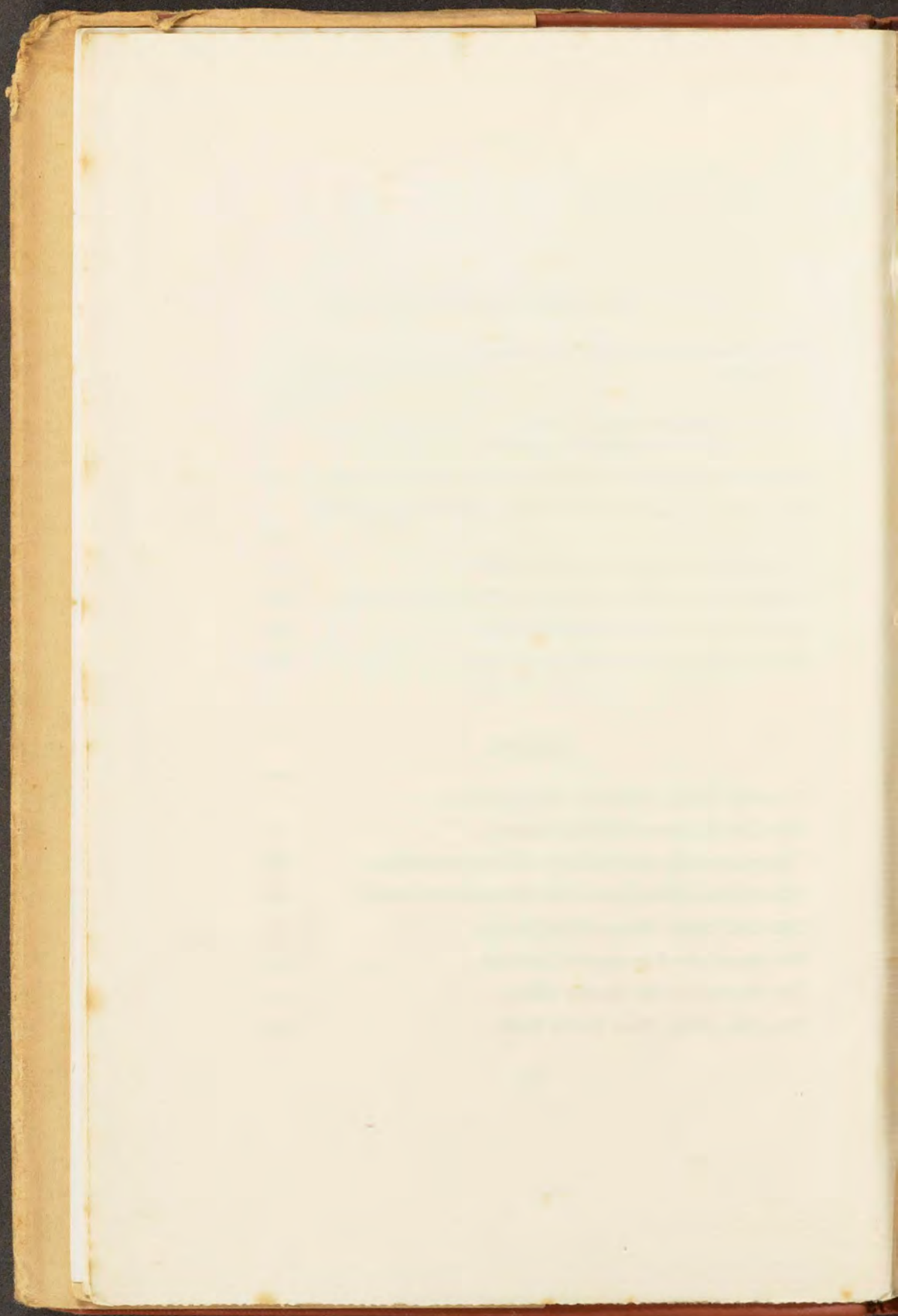
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THE SEVEN LOST TRAILS OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I

DEAD LEAVES AND FOREST TRAILS

I

IN the first year or so of the present century there lived at Beira, on the Portuguese East African Coast, two white hunters named Rever and Upsher.¹ They lived there, that is to say, when they had ivory to sell and money in their pockets at the end of their long hunting trails. When the money was spent back they went into the forest. The Duc d'Orleans, that noted big-game hunter, well knew the value of their forest-craft, and would often take one or the other with him. And his patronage was as largesse to these men. Rever was tall and thin and had a great collection of gilded hunting stories; Upsher, incredibly bald, had also the knack of adorning a tale; and these two strove often to outdo each other

¹ "Bill" Upsher was an outstanding character among the many noted hunters, such as Mahoney, Collingwood, Johnston, Jeffries, Weddell, Menant, Barnshaw, and Klironomo, who were familiar figures in bygone Beira. Upsher died several years ago in England. Duncan Cameron of Beira tells an amusing story of this old hunter's early mining activities in Rhodesia. Like so many pioneers, Upsher once went prospecting for gold. After digging on a line of ancient workings he purchased and erected a windlass on his shaft. He often wore a wig as he hadn't a hair on his head. One hot day he went down the shaft and in due course signalled to the boys to haul him up. He was perspiring very freely as he reached the surface and so took off his hat and wig and began mopping his face. When the natives saw this they released the windlass and fled in a body. Poor Bill dropped to the bottom of the shaft and had great difficulty in getting up again. He made a tardy recovery from his injuries.

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in yarns of the forest and the long grass and of the rivers of Africa.

One night when the rivals were keenly set in friendly contention and the champagne was flowing and the women were listening—there were always women to help men spend money in Beira even then—a stranger from Kivu came to an adjoining table, a tall, grim fellow whose voice had a persuasive ring but whose diffidence somehow suggested the remoteness of the jungle. Two of the fingers of his right hand had been shot away, and he limped as he walked. He listened awhile in silence to the tales that were passing. And when in the prevalent mood of merriment someone looked his way and toasted him in champagne (and filled his glass), he also volunteered a yarn and told it with such intensity that it instantly gripped his hearers. It was a yarn of real life indeed.

He told of a battle between a gorilla and a lion in a forest clearing near Kivu. He had watched this fight, he said, from start to finish, and made bold to say that in a long hunting life he had never seen such strength, ferocity, and courage as were then opposed to each other. And this was the way of it.

Night was beginning to fall in the forest when he saw a baby gorilla wandering about in bewildered fashion and uttering curiously human cries. It had lost its way and was sounding its call; for be it said, gorillas usually go about in families. But, almost simultaneously, the hunter discovered that the little thing was being stalked by a lion. The broad paws of the stalker bespoke immense strength. It was a remorseless beast of the type that has been known to pull a dead ox over an eight-foot wall. The frightened baby set up a loud and querulous cry. The cry echoed eerily through the grey-blue vistas of the forest as such cries have echoed there for countless centuries.

And now, out of the trees, there suddenly emerged a giant gorilla. He rose and then crouched as he ambled forth, a sinister apparition with grey, Mephistophelean hair-tufts on the top of his head, his breasts bare and slightly pendulous. He had seen his baby and the lion,



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and in his rage beat his chest hollowly like a drum, opening wide his mouth, and emitting that appalling roar which is meant to terrify his enemies. The energy required to emit it, so somebody has said, would be sufficient to break a man's neck. Native bearers hearing it from afar have been known to run away and hide. Not so the lion. He crouched no longer, but stood there with twitching mouth and lashing tail. With the prospect of his meal vanishing, he angrily faced the great ape, which was coming to meet him with the formidable waddle that is characteristic of his kind, muzzle thrust down, eyes flashing and deep-set. But, when only ten yards apart, the lion slowly faced about, trotted in a circle, and charged at full speed towards the ape. The gorilla rose to its full height as the lion sprang, then leaped nimbly aside, and, as the lion passed, gripped it viciously by the hind leg. The grip snapped the limb, but the shock also pulled the man-ape over. The lion twisted fiercely upon its antagonist and a moment later both were locked in a death-grip. Within a few seconds the lion had not only disembowelled the gorilla, but had also lacerated his back, and as the great ape, biting and roaring, relaxed and rolled over inert, the lion, terribly injured and twisting in agony limped away a few yards, and fell coughing on its side, its neck so fearfully mauled that it bled to death where it lay. And thus came death to each.

Which was the real-life drama told by the hunter who came down to Beira in December, 1901, from the Kivu forests, and drank champagne with Rever and Upsher, those old and ever-memorable hunters of the Congo.

2

The gorilla will always fight for his family. He is not a bad fellow at heart, despite his natural jealousy of rival males. He will send his four or five wives and children to sleep in a tree, where they have their beds of leaves, while he reclines at the base of it, maintaining a night-long watch. He is always on guard. To him death

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itself is preferable to any disturbance of the family integrity. Fathers, mothers, and gorilla babes, indeed, often display the most touching devotion. They have the family spirit.

It is related that a party of white men once went into the forest and captured two baby gorillas, and that as they ran off with them the alarm was given. At once the father of the family charged forth, roaring terribly. They shot him in self-defence. Then they decamped with his babies. As time passed the little creatures became full of affection. One would put his arms up to embrace his master. He became more than ever devoted to his fellow captive. The two would sleep together locked in each other's arms. But somehow they missed the jungle, and the strong maternal embrace, and the leafy beds in the trees, and the glorious freedom of the forest. These tall, white, thin creatures who were leading them so far away were kind indeed, but yet so different; they made such strange sounds, and carried long shining reeds which spat fire and little clouds, and death.

And one day one of the babies fell sick. The other tended him with infinite solicitude. Until, alas, the discovery was made that the little thing was dead in her arms. He was put into his coffin. And as he lay there and his companion saw him, she gave one long sobbing cry, and refused to be comforted.

Who, then, will maintain that there are no human virtues in these primates, so near to Man? And who will contend that the shooting and capture of them—the precious heritage of that older Africa to the Africa of to-day—is justified? By what right have men hunted and slain them? And what is the purpose of the slaughter? Of a truth, a wise man once said that not always is the ape the thing behind the bars.

3

That old traveller Paul du Chaillu used to tell how necessary it was to hide the native women when the

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tribesmen were a-hunting, because the gorilla would often pounce down on them and carry them off into the forest. That statement is generally discredited to-day. But the old traveller's tale seems to be confirmed by the story of a prospector published in the *Sunday Times* of South Africa, on June 20, 1926, a story rich in detail and (may it be suggested?) not impossible. For how can sceptics dogmatically affirm that, throughout the centuries, no woman has ever been seized by a man-ape and withdrawn into the recesses of that mighty forest between Nigeria and Uganda in which it is estimated that some 10,000 gorillas survive?

This, then, is the prospector's story.

"We left Sakabinda, on the Congo border, on a shooting trip in 1913. We had been travelling north for about a month, shooting and doing a little prospecting on the way, when between the rivers Mobombo and Lubi, as the natives called them, in the north of the Katanga district, we came across a curious tribe. They did not appear to converse in ordinary human speech. They gesticulated and made a variety of clicks with their fingers. On close examination we saw that the skin at the tips of the fingers was callous like that of a corn. They were curious, but not aggressive, and we managed to show our friendliness through the medium of our own natives. In fact we camped near the village for several days.

"One day an extraordinary individual appeared. I say 'individual,' but he looked more like a gorilla than a human. He stood about 5ft. 9in. in height, judging from my own height. His legs were slightly thicker than the ordinary native's, and his arms were a good deal longer. His body was covered with hair, but it was not as thick as that of a baboon, while his head much resembled that of the very intelligent apes one sees in zoos; yet there was a semi-human expression about it, too. It was a half-native type of countenance, with protruding jaw, and low receding forehead: neither man nor monkey. The nose was flat: the normal type of native nose. He had startling black eyes, brighter and more searching than those of a native. His hair was similar to a native's,



"And thus came death to each" . . . the only known duel between a lion and a gorilla, in the Kivu Region of Africa



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except that it was longer. His powerful physique reminded me of the eunuchs I had seen in the East, although he was a trifle more ungainly. His method of conversing with other natives appeared to be by clicking his fingers.

"My curiosity was aroused, and I endeavoured, as far as I could, to ascertain through my native interpreter the tribe to which this extraordinary being belonged, being of the opinion that I had ventured upon a member of a new tribe which I had not seen yet, although well acquainted with Northern Rhodesia, the Congo, and Portuguese West Africa.

"The reply startled me, yet it confirmed stories I had heard previously in native talk in remote parts. *I was told that this freakish-looking native was the offspring of a native woman and a gorilla father.* He had come to the tribe, they said, as a boy; had just wandered in, as it were, and no one knew whence he came. He had, however, lived with the tribe since the day of his arrival, and in time had acquired all the tribal ways. I spoke through the interpreter to the chief, who informed me that he had seen similar specimens in the forest, and thought there were many such crosses in the gorilla country."

According to Professor Raymond A. Dart, the South African savant and discoverer of the famous Taungs skull, there is clearly nothing impossible in the abduction of a human female by a gorilla, which of course implies the possibility of a hideous hybridism in the forests of the Congo. Those jungle fastnesses are the most ancient in all the world. They existed and were inhabited when Europe was covered with ice and uninhabitable; indeed pre-man and the man-ape must have traversed them in pre-history in scattered and hostile communities. Hybrids must have come and gone. Speculation in fact flies to boundless horizons.

Professor Dart believes that in that ancient African forest there ranged a being who was the common ancestor of man and the higher apes, and whose bones may yet be found. It is only possible to deduce this of course,

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although it seems significant that the two apes ranking nearest to man—the Gorilla and the Chimpanzee—are found to-day in that forest, *and nowhere else in the world*. That those apes and man himself had a common ancestor seems certain. Professor Dart holds that this "generalized anthropoid," as he calls him, was a tree-creature. He believes that as time passed he emerged from the tree-stage and left the ancient Congo forest for the north and east, drifting into Europe and Asia; also, he went out of the forest to the south perhaps to hunt the immense droves of game roaming the African plains. Thus he pioneered the races of the earth.

It is surely significant that the first skull of an African pre-man, but more closely related to the ape than man, was picked up in 1925 at Taungs, which is roughly at the southern end of this great primeval African forest. The Taungs man was man at the anthropoid stage.¹ He stood upright; was assuredly a hunter. And the chief respect in which his skull indicates a difference between his brain and that of man is that he could not talk, although he probably made sounds which had a meaning intelligible to his associates. He was far older than the Piltdown type found in Sussex, or the Javanese Man, or the Pekin man, all of whom were probably the descendants of the common ancestor who had wandered

¹ Shortly before Professor Dart left on his northward journey through Africa, he made the following statement for this book in support of his belief that the ape-like skull found at Taungs in 1925 was that of a true pre-man:

"The Taungs apes, revealed by *Australopithecus*, were manlike in their habits, structure, and mentality. They ranged the open grasslands of South Africa and sought protection and warmth in a temperate climate in caves. They went upright because their skulls were constructed like the poised skulls of Man, their faces were human and, like Man, had small eye-teeth, and all their teeth were adapted for flesh-eating. They led an adventurous life hunting animals. From the bones in the caves we know that they slew fierce baboons, swift antelopes, agile veld rodents, and conies, as well as birds, tortoises, and fresh-water crabs. They killed them with sharp heavy weapons, probably stones. Their hands were free like those of Man; they relied on them and their intelligence in hunting and fighting. They had large brains and were cunning, clever, and courageous. They seem to have been able to do everything which Primitive Men could do, except speak. Hence they were true "Pre-Men."

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away north and east, just as the fathers of the Taungs pre-man had wandered south, from the ancient forests of the Congo.

5

Professor Dart is (in August, 1930) with the Italian Scientific Expedition in the African jungle investigating pigmy and gorilla life, and the problem of human origins. In the comparatively short time at his disposal he will try to secure further evidence in support of his contention that Man originated in Africa, and not in Asia, Europe or America.

Wherefore, old forests of the Congo hung with monkey-ropes and dim with time, what marvels may not yet be revealed under your all-obliterated trails! What prodigies have yet to be disclosed! Here, perchance, will lie the clue to the mighty mystery of man, here where roars and crashes the heavy figure of the man-ape, here where generations of pigmies have lived and died, where Stanley and Livingstone passed on their momentous journeys, and where time has stood terribly still for countless years: here will lie the clue to problems which have long agitated men—here in this mighty forest of Africa, mother of all things!

CHAPTER II

THE LOST VALLEY OF PRECIOUS STONES

I

IN the early 'seventies, shortly after the great diamond finds at Kimberley, a Bushman might have been seen leading a span of oxen and a hooded wagon through the mountain defiles of South-west Africa. The animals and the vehicle belonged to an English prospector; and this man, still in his early thirties, but already much worn by the sun, was one to whom the ways of the great cities with their narrow streets and little men had long since proved intolerable. Indeed, while yet a youth he had abandoned them; and the years had only sharpened his preferences. Time, in fact, had brought him constantly closer in spirit to the dim blue ranges and the shadowy vistas behind the coast, where with Jakob the Bushman and a rifle he might roam at will, an artist in vagabondage and a lord of great demesnes.

Jakob, that wrinkled scarecrow who was always near him, had great store of the fantastic lore of the stone-age. He knew how to poison an arrow, had specifics for the bites of scorpions, could smell the whereabouts of a water-hole, and was equally skilled in gauging the width of a mountain-path, or in traversing the "Great Thirst"—that Kalahari desert on which are to be seen to-day the bones of diamond-seekers less wise in their ways than he.

Those who might have watched the yellow dwarf peering ahead, as he waddled along with his slow-moving team, might have seen in him a survival of the cave-man of ten thousand years ago. Of a truth there was no great difference. At the back of his unfathomable mind, crammed with the wisdom of an old and dying Africa,

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lay a vague yet definite notion of gratitude to this prospector who had once saved him from a terrible death. For it had been a near adventure indeed, when his master had caught him as he reeled on the gloomy edge of the Falls of Aughrabies, his frail form helpless in the swirl of the torrent. And as the Englishman had saved his life, so was he now resolved to help the Englishman who, incidentally, was drowsing under the cover of the jolting wagon. He had undertaken to lead this white man to an almost inaccessible valley in the mountains north of the great bend of the Orange River, the "place of the great glitter," which was the lost valley of precious stones. There had he played as a lad, lying on his back and holding a bow with his feet, that he might launch his shafts the better with his fingers at the horned creatures hoofing the rocks.

2

The sun had sunk behind the cliffs on either side of the gorge. In all directions the crags rose serenely like pillars of bronze. And the baboons "qua-ha'd" at them from kloof and cave. Shadowy and monstrous they looked, these creatures of the hills; and, judging by their excitement, angry too, at this disturbance of their sanctuary. For few, if any, white men had ever intruded there: even the old-time Hottentots and outlaws feared these hills, venturing no farther than the foot-hills. They believed that inland, in these fastnesses, dwelt a giant dragon that had only to crane his head across the chasms to reach and devour whole herds at the water-holes. Legend had it that the monster was big enough to sweep from peak to valley; and that it often did so.

With the oncoming of night—and in those parts day is swiftly curtailed in darkness—the prospector jerked his head from the hood and gave the order to outspan. The sun, like the necromancer that he is, flashed his expiring rays along the wide ledge whereon stood the wagon. The ledge looked like a twisted ribbon of

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flame. Below it was a precipice; to the left a towering wall.

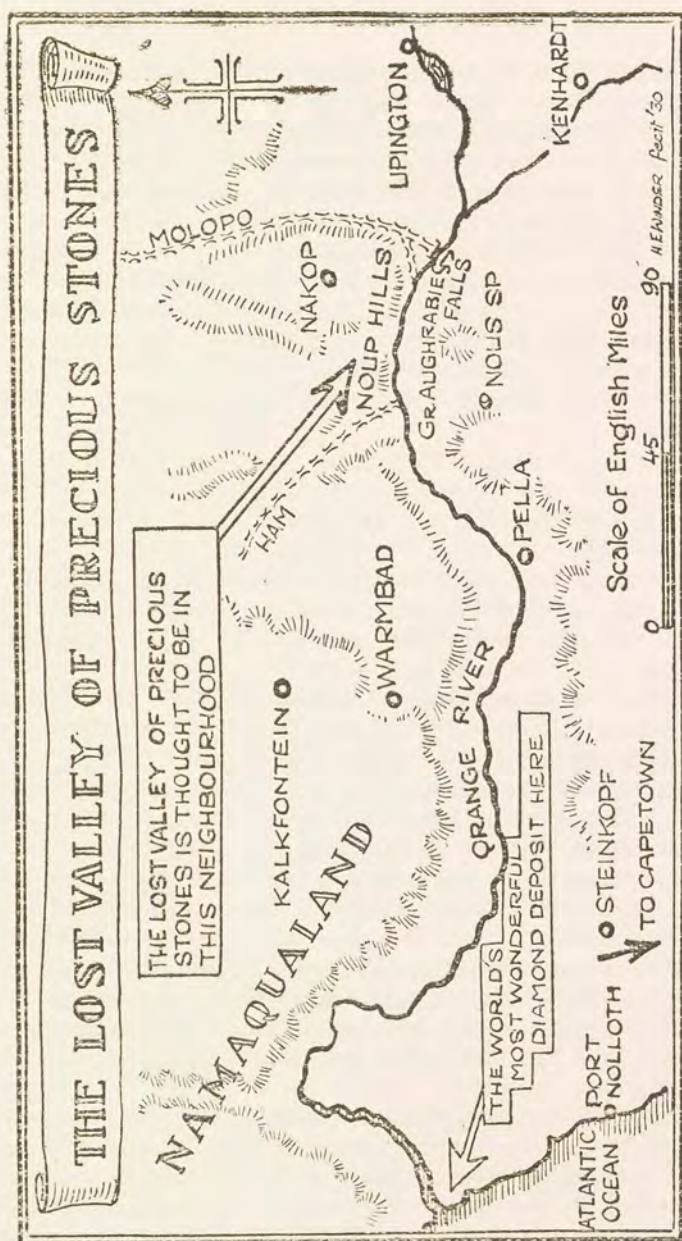
While outspanning, and supporting the wagon-wheels with small boulders lest the vehicle should run back over the cliffs, both Jakob and his master were startled by a strange sight. Higher up the path on which they were outspanned were two magnificent leopards, male and female, which had stalked around a rock and stopped instantly on beholding them. They stood there snarling and swinging their tails, an ominous sight indeed, for they are the most implacable of all the killers in the wild.¹ Their evil reputation seemed attuned to their looks, as they hesitated, with their tawny manes aglow, and the purple mists about them. At length the male began to crouch and creep forward. He was making ready to spring. He had seen the oxen. It was enough. The female stood where she was. The hunter grabbed his rifle and fired. But the shot did not stop the charge, although it caused the female to bolt. Another shot shattered the lower jaw of the flying cat and a third laid it low a few yards from their camping-place.

Very quickly then the hunter's party bestirred itself, and collected piles of brushwood from various crevices and made a blaze. Orders were given that the fire was to be kept going all night, and on no account to be allowed to die out, for they were clearly on a leopard-track and nothing less than a conflagration would keep the creatures off. Then, in the fitful light of the fire, they threw the carcase of the leopard over the cliffs; and when dawn broke they saw it lying far below on a rock-shelf—a tiny stain of gold—with the mountain eagles hovering around.

3

One day, after penetrating farther into the mountains, they reached a great cliff with a copious stream tumbling along its base. The stream came flooding out of a wide

¹ The so-called African "tiger" is really a species of leopard, which is particularly bold, treacherous and savage.



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fissure in the rock, took the line of the cliff, and disappeared suddenly into a cave. The mouth of the cave was very wide. As soon as Jakob saw it he ran excitedly forwards, at the same time calling his master; but when the latter came up and peered into the cave and saw the stream roaring and swirling into it, he shook his head.

"That's where we go, master," Jakob said, and proceeded to explain as well as he could that the river ran smoothly under the mountain, that he had often made the through passage as a boy, and that the diamonds were in the valley on the other side.

"I don't like it," remarked the prospector. "Isn't there a way round?"

Jakob indicated that there was, but that it was a game-path which led up and down the almost vertical faces of great cliffs, and afterwards through a gorge infested with leopards. He thought they would have to come back that way; for that was how he had got back as a boy, it being impossible to return against the stream; still, he believed that the passage through the mountain would prove easier than it seemed.

The tunnel certainly looked forbidding. It was long and dark; Jakob admitted, too, that it was full of water-snakes, with a roof hung with vampires. This was disconcerting to the Englishman, who hated bats even more than snakes; for well he knew by long experience of dolomitic caverns, the relics usually of old underground rivers, that they were always festooned with bats, the rushing of whose panicky wings in the darkness could be a fearsome thing. But the river was apparently the only practicable means of approach to the diamondiferous area beyond, this being the self-same valley where, as the Bushman had said, he had learned to shoot as a boy. And the prospector had no intention of turning back.

So they lashed together a quantity of timber from the wagon, made themselves two narrow rafts, and into the darkness they went. Holding up a smoky lantern, Jakob took the lead. His smaller raft enabled him to make good progress, especially when, as often happened,

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the roof of the tunnel nearly touched the stream. The white man, on the other hand, had much ado to get through, for he was tall and frequently stopped his raft under the low roof and before the fierce rushing of vermin-infested bats. They proceeded thus along the swirling stream, keeping together, until a point of light far ahead betokened the end of the journey. At last they grounded on a rock-platform. The stream became a magnificent waterfall which thundered to a great depth below; and they saw then that they were overlooking a veritable valley of desolation. There, o' nights, under the white African moon, the ghosts of the great range might have held high revelry.

4

Soon they were down in the valley itself. It was full of diamondiferous ground and of the garnets that indicate diamonds; nor was it long before they found them.

"Look!" exclaimed the dwarf, holding up a beautiful gem.

It was flawless, and of considerable size. Nor was it the only one. For presently they came upon stones in all directions, stones which the Bushman handed over with both hands to the Englishman. And soon, with his pockets full of gems, the delighted prospector prepared to follow his guide back over the mountain.

The Bushman again took the lead. Through the lengthening shadows they went into a lofty cleft roofed in with rock, their footfalls deadened by age-long accumulations of guano. Then they faced a stiff approach to a cliff three hundred feet high. The Bushman clambered up the sheer face of the cliff with extraordinary agility, clefts and depressions and bits of root sufficing him for foot-and-hand holds. The prospector, however, was hard put to it, and once found himself hanging by a doubtful branch over the abyss: but he managed to swing himself back, so that eventually the two stood safely on the top

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of the cliff. They then hurried through a gorge, called by Jakob, "the place of leopards." They were advancing thus, the Bushman a dozen yards in front of the white man when, like a black shape in the afterglow, a leopard sprang at the Bushman and bore him to the ground. The tawny creature tried to get at his throat, while his hind claws lacerated him with a relentless treading motion. It was all over in a few seconds. The hunter dashed towards the combatants, thrust the muzzle of his gun at the leopard's head and shattered it. Too late, however, for Jakob had been mauled and disembowelled; and so, as the gold died out of the evening spaces, Jakob died; and the prospector buried him under a cairn, and made his way back sadly to his wagon.

Afterwards, it is said, he sold his diamonds for £30,000, and gave up prospecting for hunting; but nothing would persuade him to return to the lost valley, the whereabouts of which remain unknown to this day.

5

Is there any certainty of the existence of this great valley of diamonds first described by H. A. Bryden,¹ the valley inspiring all the Orange River legends?

One can affirm confidently that its existence is more likely than not. For already in South-west Africa there are natural marvels such as "the jewel-box"; and there are those strangely rich diamond-beaches north and south of the Orange River, all of which might well rob the lost valley of any semblance of improbability. Its rediscovery would surprise nobody. It will probably be found—if it is to be found—in the wild mountains north of the bend of the Orange River. For the colossal cliffs, boulders, and craters of this region have not only made it

¹ In "Kloof and Karroo in Cape Colony," a book in which the author exploits a variant of a well-known Orange River legend believed to have been founded on fact. The present story retains the essential features of a legend which has long been familiar to inhabitants of Southern Gordinia. It, however, departs in certain respects from Bryden's version.

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difficult of access, but seem to have indicated it as a region of diamond-origins.

6

There is a story of two prospectors who once went inland with their donkeys from a point somewhere north of the Orange River. They proposed to traverse the great sand-desert and to reach these mountains. They had heard of "the great glitter," as the Bushmen called the lost valley of precious stones. And they had heard also that the Bush dwarfs were jealous of this their last refuge, a cherished sanctuary where life was easy and game abundant; and that they were, therefore, resolved to repel and even to kill all prospectors who might adventure there; believing that if the white man once got there, he would drive them forth until they who had had the whole of Africa as their happy hunting-ground would again be dispossessed.

Now the two prospectors, who were striving to reach the lost valley across the desert, were the more encouraged to make the attempt by reason of a queer story they had heard of a white man who had once got there and found stones of great size. On the way he managed to jot down in his diary the detail of his journey, as is the wont of the older "kopje-wallopers." But the Bushmen had seen him; and they captured him and kept him prisoner, until one night he escaped. He set out, fearfully, over the desert towards the coast at Luderitzbucht. Sometimes when he stopped he would count his diamonds and add another note or two to his diary. But one evening, as he looked back, he saw there in the distance several little specks moving in his tracks and knew then that the Bushmen were after him. Presently they caught him, seized his diamonds, and killed him. But they left his notebook. So that when his bones were found half-buried in the sand, the notebook was picked up with its record of the adventures that ended in tragedy.

That, then, was the legend. And it inspired the two

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prospectors to proceed with donkeys across the desert on the self-same errand. But an evil destiny defeated them also. As they plodded on, the burning sand exhausted them, and for every step they took they slipped back half-a-one. Then the water gave out. The donkeys dropped. One explorer lay down and died: and the other opened a vein in his wrist and shared the fate of his friend.

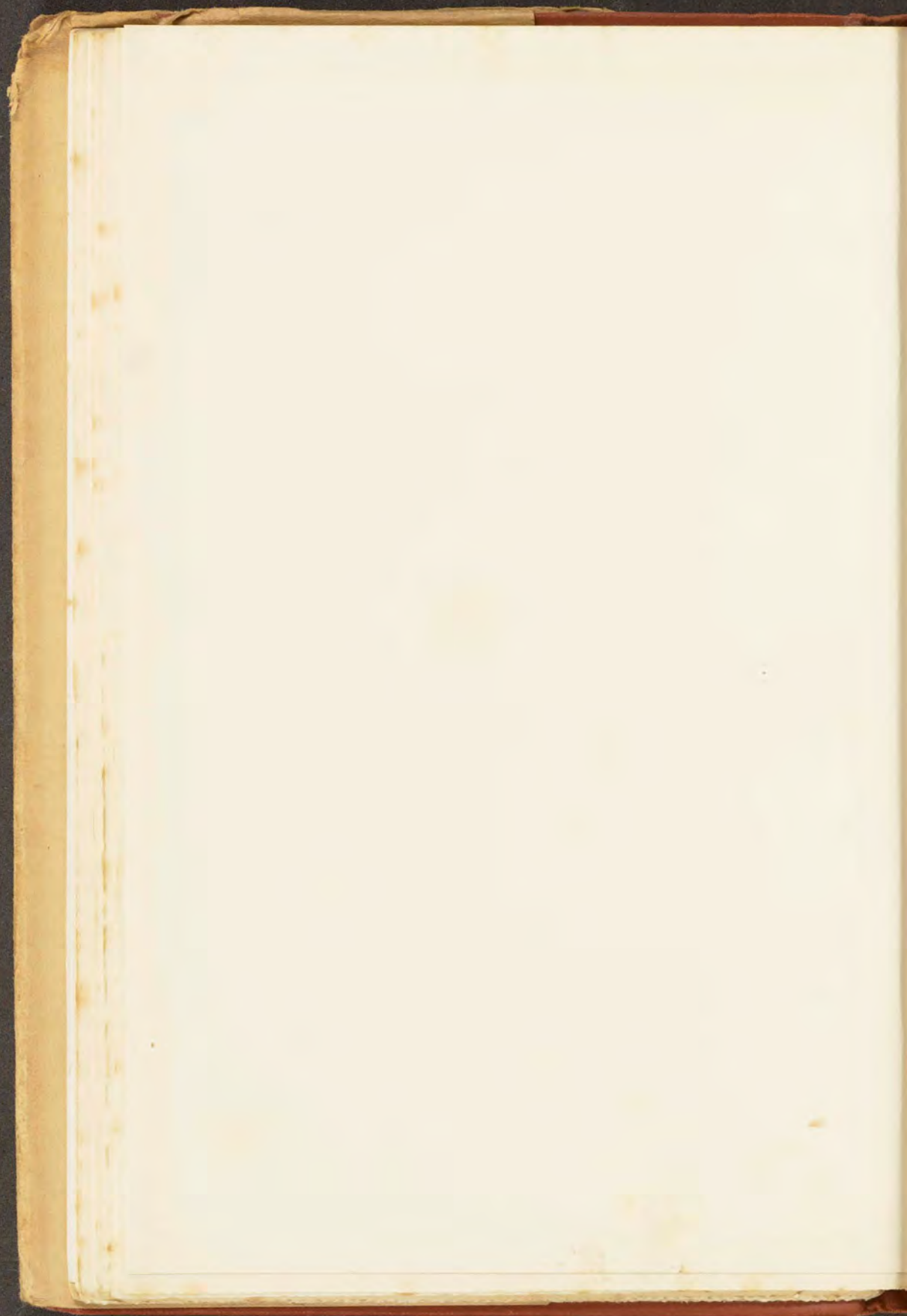
7

Fred Cornell, that happy-go-lucky prospector who spent so many years in a vain hunt for this valley of treasure, thought it existed somewhere in the wild tangle of unknown mountains, the Noup Hills, which lie on the northern bank of the Orange River below the great Falls of Aughrabies and the Molopo, and into which few white men have ever penetrated. He points out in his excellent book, "The Glamour of Prospecting," that the "tale differed in detail, but was always substantially the same, and whether true or not is certainly believed by the bulk of the scattered inhabitants of the southern part of Gordonia." He adds, "I have had abundant reason for believing that it had a foundation in fact. . . . *There are men in the district who heard it long before Bryden wrote his book; men indeed who had never heard of him.* At Upington I gathered a lot of data that seemed to confirm the story." Cornell himself had some queer adventures in his hunt for the lost valley. For years he wandered along the Orange River terraces and penetrated the great divides to the north with old Klaas, his Hottentot, who was always fearful of the ghost-jackal and of the big snake with the head of a goat whose breath (he said) would fell a man yards away. Once Klaas held up his hand; and Cornell and his companions heard a queer, lowing sound which, as they afterwards said, was strangely unlike anything they had heard before.

"That is the goat-snake," whispered the frightened



Leopards preparing to attack the white hunter's oxen outspanned on the way to the
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Klaas. But Cornell and his friend only laughed, declaring it to be the cry of the wild pigeon, and seizing their rifles they went in the direction of the sound. Nothing, however, met their eyes except, as ever, the valleys and the hills.

8

One night Cornell's treasure-hunters were outspanned in a wild spot, while one of them—Ransson—descended a defile into a narrow gorge. The walls had been worn smooth by the century-old flow of water, and were sometimes little more than six feet apart, though hundreds of feet in height. As day merged into night, the gloom of the place became profound. Ransson, greatly daring, went down into this place and dropped some few feet towards a clump of rushes. He suddenly sensed a bestial odour, and looking around, saw numberless green eyes fixed upon him. He distinguished at length what looked like a crowd of hairy old men sitting with a formidable and statuesque stillness on boulders and buttresses watching him. He could not go back, nor could he move forward, surrounded as he was by the huge apes. Had he attempted to drive them away he would probably have been torn to pieces. Darkness fell. The green eyes continued to gaze. Then Ransson did the only thing possible: he lit his pipe and smoked. Presently the leader of the baboons, a giant of a fellow, sounded the signal, whereupon his followers moved away, some of them almost touching him as they passed.

9

On another occasion the prospectors were on the reverse side of a slope when over the hill-top came a troop of baboons. They were turning over the rocks with the gaiety of schoolboys, looking for the underlying scorpions which they love to eat. Suddenly there sprang among

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them a leopard. It seized a young baboon in his teeth and shook it as a cat might shake a mouse. The baby shrieked, and its elders scattered in all directions, the African "tiger" being an enemy feared and abhorred by the apes. The great cat disappeared over the hill-top still shaking its prey.

"I'm going after it," cried one of the prospectors, much upset by the tragedy; and, seizing his gun, he rushed off, followed by a friend with a revolver. They hurried together up the hill. But the big cat was nowhere to be seen. Which perhaps was well, for it is always an ugly customer even for armed men.

Poor Cornell never had the luck to find the lost valley. He just missed, also, the mighty diamond treasures at Alexander Bay at the southern side of the mouth of the Orange River. He seems to have gone over vast wealth lying all untouched at his feet, leaving it for others, as will be seen hereafter, to carry off the spoils.

And so Time passes; and Chance hurls its hazards at us all.

CHAPTER III

THE SEARCH FOR THE GREAT DIAMOND CRATERS

I

ONE day, perhaps soon, South Africa's greatest tale of treasure-trove will be told. And it will resemble one of those entrancing old fairy stories of gnomes and trolls and piles of treasure and castles and such-like, hidden away inaccessibly in mountain and forest. For somewhere, and perhaps covered with forest, but without the picturesque presence of the dwarfs, stand the natural treasure-castles of Africa—a series of volcanic pipes or craters liberally bestrewn with diamonds. The gems are scattered through them, from their surfaces into their depths. And such treasure-castles will prove to be some of the sources of millions of diamonds buried in the diggings and hurricane-beaches of South-west Africa. What a discovery that will be! With the exception of the rich gold reefs of the mighty Witwatersrand found in the 'eighties, there will have been nothing quite like it in the history of the world.

All the gems dug up in the river diggings to-day have been washed down from some such high-lying craters. Myriads of diamonds have been swept into the rivers and the sea. And from the sea they have been thrown back by the great Atlantic breakers upon the raised beaches of South-west Africa. And thus emerges the strange story of the African diamond, tossed as it has been from volcanic-pipe to river, from river to ocean, and from ocean back to sea-beach.

In the romantic hunt for diamonds, for the rich pot-holes and jewel-patches in which they sometimes collect, many men have been inclined to lose sight of the strange

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storehouses from which they have come. That is to say, most men have. On the other hand, some have not. Prominent among these is Dr. Harold Harger, the discoverer of the Lichtenburg diamond fields in 1926,¹ and of the Vorspoed mine, now owned by De Beers. For sixteen years Dr. Harger has been trying to locate these "castles of the forests." And he is nearing the big discovery. Camping in desolate gorges, in one of which a whirlwind once descended upon his tent, whipping it from its stays and hurling him half-way over the gorge, he has traced the tributaries of ancient rivers towards sources which for the present must not be disclosed. His map of this ancient river-system—which he keeps under lock and key—is an intensely romantic document. The streams he has pencilled faintly into it have for the most part long since dried up. Their gravel-beds alone exist to-day. But they are rich in diamonds washed into them from the mysterious sources (towards which they seem to point with ghostly persistency) somewhere higher up or further on. When Dr. Harger has completed his map he

¹ The great discovery of the Lichtenburg alluvial diamond fields in 1926 by Dr. Harold S. Harger was a triumph of geological deduction. In his presidential address to the Geological Society of South Africa on January 20, 1913, Dr. Harger prophesied that "enormous wealth in the form of rich diamond mines awaits discovery in the Western Transvaal." He followed this up by actually finding these fields himself in 1926, while tracing ancient river-beds. He opened up the river-gravels on the farm Elandsputte in 1926, and found fifty diamonds in his first test wash. He was given his discoverer's certificate and was present at the subsequent Elandsputte "rush" in which 7,000 diggers pegged claims. On Baker's Farm adjoining, he found six miles of diamondiferous gravel (old river-beds) and opened this up also. The ancient river and a tributary joined on Baker's Farm, and from the point where they joined and went on in one stream through Grasfontein, the gravel proved extraordinarily rich. Twenty-thousand diggers rushed Grasfontein in March, 1927. Dr. Harger was the admitted discoverer, and the honour is his through the exhaustive character of his field-work in tracing the old river-gravels up towards their ancient watershed. The Lichtenburg diamond field has already produced over twelve million pounds' worth of diamonds, and at one time found work for over 30,000 whites—which is eloquent testimony of the value of geological knowledge accompanied by human initiative and determination. It has, moreover, witnessed the greatest "rushes" the world has ever known, and made fortunes exceeding £100,000 for some of the more lucky diggers. Indeed, this field has made quite a number of men rich, men who arrived there in comparative poverty.

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will be better able to indicate precisely where these craters are. Meanwhile, there are other able geologists toiling towards them, representing important Government mining and financial interests. For both the Union Government and those other interests are naturally and properly concerned lest the situation arising from the over-production of diamonds in South Africa may be aggravated suddenly by fresh discoveries.

2

Now the notion that countless diamonds must have been carried by rivers down to the sea, and that they sometimes got caught in the river-beds and banks, is not the exclusive possession of the man of science. Some of the diggers knew something about it long ago, especially the Vaal river diggers. There was the curious case of Farie Groblaar and Sarel Minnaar, for example, who made a rich strike on the banks of the Vaal at Barkly West in 1868, when trekking to a *nachtmaal* or communion prayer-meeting. Minnaar was a farmer of fifty, strong enough, it was said, to push an ox backward by its horns. He was a great Bible-reader; so that it was a sight to see him at outspan time, with his lamp lit and his great hairy fingers spread across the printed page, spelling out the Word. His audience never varied; his wife, an immensely stout woman with the ubiquitous apron and sun-bonnet, and his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen. On that trek, however, the girl had been a little wayward. Oom Minnaar had frowningly observed that she had been constantly in the company of Farie Groblaar, the young farmer trekking near them with his own wagon to the same *nachtmaal*. This farmer was generally deemed a godless fellow, who spent his days in fighting and brawling—but he was always the victor in these encounters, for none in the Cape or the Transvaal was able to withstand the power of his blows—so that the old man was not deceived by the other's trek to the prayer-meeting; indeed, rightly suspected that it arose out of a desire to

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travel with his daughter, rather than from any sudden tendency to righteousness.

And that very night, as if to confirm his fears, Oom Minnaar could not find his daughter when the time came to read the Word. So the old giant took his lantern, and went down towards the river calling her by name as he went. He found her there with her lover.

"What is this, Katje?" he began; "I am waiting to read the Word."

"Oom (Uncle) Minnaar," interposed the young man, "Katje will not hear you read to-night. She will stay with me."

Slowly the old man put down his lantern on the bare, level clearing. Then he removed his coat.

"Come," he said, "this must be settled. . . ."

The girl shuddered and covered her face with her hands. She stood away from the two giants, who faced each other gravely and silently with fists upraised. The dim light from the lantern accentuated the grim expressions of each. The younger man attacked with vigour. But his blows, which had hitherto been more than sufficient to overwhelm all adversaries, now seemed powerless against this human rock. Once a heavy punch, flushed to the old man's neck, caused him to stagger; but the next moment he opposed the same stolid front to his enemy, his fixed stare alone indicating that he was biding his time. Presently the young man feinted and charged swiftly in, aiming a terrible blow which the older man parried with such force as to turn his opponent half round. In a flash, then, his enormous arm shot out, striking the other on the side of the jaw; and he—who had hitherto been unbeaten—reeled back yard after yard, crashed heavily on the river-bank and rolled unconscious to the water's edge.

"You've killed him, father," cried the girl, rushing towards him.

"Come, Katje," was the stern rejoinder; "God has given me the victory. His is the justice."

And seizing the frightened girl by the hand, he took his lantern, and led her back to the outspan, where, as if

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nothing had happened, he went on with the reading of the Word.

Meanwhile the other lay there all night, sick and bewildered by the fall. At dawn he staggered to his feet, and washed the blood from his face. And there, in the arena by the river-bank where he had fought with the terrible giant, he perceived two diamonds, dislodged in the course of the battle.

He took these back to the man who had beaten him.

"Oom Minnaar," he said, "forgive me! I did wrong! I found these diamonds! Take them . . .!"

And once again he collapsed.

But the diamonds, and the plea for forgiveness, and the signs of heavy punishment observable on the face of the other, melted the heart of the mighty Bible-man, and upon his victim making some ultimate promise of reform he withdrew all opposition to the lovers. Together, then, they all marked the spot where the gems had been found, went on to the *nachtmaal*, returned later and worked the claims, and recovered enough to make them all rich. Thus did an old-time fight add a slender link to the evidential chain of the river-theory—the theory that diamonds have been carried down in the rivers from old crater-pipes towards the sea.

3

Now a certain engineer of the Rand gold-fields, Fabian Cox, had always had it in mind that the bed of the Vaal River might hold a goodly store of diamonds. And he conceived the notion of building a great diving caisson as big as a large room, which he proposed to flood with electric light and sink to the bottom of the river. He felt that inside such a room divers might search with ease for diamonds on the river-bed. Wherever the walls of the caisson touched bottom he proposed to protect the workers from floundering fish by ramparts of sandbags, for the fish of the Vaal are often large and clumsy and

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strangely sensitive to under-water glow. And they had to be kept out.

Incidentally, Cox knew all about life on the river-diggings. He had lived on the "dry diggings" by the river-side, and was acquainted with its hazards and hardships. He had known shafts to be sunk sixty feet into diamondiferous ground on the banks, and to pass through dry sections streaked with fine sand, as fine as the powder in an hour-glass. Unless such shafts were so tautly timbered as to be water-tight, the sand would rapidly fill them up. Lives had been lost in that way. But Cox no longer felt the glamour of the dry-diggings. He was all for the river-bed now.

Operations were begun over a hole in the river seventy-two feet deep. It was thought that the river must have carried diamonds into such a hole and that it would therefore yield a rich harvest. It did nothing of the kind. The yield was almost negligible. On the other hand some exquisite stone-age axes were found, and the bones of pre-historic animals. So that it was presently decided to hoist and remove the caisson to a shallower region of the river. While this was being done a disaster occurred which had an unfortunate bearing on the enterprise. A flange broke and fell, shearing off a boiler-pipe, smashing stays and ropes, and destroying the equilibrium of the craft, which at once began to heel over, its decks crowded with men.

4

The skipper of the pontoon-caisson was a stickler for discipline. He would suffer no laxity from the natives whose job it was to work the machinery. The jaunty straw-hat which he always wore at an angle, his stiff leg, admonitory finger, and peremptory voice, were the attributes of a river autocrat. When the fall of the flange upset the equilibrium of the craft so that the decks began to slant in alarming fashion, he very wisely determined to reverse the custom of the sea and to be the first to leave

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the sinking ship. Energetically, therefore, he cleared the natives out of the way, and dived into the river without even removing his hat. His head struck the water with a report like that of a gun. It could be heard well above the din of escaping steam. When he came to the surface the brim of the hat was around his neck. Nevertheless, he reached the river-bank unharmed.

The surface was soon dotted with black heads which also gradually lined the banks, for all were good swimmers. Landward, too, came the breathless rigger—an American ex-sailor named Cook—who presently sat down dripping on the grass and ruefully surveyed a sodden mass of share certificates—bonus shares in the company—given him and the other workers that very afternoon.

"By the great American Christ," he was heard to exclaim, "you're now about worth what you look!"

And they were.

The loss of the caisson and pontoon, which disappeared completely within a minute, virtually ruined this enterprise. It sustained a blow from which it never quite recovered. It is true that the company was reconstructed and the mass salvaged from the river-bed, but time, money and confidence had been lost, and all this ultimately killed the scheme.

One day, Cook the American, who had become a diver during the salvage operations, was on the bed of the river. So dark was it, the water being heavily charged with vegetable matter, that his powerful diver's lamp seemed a mere red stain when held at arm's length. It was a dark, oppressive experience toiling down there in that old-time river, which incidentally is a river of legends. Veteran diggers still cherish the story of a giant snake which puts its head out of the water every now and then and satisfies its hunger with an occasional ox grazing on the banks. Cook himself may have been aware of the fable, and may have had it in his mind as he groped about the river-bed that day with his lamp between the boulders, for a lost anchor. There is no evidence on the point. Yet it may be imagined with what horror he suddenly felt a mighty form hurl itself against him, knocking him almost sense-

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less. What was it? Probably one of those heavy barbel with grotesque square heads, wide eyes, and an intense ugliness, which, disturbed by his gropings as it lay in the mud, had butted into him. Cook tugged violently at the life-line. He was drawn up. And it took many doses of brandy to get him over the horror of the experience.

"Never again," he said, "will I go down there into the dark."

Before the enterprise closed down a quantity of diamonds and more beautifully-edged stone implements were gathered from the river. But the additional funds required to carry on the operations could not be raised, and all work was stopped. Fabian Cox, however, had vindicated his theory.

5

The Vaal River flows into the Orange River. The Orange River reaches the Atlantic Ocean just north of Alexander Bay. The coast to the north of the Orange River mouth is that of pre-war German South-west Africa. The coast to the south of it is that of the Cape Province. Let us now follow the diamonds down to the Orange River mouth, and describe the adventures of some of those who have tried to find them on these coasts; gems cast up by the giant breakers of that strangely-romantic hurricane region.

In 1910 Dr. Harger was proceeding down the coast of South-west Africa in a small steamer. He had instructions from two Rand mining-houses to land at Conception Bay, and to explore the stretch of coast south of it for diamonds. Those aboard could see where the white breakers were spun into mist by a wind which also tore the sand from the lofty dunes. There was a certain fantastic solemnity about it all.

"No easy job to land there," remarked the captain doubtfully, looking shoreward. The bay was an almost unprotected indentation in the littoral. Harger, however,

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put off with others in the first boat, and the native oarsmen rowed him smartly in between the perilous white horses and managed to beach the little craft just before the next white wall of water thundered on the sand. Meanwhile there been some friction on the steamer.

Said the captain to the mate: "Take the second boat, row her in, and land her with the stores."

The mate, who had previously refused to man the first boat, was inclined to demur.

"Is it reasonable," he asked, "to order a man to land in that surf?"

"If you don't," the captain retorted, "there'll be trouble when we get back to Luderitzbucht."

But as within a minute or two the first boat was seen to reach the shore safely, the mate shrugged his shoulders and decided to follow. There is, of course, a great art in landing, the best method being to follow closely the biggest of every seven waves and to pull speedily through its backwash before the following wave curls over. The mate did not understand the art, for as his little craft came shoreward between the white seas it lagged and was caught by a huge roller. It was thrown from a great height upside down on the beach, the mate being badly shaken, and the surf boat smashed.

There was a rush to help him, and he was dragged almost unconscious up the beach. Precious provisions and equipment had been drawn into the undertow and lost, and it was clear that the mate had been justified in hesitating to attempt a landing. Later on he had recovered sufficiently to be rowed back in another boat through the breakers to the ship. And so the night came on and the party ashore put up their tents, lit their lanterns, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. Though the wind was quieter than usual, yet it tore at the tent-moorings and the sand resounded on the straining canvas like small-shot.

Next morning they had time to look around. They could see the awful desolation of the dunes which, further north, attained to a height of five hundred feet and extended inland forty miles. Behind them in the dim

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interior they saw the mountain ranges glowing faintly in the sun. The wind blew ceaselessly from south-west. The very rocks had been worn into fantastic ribs of stone by the age-long bombardment of sand, a geological fact no doubt hard to believe.

But here and there on the shore Dr. Harger presently found diamonds.

6

South of Conception Bay, within the region of hurricanes into which the Harger party was turning, lies a great salt-pan sixty miles long by ten wide. It was once a lagoon, the dead effluent perhaps of some old river, but now dried out and covered with a crust of salt which in turn has a top-layer of hard sand to the depth of some eighteen inches. Parts of this are underlaid with water-soddened sand: in other words it is a quick-sand. And woe to the mule or man trying to cross it! They will sink in, gripped as by a remorseless hand, and will be sucked down to suffocation in the depths.

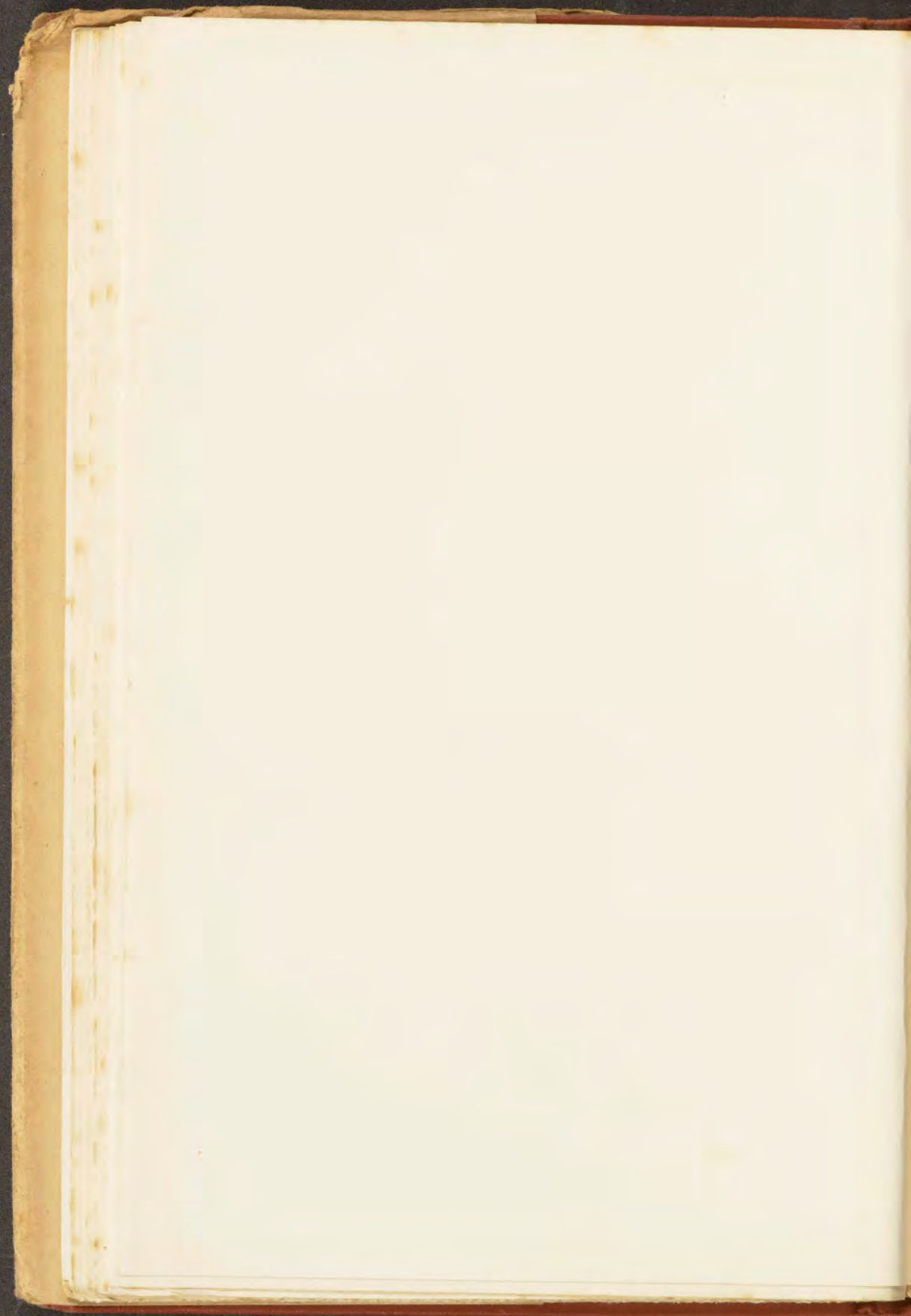
Many years ago an old prospector was driving his mule along this pan close to the towering breakers. Suddenly the animal began to sink. The creature floundered and battled with the implacable sand; but in spite of its fierce struggles it gradually went deeper and deeper. Its master, who had no rope wherewith to help it, had to make for firmer ground; and from there he watched, powerless, the last moments of his mule.

A humble creature—the mule! Its stupidity and obstinacy have won it a place in the hierarchy of phrase. But it has a pair of eyes which can at least express in all their muteness the fear of death; and, before this poor beast's quivering body had disappeared, it turned one agonized look on its master, and he never forgot it.

Dr. Harger and one of his party travelled with their horses over this very pan. Neither knew it to be a quick-sand until presently one of the horses sank to its



Dr. Harger and his assistant fought hard there on the diamond coast to extricate the horse from the quicksand



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belly. A horse with its great weight and narrow hoof has far less chance than a man with his lighter poundage and longer foot; and soon Dr. Harger was fighting for the life of his horse, of which indeed he was very fond.

"You flog it and encourage it to rise to its feet," he cried to his companion, "and when it gets its belly up, I'll put my shoulder under it. . . . Then flog it again."

It was extremely risky, of course, for the horse might so easily have collapsed and pressed his rescuer into the sand. Nevertheless, they lashed the poor beast again and again. As soon as it thrust its feet downward, raising its body slightly, the doctor would dash in from firm ground and shoulder it under the belly. Gradually they turned it, exhausted and trembling, towards firmer ground. And at last they got it out. Its mate, with pricking ears, had been watching the scene. The rescued animal staggered up to its chum and turned about, its limbs quivering.

"Well it knew," said the doctor afterwards, "how near it had been to death."

On that mighty field Dr. Harger and his party picked up no less than 600 diamonds. Some were almost on the foreshore; others miles back from the seaboard. It was clearly a big diamond-field, the stones upon which had been brought down to the sea probably by the Orange, and by other rivers long since vanished. But one morning the doctor, who was some little distance back from the sea, saw a vast cloud of sand in the distance. His companions galloped for cover; he, on the other hand, wanted to observe a south-west hurricane at close quarters and donned his special sand goggles, covered his face with a muffler, and watched it coming. It was an imposing sight. The light of day faded almost out, the sand stung the flesh like shot, the wind roared and shrieked, and past the intrepid doctor rolled streams of pebbles, impelled along by the force of the blast. Little wonder, then, that in these hurricanes tents have to be held by rocks and boulders, and that none but a fool would allow his tent-pole to be upright, however strong the anchorage!

Later, journeying to Walfish Bay, the diamond-seekers with their horses and three donkeys to carry their packs, struck camp and trudged north along the shore towards Sandfish Harbour on the South-west African seaboard. Soon the animals began to suffer considerably from thirst. Matters were presently made worse when one of the donkeys, carrying equipment, deliberately lay down in the sand and made up his mind to stay there. He was thrashed and thumped and urged to his feet. But he soon sat down again. Things began to look serious, for the loss of the load he was bearing was likely to cost the expedition dearly. They had been travelling on the sandy shore since eleven o'clock the previous night and were now tiring. Observing that the donkey was knocked up, Harger alighted from his horse and led the animal by the bridle all the way to Sandfish Harbour, a distance of ten miles. Had this not been done he would have remained behind to die, a feast for the jackals that sometimes roam the beach in search of sea-fowl roosting on the sands. Sandfish Harbour was reached just before dark. Here there was fresh water. As they approached it the animals scented it and hurried on, needing no stimulus. The water had to be hauled from a well and tipped into a trough. One of the beasts, frantic with thirst, tried to clamber over the backs of the others to reach it.

The diamond prospectors looked around. This lonely spot had once supported a canning factory. The ship from which the factory-men had landed about sixty years before lay high and dry on the beach. The remnants of a canning factory built by former traffickers were there still, eaten deeply by rust, and half-submerged by the moving dunes. For the mighty sand-hills move! Subjected to the ceaseless action of storms which literally blast the sand from one side of a dune so that it showers down on the other side, these sand-hills sometimes advance six feet in a day. Nothing can withstand their movement.

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Buildings in the line of them are overwhelmed, submerged, and eventually permitted to re-emerge when the great slow-moving mass has passed over them. Even railways have been put out of action. So it was here. At one time there had been an open way from the interior to this place; but the open way had become blocked, the perpetual barrage of sand had buried everything, and the canning factory had been gradually covered up and in the end utterly extinguished.

But there is one thing that the sand cannot destroy, and that is the diamond. Fine stones have been sometimes blown into rich patches and aggregations, rich enough to make a thousand fortunes in a day. "One man told me," said Dr. Harger in March, 1930, "that he and a friend picked out three thousand diamonds from a small hollow in the rocks in one and three-quarter hours." Dr. Harger himself, noticing the curious waved formation of the sand around one rock, scraped about it and found twenty diamonds in two minutes. Anon he saw a blood-red pile on which the sun was fiercely gleaming. It proved to be a sand dune of garnets, heaped there by the remorseless wind and concentrated in a very exceptional manner. At Pomona, near Luderitzbucht, there was the famous Jewel Box, in a wild and rugged spot named by the Germans "Hexen Kessel," or Witches Cauldron, a small gravel-patch literally studded with diamonds and at one time under ceaseless armed guard.

But Dr. Harger had seen enough to convince him that there were millions of diamonds along the coast, and he felt certain that they had come from the interior by way of the Orange River.

The position of Alexander Bay, which lies just below the southern lip of the mouth of the Orange River, is such that if there is anything in the theory that diamonds have been trundled by this river down to the sea, then there ought to be diamonds around Alexander Bay—for

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the southward inshore current would take them there. Diamonds found along the coast of German South-west Africa in 1908-9 and brought down presumably by the Orange and other rivers—some of which have dried up since—had led Doctors Lotz, Reuning, Wagner and others, to believe in the river theory; and they lost no time in putting it to the test. Dr. Merensky, incidentally, thought that there might also be a diamond-pipe under the sea. However, two camel expeditions, one led by Dr. Reuning and the other by Klinghardt, followed separate tracks in December, 1909, and joined forces at the mouth of the Orange River; but although they examined the old gravel-terraces for diamonds thereabouts they found nothing of importance. Then Fred Cornell landed at Port Nolloth in August, 1910. He also went off to find diamonds around the Orange River, diamonds such as "Alexander and his fellows had never dreamed of." He was charmed with the picturesque melancholy of the low-tide lagoons at the river mouth, the flamingoes standing there "in long lines like soldiers," and at the fine-plumaged white birds. Then he went upstream into the haunts of old-time outlaws, rejoicing in the vivid green willows mirrored in the still pools, and in the eagles hunting the rock-rabbits. There, too, he noted that fantastic bush called by the Hottentots the "half-man," because it resembled in silhouette the upper half of a man. But although Cornell ranged far along the great river, even as far as the great falls of Aughrabies, he did not make the big discovery. The luck was all against him. So zealous was he that he even explored the salt-pans of the Kalahari in his quest for the diamonds. He saw spectral mirages there, and phantom herds, and snakes and scorpions. But ever the mighty treasure eluded him.

After the Great War men like Carstens of Port Nolloth, Heyes, Ronaldson, and Rabinowitz—who found 334 diamonds in a brief space of time by digging under a sand-ridge at Buchuberg near Alexander Bay—began to point the way. Then came Kennedy, Gordon, and Doctors Reuning and Hans Merensky who, following up the pioneering work of these others, made sensational dia-

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mond discoveries in 1927 around Alexander Bay. Digging into the oyster-beds near the bay one day, Reuning came upon a veritable treasure-trench of diamonds; in fact, between January 10 and February 1, 1927, he had retrieved no less than 2,762 diamonds, weighing 4,308.9 carats. Certain London financiers with whom Merensky had been negotiating had meanwhile declined to participate in the venture, and he therefore formed a syndicate in conjunction with certain Johannesburg interests. By February 27, the syndicate had produced 6,890 diamonds weighing 12,549 carats and worth £150,000. In 1929 came the simple announcement that Dr. Merensky, who had been a poor man just after the Great War, had disposed of his interests in certain Alexander Bay claims for £1,250,000.

Thus came to him the wealth for which so many others of lesser luck and perspicacity perhaps had striven in vain.

9

To-day, Alexander Bay is virtually a State-digging closed to the private prospector. Nearly all diamonds produced there are won for the State; and the diggers are State employees, watched closely while at work. At night the bay is lit up by great searchlights to prevent any unlawful visitations from sea or land to the claims, which are heavily wired and guarded. For it is hardly to be expected that men will make no attempt to get ashore when the greater part of the seaboard is diamondiferous and closed to prospecting. In the Rand Press, early in 1930, it was reported that certain individuals descending a precipitous path in the cliffs some miles south of Alexander Bay had found a diamondiferous stratum in a cave; and, so the story goes, were soon at work picking out diamonds of remarkable quality. The sea constantly exposed new gems as it washed into the cave at high tide. But the police had heard about them, and, creeping down the path on the cliffs one day, cap-

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tured the intruders. That is the story; one of many, needless to say, related about this amazing littoral. Its closure to diggers has been rendered necessary, of course, as a counter-measure to over-production and a fall in the price of stones.

The trail has now been roughly sketched: the trail from the unknown diamond pipes or craters to the sea. It is a great romance; but the most wonderful part of it remains to be told: the story of the trail back to the craters—in other words the discovery of the end of that upward track leading to the big diamondiferous pipes, virginal, mysterious, and full of sparkling treasure, which exist somewhere up there in the hinterland of southern Africa.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOST MAGATO TRAIL, THE SKELETON, AND THE DIAMOND BAGS

I

THOSE who traverse the gorges and dry river-beds of the country north of the Crocodile River in the eastern Transvaal, camping perchance under a multitude of stars, will be adventuring through a region little changed in a hundred thousand years. It is alive with game and infested with lions, as it was in the comparatively recent days when the dark, bearded gold-seekers of Babylon came down in their long coats and caps—you may see them still on the ancient friezes—and slept in terror, surrounded by deadwood fires.

The drowsing of bees, wasps, hornets, and of strange insects with multi-coloured wings, the glow of veld flowers, the war of the Wild, and anon the peace of God, all these have part in their own hour and time in the life of these places. And in the night—in the silence—these regions remain as of old, savagely asleep, or coy and virginal, but ever rich and mysterious, the untended gardens of the forgotten gods.

Now it so happened that these wilds became, fittingly enough, the setting of a sombre drama shortly after the Anglo-Boer War: the drama, it might be called, of the lost Magato trail. The romantic character of this affair took powerful hold of Africa, indeed inspired a thousand pens to attempt to place it in all its dark significance before the world. It fascinated intensely the late H. B. Irving, who visited the Dominion in 1912. Sir James Rose-Innes, too, the one-time Chief Justice of the Transvaal, who tried the charge of murder which arose

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out of it, said: "It is the most incredible, the most romantic, affair that has ever come before me."

And it originated, as most of the great crimes of the world have originated, in the love of a man, primitive and coarse-fibred, for a woman who would have none of him.

2

This man, Philip Swartz, burgher of the Transvaal Republic, a short, thick-set, stop-at-nothing sort of fellow, with a pair of mighty arms, and a good man in the bush withal, was encamped one evening towards the end of the Anglo-Boer War in this wild country near the Transvaal-Mozambique border. His camp was a little to the north of the Crocodile River. His life, begun in evil, had had its share of luck; for the Republican authorities had been desirous aforesaid of examining him concerning a farmer who had vanished—together with a span of sixteen oxen—in circumstances which suggested foul play; but before they could put their suspicions to the proof the Anglo-Boer War had intervened, Swartz had joined the Boer forces, and the matter had lapsed.

At this moment, prompted as it would seem by the declining sun, he was looking somewhat anxiously at the heap of dried wood which he and his companion Pretorius had collected.

"I hope there's enough of it," he growled, "to burn through the night. Otherwise, the lions. . . ."

"There's enough," the other said.

"A fool's game this," Swartz went on; "this wandering about! If we cross the mountains into Mozambique we'll be arrested, and if we stay here we'll be killed by lions. There's only one thing to be done—to rejoin the commando."

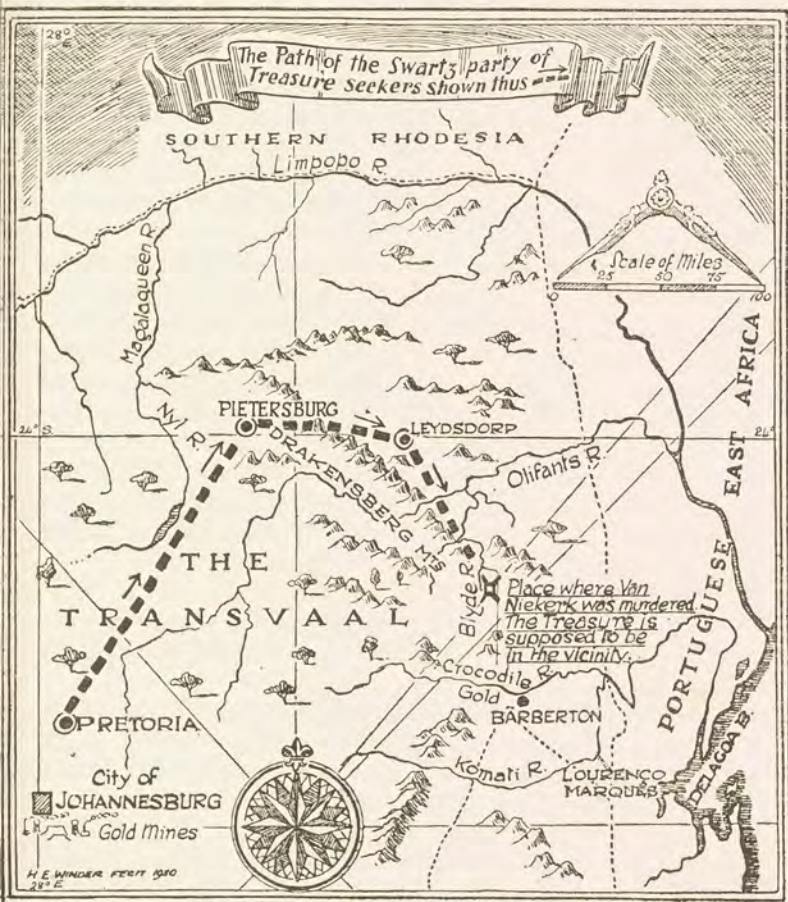
"The only thing," the other assented.

Night fell. They piled the brushwood high and lit it: the light glared fitfully on looming cliff and escarpment; the veld was eloquent with savage sound; they heard the mocking laughter of the hyena; and, as ever, divided the

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night into watches—one remaining awake to tend the fires, the other taking his rest.

They were fugitives belonging to General Ben Viljoen's



commando which was then being harried by the British about the Leydsdorp-Komati Poort territory. The commando itself had become dispirited. It had learned that even in the mountains, whole battalions of British infantry might lie in wait for them; they felt that all life

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had become uneasy and uncertain; so that footsore, hungry and thirsty, many of them had fallen into the mood for desertion—and Swartz and Pretorius were among them. But deserters who had preceded these two across the border into Mozambique had been captured by the Portuguese, and news of these captures had reached other Boer fugitives following the trails towards the border, causing them to turn back. Among those who were thus turning back were Swartz and Pretorius; and at the moment this narrative begins they were resolved to pick up the trail of Viljoen's commandos, and to rejoin the comrades they had so recently forsaken.

Next day they continued their trek. The heat became greater as the day advanced, and the afternoon sun beat upon them fiercely; and, as often as not, they would talk of the deaths of travellers in the bush—travellers who had come upon the water-places when they were dried up, and had finally perished. And now as they trekked on they suddenly beheld a strange and terrible spectacle. They found themselves before a skeleton, the white bones of which had been stripped by the vultures. But close to the skeleton were three bags of diamonds and five bars of gold.

"We're rich men," cried Swartz.

"They're no good to us," replied Pretorius.

"We're rich men, I tell you," Swartz said, running his fingers through the gems.

"We can do nothing with them. If we carry them back to the commando they'll be stolen. If we don't reach the commando we'll end like the skeleton there. They're no good to us, I tell you."

"You miserable fool," the other said. "We can at least carry them to some spot we can recognize afterwards—some place near a river-bed where, say, there are Cream of Tartar trees. We can always recognize Cream of Tartar trees. And we can bury them there and come back for them after the war."

They shared the spoils; and tramped on for some hours until, reaching the banks of the Brak River, they found certain Cream of Tartar trees, and at a measured

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distance from these trees they buried the treasure, resolving to return for it when the war was over.

3

Long after, when Swartz was in the condemned cell at Pretoria and about to expiate the last and worst of his crimes, he offered a map of the position of the *cache* to more than one visitor. He adhered to his story—his strange and fantastic story of the skeleton and the diamonds—and there are many highly-placed police and treasury officials to-day who are convinced of its truth; who maintain that Swartz and Pretorius did find a great treasure somewhere in the Transvaal between Magato's country and Delagoa Bay. Nor is the belief unreasonable. It is based upon the fact that for years previously the fiery old native chief Magato had been sending native emissaries on lone trails across country laden with diamonds from the Kimberley mines. Many of his boys had worked in the mines and had stolen these diamonds, which they had presented to their chief. The chief proposed to exchange them for guns—for Magato had long resolved on the arming of his tribesmen so that they might be adequately equipped for any military occasion against the redoubtable whites.

There is evidence that transactions associated with these war-like ambitions had actually taken place. The late Howard Chadwick (who had been brought to the Rand from Kimberley as chief of the Johannesburg C.I.D. towards the end of the Boer War by Sir Richard Solomon, then Attorney-General of the Transvaal) used to recall an eccentric Englishman in Kimberley in the 'nineties who had boasted that he intended to negotiate "guns-for-diamonds" deals for Magato if he could secure a wealthy intermediary. He let it be known that the Chief wanted two good pieces of artillery and intended to get them. The wealthy intermediary, it is said, was forthcoming, and the two men were seen constantly together in Kimberley. Gradually came rumours of intensified gun-

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running from the coast to Magato's country, and the story of the exchange of stolen gems for guns was frequently discussed in the diamond town. Magato died in 1897. The story of the native runner—dead in the lonely bush with his gold and diamonds still about him—was not, therefore, an extravagance; nor is it remarkable that a widespread belief persists to-day in the existence of this great treasure, hidden by Swartz and Pretorius, and never retrieved.

4

Swartz and his companion eventually struck the trail of the commando, but the unit was dispersed shortly afterwards by the British. Swartz was wounded in the thigh and captured; Pretorius was killed. Later on, and before he could unearth his treasure, Swartz was sent to Ceylon as a prisoner of war. He remained there until 1903, and often wrote optimistically to certain of his women friends in Johannesburg.

"When I return," he hinted in one of his letters, "my days of poverty will be ended."

Now Swartz was in love with one of two pretty sisters living under the roof of his foster-mother in Johannesburg, and while in Ceylon he certainly hoped one day to marry her. But, on his return from Ceylon, he found that the woman had married an ex-member of the Republican police, one Van Dyk, and that her sister had espoused a cab-proprietor, Van Niekerk. His return was thus in many ways disappointing; and though inclined to brood over his ill-luck—indeed he must have brooded over it more deeply than was generally supposed—he seems to have focused his hopes eventually on Mrs. Van Niekerk and to have restored his peace of mind somewhat by plotting the death of her husband. The Magato treasure had to be retrieved; Van Niekerk had to be removed. And, with his thoughts pointed in this direction, he determined to propose an expedition to the Blyde River to find this treasure, and, incidentally, to persuade Van Niekerk to accompany the expedition.

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Would it not, he asked himself, be comparatively easy then to shoot his rival and, when far away from civilization in one of the loneliest corners of Africa, to conceal his body beyond all chance of detection?

These ideas undoubtedly occurred to him and he acted readily upon them. His attitude towards the treasure has never been clearly disclosed; but his determination to remove Van Niekerk has never been in doubt. It became for him henceforth an all-absorbing motive. Meanwhile he frequently indulged in eccentric talk, much of which was afterwards remembered.

"You will be a widow before long," he told the astonished woman, to whom he pretended a gift of prophecy.

"How so?" she asked.

"The lions will get your husband."

Meanwhile Swartz proceeded with sinister intent to recount in likely quarters his experience of the skeleton and the bags of diamonds. Among the first to warm to the project was a certain James Colville of Johannesburg.

5

Now Colville was an original character with something of a reputation for astuteness. He was sufficiently astute indeed to score off most of his associates (in a perfectly legal way of course), and he was also well known in the racing world.

Colville was told by Swartz's brother-in-law, Van Dyk, of the circumstances in which Swartz had come upon the skeleton and the bags of diamonds, and he was impressed. At any rate he agreed to pay the cost of railing a properly-equipped Cape-cart to Pietersburg—then the rail-head—and of the four mules required to pull it from Pietersburg to Leydsdorp and on to the Blyde River. The details of the personnel and equipment of the expedition were afterwards discussed. Swartz recommended as members of it both Van Niekerk—the man whom he was secretly resolved to kill—and Van Dyk, his brother-in-law. These, he urged, should travel with them. It was also suggested

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that a certain Donovan should be invited in this treasure-hunting expedition.

"He can get weapons and ammunition for us," Van Dyk explained, "and we can then easily shoot all the game we shall need."

Donovan was, in some ways, the most remarkable man of the party. Unknown to Swartz he was a member of the Transvaal detective force who had made himself prominent in the Australian police force in 1897 by his single-handed capture of P—, the notorious outlaw, at Cabramatta in New South Wales.¹ He chased him for three miles on foot through the Australian bush, and then bailed him up with a revolver. He had indeed an intimate knowledge of the bush, which in Australia and South Africa are not dissimilar. But at first he was not told by Swartz, Van Dyk, or Van Niekerk of the story of the treasure. Indeed, it was only while travelling in the train to Pietersburg that he learned the real aims of the party. Thus the curious position arose that the chief characters in the drama were all somewhat at cross-purposes. Briefly, Swartz intended to kill Van Niekerk near the Blyde River

¹ Donovan's arrest of P— is among the crime-epics of Australia. P—, as a young man, had been one of the finest cross-country runners in New South Wales, but fell into evil courses and was wanted for stock theft. He had little compunction in shooting a trooper sent to arrest him and in making off into the Bush. A reward of £250 was thereupon offered for his apprehension, dead or alive. This resulted in a big rally of armed police and civilians. They went into the region where he was known to be in hiding and camped on the edge of a marsh. Donovan happened to be sitting on an eminence overlooking this marsh when he saw a stranger walking unsuspectingly towards the camp. The man looked up, perceived Donovan, and rushed headlong into the swamp, which was shallow but extensive. He was instantly seen and all the occupants of the camp dashed off in pursuit. Donovan gradually forced his way past the other pursuers (some of whom were firing as they went) and emerged alone from the swamp about sixty yards in rear of the speedy fugitive. Splashed with mud the two went ahead steadily. Once Donovan lost his man, and incidentally also a great deal of ground, when P— took advantage of an extensive depression to alter his course. But not long after, Donovan short-circuited the fugitive and coming unexpectedly upon him, held him up with his revolver. He surrendered. The distance run was approximately three miles. P— was brought back by train into Sydney, many thousands assembling to witness his return. He was sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. The incident, it is suggested, throws a strong light on the courage and pertinacity of Donovan, who is to-day (1930) an old detective official of the Rand racecourses.

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and to keep any treasure for himself, even if this involved the murder of the whole of the party, this last desperate resolve being indicated by an incident that occurred later and which will be duly related. Colville, believing the story of the buried diamonds, was of course anxious to get them, but was ignorant (it is hardly necessary to state) of the sinister intentions of Swartz. Donovan, for his part, at first thought he was on an ordinary shooting trip.

6

The final preparations were made. It was decided to truck the Cape-cart at Johannesburg. The whole party entrained on May 4, 1903, for Pietersburg.

"Be careful of Philip," was the last anxious injunction of the wife as she bade Van Niekerk farewell. Man and wife never met again.

The members of the expedition detrained uneventfully at Pietersburg on May 5. The cart was fitted up for the long journey into the wilds, and there was plenty of rough joviality as the final preparations were made. They set out. The region to be traversed was, as already related, infested with lions; its roads were mere tracks. But Colville proved most companionable, his stories of travel through the Australian Bush, his quaint confessions, and his sense of humour only being rivalled by the experiences of Donovan, whose life had been spent in still more adventurous contacts in the Antipodes. On the other hand, Van Niekerk proved so lethargic that, as his companions afterwards said, he would not even trouble to dodge the branches of the overhanging trees as the Cape-cart jaunted through the bush; with the result that on several occasions he was nearly swept off. Moreover, he was generally the last to alight when the mules were battling up some hot sunny slope. Once he punctured the water-bottle.

"You are a careless fool," growled Swartz as he inspected the hole. "But, no matter, we're getting near the treasure now," he added, as if communing with himself.

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Daylight was fading when the party halted on the edge of the Blyde River. Although tired and hungry all had been greatly heartened by Swartz's constant declaration that they were nearing the *cache*; and so with light hearts they collected wood to make fires. At dawn next day they again struck camp, leaving the cart behind them at the river, and they rode or led the mules into still rougher country, until they reached a tributary of the Brak, twenty miles beyond the Blyde. They got to this deserted spot at five o'clock on the evening of May 17, and at once set about the business of forming their camp. As darkness was imminent, each member went off on some task. Donovan departed to get wood, leaving his coat on the ground. Van Dyk and Colville set off on the same errand. The stage was thus set for the terrible drama.

Swartz and Van Niekerk were alone.

"Now, let's be off," Swartz remarked gruffly.

And so the two departed, each with a gun, and as all thought, purposing to shoot game for the evening meal. They disappeared presently into the thicket surrounding the sloping banks of the almost dry river, and none of the party ever again saw Van Niekerk alive.

7

In these Regions-of-no-twilight there is a certain splendid pageantry in the passing of the day. Erstwhiles the hills blacken against the orange afterglow, the purple ground-mists rise like incense from the altars of the night, and it is then that one may hear the song of the wild, the call of a thousand invisible creatures, shy and beautiful. Then will be heard the piercing whistle of the Vaal rhebok—the fawn-like fellow who signals thus peremptorily to his mate; then will be heard the fox, and the chattering bush-baby—the little creature that loves to talk to humans from the tree-tops; there will resound, too, the barking of old-man baboon, the howling of the wild-dog, and the roaring of the lion. All these notes in the great veld symphony may be heard at the open

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camp-fire; and they have the deep elemental eloquence of the Primitive.

8

Only a faint glimmer remained in the sky when the foragers returned to camp and lit their fires. Swartz and Van Niekerk were still absent. But presently two shots were heard from the south-west.

"They've got a buck," exclaimed Donovan.

Two more shots echoed from a point further east. Then silence. A lengthy interval elapsed. Three big fires were heaped up, for the lions were heard roaring in the distance. The flames flickered reassuringly against the yellow ledges overhanging the river.

"Where can they be?" inquired Donovan, who sat facing one of the fires.

"Perhaps treed by lions," suggested someone.

Long afterwards Donovan explained that just at that moment as he sat staring into the fire over which some guinea-fowl were grilling, puzzled and uneasy at the disappearance of Van Niekerk and Swartz who alone knew the location of the treasure, he felt instinctively that he was being stalked. And looking around suddenly he saw a man's legs touched by the flicker of the camp-fires coming stealthily towards them. The head was hidden by the trees.

"Who's that?" he shouted, clutching his revolver.

For answer, Swartz promptly announced himself and came trudging boldly into the firelight with his carbine.

"Where's Phanie?" (Van Niekerk) was the general query.

"I don't know," replied Swartz, placing the rifle casually on the ground. "I wounded a koodoo which ran past him. I told him to shoot it, but he didn't. So I chased it myself, and that's the last I saw of him. Up a tree, I suppose."

"We heard other shots to the south-east," somebody remarked.

"I fired one," replied Swartz. And that seemed to

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explain it. Van Niekerk had fired the other shot and had then lost himself after shooting vainly at the koodoo. He was now probably up a tree. But Donovan was left with the indefinable feeling that something was wrong. He was not sure of Swartz. And that night he caught himself speculating as to whether, when he saw the legs of Swartz in the firelight, and challenged him, that challenge had not saved their lives; indeed, whether Swartz's arrival in camp after dark had not been timed to facilitate the murder of the other members of the expedition.

"I believe," the old detective always said, afterwards, "that when Swartz was stalking the camp we were so placed with regard to the fires that he could have shot us all. And he knew it. So that had I not challenged him when I did he would probably have killed us."

That night, nevertheless, the belief prevailed generally that Van Niekerk was up a tree hiding from the lions; and Donovan fired many rounds from his revolver in order to draw the attention of the missing man to the position of the camp. He fired at intervals during the night. Without avail, however. Van Niekerk did not return; and the impression gradually deepened that he had despaired of finding them, and had gone back to the cart at the Blyde River. His curiously lethargic character, somewhat half-hearted attachment to the expedition, and lack of sense of direction in the bush, all strengthened this presumption, so that no very protracted search was made for him. Swartz now professed anxiety to avoid delay. He urged them to push on to where, he said, the treasure was hidden. They therefore set out once again. Donovan left two notes—one in English and the other in Dutch—attached to the trees, notifying the absent man of the direction they had taken, and of the probable time of their return. And now, after a long and wearisome journey, the treasure-hunters approached a ridge, from the top of which Swartz intently scanned a distant kopje with a pair of field-glasses.

"If you wait here," he said, "I will go and search for some marks which I made when I buried the treasure."

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So the party waited. They heard Swartz call, they heard him direct them towards a hill, they caught the distant report of a Browning pistol, fired apparently to attract their attention: but they failed to reach him, and he vanished.

"We can do nothing now," said Donovan at long last. "Swartz was our guide, and he alone knew where the stuff is hidden. He's gone. So we'd better go back to our last camp, and then to the cart at the Blyde River."

The remaining members of the party were now thoroughly angry with Swartz and disheartened. They halted some 300 yards from their last camp, in a site among rocks and trees, and again fired off various rounds—which echoed eerily about the rugged country; but there came no answering reports, and so they lay about their fires through the night, each man adding more wood as he awakened. Donovan once created a blaze thirty feet high by igniting a dead and hollow tree, and the glare lit up the gloomy hills for miles around. The signals drew no response however. Then they trekked back to the cart which they had left on the Blyde River. Here they made a remarkable discovery. They found a note purporting to be signed by Van Niekerk pressed between the spokes of one of the wheels near the axle which read: "Tired of the job. This day I have gone to Johannesburg and I may go on to Bulawayo."

Donovan took possession of the letter. He felt that it might yet throw light on the dark places of this mysterious expedition; for he now, more than ever, suspected that something sinister lay behind the disappearance of the two men; and although he could not quite understand the absence of Van Niekerk's nail-screw tracks on the ground, he at that time still thought it possible that Van Niekerk might have been to the cart and have gone ahead. An examination of the vehicle showed that it had been robbed: that ammunition, blankets, rugs, brandy, and even cuff-links had been stolen; and Van Niekerk, upon whom fell the blame, was freely reviled for having thus deceived the rest of the party.

The remains of a fire, however, suggested that one of the missing men was not far ahead, and the whole party determined to go on in resolute pursuit. They left provisions in the fork of a tree for the benefit of whoever might be left behind. Donovan was the only skilled bushman left with the pursuers. He took charge, and made up his mind to follow the shortest possible cut to Leydsdorp and, if possible, to get there either before or on the heels of Swartz or Van Niekerk. And so they trekked on with their cart until they reached first the Oliphants and then the Selati rivers, where they met a native, virtually the only human being they had encountered in that land of lions and wild game. The native told them that a white man was a short distance ahead making for Leydsdorp. Almost simultaneously they heard a shot.

"That," exclaimed Donovan, "is my revolver. It is the only one of its kind in the country."

They hurried on. Presently they came upon Swartz himself, dangling his feet in the river. He looked famished and woebegone. He had no shirt.

"Where have you been?" he was asked.

"I told you to follow me," he retorted, "and you didn't. I couldn't find you. So I went off to where the diamonds were hidden, got them, tied them up in my shirt, and hid them again in the banks of the river."

"Why didn't you return to the cart at the river?"

"Because," he replied, "I took the shortest way back to Leydsdorp."

Argument and recrimination ensued. Someone proposed that the party should return to the Blyde River to get the diamonds which Swartz claimed to have found, and at the same time to hunt for Van Niekerk, but Swartz demurred. He declared that the expedition was exhausted and that the animals were in no condition to do the journey.

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10

Swartz now began to shun his comrades. He seemed to realize that his conduct must seem curious, and he noted the growth of a new suspicion in their eyes. He would go away and sit alone some distance from the camp. At last, on May 22, they reached Leydsdorp. Donovan proceeded at once to the office of the South African Constabulary there.

"I want to report the disappearance of a member of our party," said he, and related the circumstances of the case.

"The lions must have got him," commented the officer in charge; "one even came in here and took a donkey away the other day."

So nothing was done at the moment; and the party travelled on to Pietersburg—a distance of ninety-three miles—inquiring, as they went, for Van Niekerk.

Pietersburg was, as already mentioned, the railhead. The party prepared to truck their belongings from there back to Johannesburg; and Swartz, who made various excursions into town, was seen to change two sovereigns, a circumstance which seemed curious, for on the forward journey all knew that he had no money, whereas Van Niekerk had had two sovereigns which, as he told everyone, he intended to send to his wife at the first opportunity.

Donovan became still more suspicious. And Swartz was aware of the fact. On the train journey to Johannesburg he hid himself in his bunk. He evidently felt that the net was fast closing round him and did not wish to incriminate himself further.

"Can you?" Donovan whispered to Van Dyk at a wayside halt, "manage to get Philip on to the platform?"

By some little subterfuge, Van Dyk got him there; whereupon Donovan slipped into his compartment, seized the suspect's note-book, and in a few brief seconds compared the handwriting on the note left at the cart (and purporting to have been written by Van Niekerk) with Swartz's own scribbings on letters and chits in his note-book. The comparison proved exact. The letter

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left at the cart had not been written by Van Niekerk but by Swartz. The circumstances all pointed more strongly than ever to foul play. The implication was that Van Niekerk had been inveigled away at the forward camp and probably murdered by Swartz. On their return to Johannesburg, Donovan's first act was to report all the facts to Howard Chadwick, the chief of police.

It is not necessary to conclude the story in detail. Swartz bluffed his way about Johannesburg for some weeks. Then an official expedition was dispatched to search for Van Niekerk; and presently came the startling news that his remains had been found near a large waterhole, remains which had been attacked by vultures. These remains supplied the additional evidence needed to bring the crime home to Swartz; for it was proved from them that the unfortunate man had been shot and robbed. Swartz was tried, condemned, and executed on February 15, 1904, after one of the most sensational trials in South African history.

II

Those, then, who find themselves in these regions—to-day the greatest game reserve in South Africa and known throughout the world as the Kruger National Park—and who lie in the shadow of the rocks as the waters flow on their elfin ways to the ocean, will surely enter a romantic, an enchanted world, that is to say, if they permit their thoughts free play. The go-away bird may admonish them from the thicket, the bees drowse on to their wild honey grottoes, the large-eyed creatures of the wild may watch them from the long grasses, while the painted boomslang lurks in the branches of the trees; but the meditative mind will range down the centuries to the days when Babylonian and Bushman fought to the death, and left their bodies to the vultures. So, perchance, may the dreamer spare a thought also for the rough old adventurers who, but a quarter of a century ago, sought the lost Magato trail, and the diamonds and the gold which sent three stout souls headlong to their doom.

CHAPTER V

THE HUNT FOR THE "GROSVENOR" TREASURE

I

THE good ship *Grosvenor*, with her tall masts and white sails, high stern and carronades, must have seemed a graceful thing as she glided over the long swell of the Indian Ocean in June, 1782. Homeward bound, out in the blue between Ceylon and Africa, she bowed with quaint dignity to the horizons this way and that, exchanging mute badinage as it might be with wind and wave, and joyously alive in the sea-tracks. She had an over-all length of 120 feet, had twenty-six guns, and belonged to the East India Company. She was fast enough to out-distance the pirates with which the seas were then infested, and strong enough to sink them.

As she sailed on, one can picture the passengers pacing the decks, the men in their waisted coats, wrist-bands of fine lace, three-cornered hats, buckled knee-breeches and perruques; and the women, most of them young and refined, with their shapely hats perched daintily forward on high coiffures, their pretty ringlets, and their narrow waists, familiar still in the delicate portraiture of Gainsborough.

The sailors up aloft are chorusing their chanties—raucous, devil-may-care choristers, with tarry pigtails:

*Ho white, white ship, sail on, sail on,
With a heigh-ho, and a Hey, Aye, Aye!
The sun comes up and the sun goes down
An' we're one day nearer port each day,
With a heigh-ho, and a Hey, Aye, Aye!*

And then a hoarse voice somewhere up in the shrouds, tiring of the rhythm, perchance, interposes with the fine old air: "Now . . . a . . . long good-bye to you, my

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dear. . . . With a heave-ho-haul. . . . And a last farewell and a long farewell. . . ."

Thus did the *Grosvenor* sail on, the seamen aloft and the passengers below, and children playing everywhere. Pitt was the great man then in England, Burns was filling Scotland with song, and Napoleon was a boy of thirteen.

It was not until the early days of August, when the vessel was nearing the African coast, that the wind began to freshen. The ship tacked, and on Sunday, August 4, had to lay-to under a fore-sail and mizzen-staysail. The captain found that owing to the sky being overcast he could no longer take proper observations and had to gauge the ship's position by dead-reckoning. He told the passengers at dinner on the evening of August 3 that they were still one hundred leagues from the African coast.

2

But just before daylight on the following morning (Sunday, August 4) the wind still being high, Seamen John Hynes, Thomas Lewis, and others were aloft sending down the fore-top-gallant when suddenly Hynes began to stare into the whiteness ahead. Then he shouted to Lewis:

"Ahoy! . . . Land ahead there! . . . and breakers!"

Lewis looked and was alarmed. They hurried down together to the deck and ran along to Beale, the third mate on the watch.

But Beale only laughed.

"Go back aloft," he said.

Lewis, realizing the urgency of the situation, nevertheless rushed to the captain whom he roused unceremoniously in his cabin.

"Sir," said he, "we're close inshore."

Captain Coxon at once went on deck.

"Wear ship!" he cried.

He also had interpreted aright the cloudy masses in front and the long, white sighing lines of foam through which the vessel was scudding. Slowly the ship's head

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was brought round. Too late, however. There was heard the ominous grinding of the keel, and presently the great vessel was pounding on the rocks; the swell raising her and dropping her with such violence that it was obvious from the first that she was doomed. The passengers clambered in terror on deck. Orders were shouted; there were anguished cries from husbands, wives and children. Successive surges lifted the ship into a position where the stern sat high on the rocks. Its windows were all lit and the great after-lantern was burning. The forepart was down and full of water.

A while later they all saw by the growing light that they were only 300 yards from the shore, and that many natives were already crowding to the water's edge. Then the wind changed and blew from the coast out to sea so that it seemed that they must be returned into deep waters and drowned. The gunner who had sped to the powder-room to fire distress signals, a futile measure on that lonely coast, ran back again on finding it full of water. The masts were presently cut away. Boats and a raft were dashed to pieces. Two Italians and a lascar then swam to the beach with a life-line. One of the former was drowned; the others got ashore with the line, the natives helping them to haul one end around the rocks, while the other was attached to the ship's capstan. A few seamen got along it hand over hand to the shore; but others fell into the white chaos and were drowned. Meanwhile, with a loud series of reports the ship broke in half, and the stern floated round near the bows. But the portion of the vessel which was most crowded with its human freight drifted into the shallows inshore and with the exception of fourteen who (from first to last) lost their lives, the rest were able to reach land. There were 142 survivors in all.

3

As evening was now approaching and it was bitterly cold the men made up a fire in a hollow near the shore-bush, while others ranged along the beach to see what

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they could find. Two barrels of arrack which were presently drawn up put some heart into them; but when the natives afterwards began to prove troublesome the captain ordered the casks to be broken and the liquor to be poured into the sand. He was wise enough to fear the licentiousness of savages who knew that they had white women more or less at their mercy. For sailors and passengers were virtually unarmed, no weapons having been saved from the wreck; whereas the blacks had assegais made from roughly-smelted ore from the hills, and knobkerries, and shields. Any hopes of sympathy from those savages who had helped in the first instance to pull the hawser ashore were speedily dashed when it became apparent that they had been actuated only by hope of loot from the ship, and trinkets from the castaways.

4

The captain, a chivalrous, humane, but not very competent officer, addressed the whole party, and told them that he believed that by making the journey along the shore for sixteen days¹ they could reach the Cape settlements. The news cheered them; and they started out on August 7, two men only remaining behind. They were followed by the natives who attempted to rob them as they went, and even felt the long tresses of the white women for the diamonds they knew that the poor creatures had hidden there, aiming blows at their husbands when they sought to protect them. Once the white men became so infuriated that they placed the women and children apart under guard, and made a determined attack on the blacks with sticks and stones. They drove them off temporarily, and injuries were inflicted on both sides—one passenger remaining unconscious for two hours with an assegai-thrust in the ear. But the enemy was not decisively beaten and returned presently with greater insolence than before.

¹ An estimate as wide of the mark as the positional miscalculation which had led to the disaster.



The wreck of the treasure-ship *Grostenor* in 1782; drawn from an old print based upon the narrative of one of the survivors



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And now came the time when the younger and more energetic men began to chafe at the slow progress of the party. It was decided to divide so that these might go on, and the others, including the captain, the ladies, and a number of elderly men and some seamen, might follow as their energies permitted. The decision to separate was probably influenced by a mysterious character named Trout, believed to have been a coloured murderer from the Cape and a fugitive from justice, who suddenly appeared on the beach and warned them of the dangers ahead, and, reversing the facts of the situation, urged them not to quarrel with the natives! He wore a morning-gown which had once belonged to the captain. Indeed, he admitted that he had been to the wreck and had retrieved iron, copper and other articles from it, but he refused emphatically to lead the party to the Cape settlements, as he said he had a wife and family among the natives, and they would not let him go. The truth was, of course, that he feared that if he did so he would be delivered up to justice.

5

There was a little boy among the castaways. The sailors called him Master Law. About eight years of age presumably, and of gentle birth, he had made a friend of the steward, who had become much attached to him. But when, on the parties separating, the boy saw that he was not going with his friend, he was so distressed that he was transferred to the forward party and went on with them. He did his best to keep up. But sometimes when the sand was difficult they had to carry him. At other times when they found the coast mountainous and the rivers wide they were forced inland, and they would ask the native women for milk for him. Once or twice the women gave him some, more out of fear than pity, as Hynes said afterwards. But they usually refused. The forward party itself split up eventually on a question of route, one section deeming it wiser to keep inland to avoid the rivers so constantly impeding

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their path, the other preferring the coast. Ultimately they rejoined. Exhaustion set in. Wild beasts roared at nights and were kept off with flaming brands. The natives, too, whose brutality on that terrible journey was unrelieved by any single act of kindness, attacked them in force. They injured Seaman Hynes with an assegai, and fractured the skull of another, who died shortly after. The famished fugitives subsequently tailed out in line, and the laggards were seen no more. Yet nothing parted the steward and little Master Law who kept steadily on, hand in hand. When the men went on their daily fishing parties, the lad was entrusted with the job of tending the fires; and when the fishermen returned he was rewarded with a portion of the spoils. Many terrible things must have frightened him. For instance, when one day the cooper died and was buried in the sand, something tempted Hynes and the steward to go back to look at the grave. They were horrified to find that the corpse had been disinterred by some animal and carried off; the spoor trailing off irregularly into the thicket. Occasionally, Master Law, whose chubby face had gradually grown wan and wistful but who, for all his childish years, was resolved to play the man, broke down and cried. But not often; for there was always the friendly hand and the strong right arm of his friend. His determination, indeed, amazed them.

One day they found a dead whale. They cut off pieces of the flesh and gave portions to the steward and the boy. Both seemed greatly refreshed. But on the morrow they were taken ill. They could not go on.

"Stay with us for one day," implored the steward of the sailors.

"For one day . . . we will," was the reply, "but you must move with us then."

The next day they were no better.

"For the sake of the little man, one day more," pleaded the steward in great agitation.

"One day more, then," the sailors echoed, and stayed.

Night fell. The fires were lit. They flickered about the gaunt rocks, and on the faces of the sick; and then

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across the east spread the dawn, and with it the quiet wind that comes with the dawn. And as they woke they were pleased to see that Master Law was still asleep, though his pallor seemed deeper than usual, his eyes deeper-set. But when they tried to wake him they could not.

"Little man," whispered the steward, "wake up . . . wake up. . . . And I will carry you on."

But Master Law had come to the end of the journey: his frail limbs would be summoned to effort no more, nor would his slumbers henceforth be broken. And there they buried him down by the rocks, the steward, tattered hat in hand, gazing long at the spot.

6

Presently the ragged sailors took the steward by the arms, one on each side, and forced him along. But he kept looking back.

"Give me a shell of water," he said, stopping suddenly in his tracks.

They gave him one, which he drank greedily.

"Another," he gasped, and they complied.

Then he lay down and, as Hynes—who subsequently told the story—said, "instantly expired."

In the end, after 167 days of wandering, nine white men, seven lascars, and two black women either reached the Cape settlements or were rescued by search parties. To such a pass had Hynes and two of his companions been reduced that they had drunk their own urine and even discussed cannibalism. Among the survivors were both Hynes and Lewis who, it will be remembered, gave the original warning when the *Grosvenor* was approaching the breakers. Of the captain's party which, as stated, included the white women and some children, none were ever heard of definitely again. The natives said, indeed, that all were murdered by orders of the paramount chief of Pondoland. For their sakes it is to be hoped that they were, and that death quickly terminated their sufferings.

It has been constantly asserted, and again recently

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by Mr. C. Pedstead Pederson in the *London Observer* of April 10, 1927, that the *Grosvenor* women were taken into captivity. In fact, Mr. Pederson said he found "numbers of sad-eyed, curiously aloof, pale-skinned negroes in the hinterland of the coast where the ship was wrecked." He suggested that they were the descendants of the women who had been seized by the natives, borne into the interior, and made the wives of chiefs. The only evidence in confirmation of this is the traditional story told by a very old native to a trooper hunting along the Pondo coast in 1896, a story to be told in this chapter. An expedition to look for survivors went to the scene of the wreck in 1790—that is to say, eight years after it occurred—and found three old white women—sisters—who said they had been wrecked on the coast as children. They must have been castaways therefore from a much earlier wreck than the *Grosvenor*. Most of the women on that vessel either died on the coast or were murdered. There is, however, just the possibility that one or two may have been carried off into captivity.

7

A certain trooper of the Cape Mounted Rifles was hunting in 1896 along the coast of Pondoland. He came upon a very old native named Ubawa-Mkulu, who told him the following story of "the coming of the big fish." The trooper recorded it in his diary; and when he heard some years after that attempts were to be made to salve the *Grosvenor*, he gave the story to the world. This, then, is the tale of Ubawa-Mkulu:

Long, long ago, more than a hundred years by the white man's reckoning, a great ship was seen by one, Bungana, to come rapidly towards the rocks which fringe the coast some distance beyond the Umzimbuvu River. Terrified at the sight, Bungana ran back to his people crying out that the evil spirit, Quamata, had sent a strange thing among them. From kraal to kraal now

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spread the news that the white people were leaving the great water and coming into their land, and many men and women, headed by Bungana, hastened to the shore. Then they saw a wooden fish with many people upon its back. Two ropes were tied to it and men came along them and ran about, getting other people to land.

As Bungana and his people watched, the white and angry water broke up the wooden fish, and one large piece came right into the shore, and men, women, and children fell off it, some into the sea, others on to the land. Then Bungana and his people approached them and they all jumped up, the women crying out and making much noise. But Bungana, seeing among them two black men with sharp noses, thin lips, and small beards, spoke to them, but they did not understand. A white man, however, came towards Bungana, greeting him in the Pondo language, and saying they were in great distress as their house had been broken by the water. He wanted Bungana to help them to get through the land to their own people, and he promised presents to all Bungana's people if they would help them. So Bungana went away and returned, and for three days he brought fruit for the white women and children, and meat for the men.

At the dawn of the fourth day from the coming of the white people, Bungana and many others went to them to get the presents for helping them, but they found that, save only two men, all the others had gone. This made Bungana very angry, and he threatened to kill the two men unless they told him where their people were. The two men pointed towards the south and Bungana took up the spoor of the white people. Three hours later they came up with them. The man who knew the Pondo tongue again stepped towards Bungana and asked for a guide to show them the way.

"First," cried Bungana, "give us the presents."

"We cannot give you presents," the white man said, "until we reach our own people; for all we have has been lost in the great water."

Upon hearing this, Bungana's people crowded around the white women and tore away from them yellow beads

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and many other ornaments which they wore on their wrists and necks. Thereupon the white men, some of whom had big knives, rushed at Bungana's people and cut a number of them, while others struck them with their hands and feet. This made Bungana very afraid and he called to his people to come away, which they did.

Many days afterwards, Bungana found two white women in the bush nearly dead from hunger, and he brought them to his kraal. One of them he made his wife; and the other, Nomedola his brother, took as his wife, and both had children whose offspring live among us even now.

And that was the story told by the very old native Ubawa-Mkulu concerning the destruction of the big fish on the Pondo coast more than a hundred years ago. It bears a close resemblance to the known facts regarding the wreck, and its reference to the fate of some of the white women must not be lightly dismissed. Moreover, there was a chief Bungana living at the time of the wreck, whose father Ntsele had died in 1792, leaving him the reigning chief of the Hlubis until he died in 1800 or in 1810.

8

The *Grosvenor* was undoubtedly a treasure-ship. Almost from the day in 1599, when 215 London merchant adventurers heard of the capture of a Portuguese caravel laden with Indian gold, spices, silks, and ivory, and forthwith made up their minds to trade with India, the vessels of the East India Company had been treasure-ships. At the time of the wreck the company was called "The United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies." It had become enormously rich, and was the greatest trading company indeed of all time, with power over 176 millions of people. It seems certain, therefore, that a powerful and heavily-gunned merchantman such as the *Grosvenor*, sailing just after Hyder Ali had been repeatedly defeated in battle by the British in India and had lost great quantities of treasure—such a

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ship would have no little store of valuables aboard.¹ We know indeed it must have had; for gold, silver, and copper coins have been constantly found at the site of the wreck on the Pondo coast. Some idea of the cargoes brought over by East Indiamen is ascertainable from the fact that the company kept some 4,000 men constantly employed in its English warehouses, and 400 clerks. Frequently 50 million pounds weight of tea was in store. Macaulay once declared sarcastically of the servants of the company in India that they could only expect at forty-five to return to England with £1,000 a year pension and £30,000 of savings, amounts which might reasonably be quadrupled in terms of present-day values. India indeed was a treasure-house; the company's ships were treasure-ships; and its servants abroad were "made" men from the day they landed in India. Nevertheless, the London clerks of the company were mostly poor men.

Among those who spent long years on clerical stools in the old East India House in Leadenhall Street were quaint old Charles Lamb, and fantastic James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill and author of the "History of India." No doubt these two sometimes gossiped of the *Grosvenor*, and of its white women lost mysteriously on the Pondo coast.

9

What, now, of the many romantic efforts made to retrieve this treasure? Syndicate after syndicate has

¹ Many attempts have been made to trace the ship's manifest, or any document enumerating the treasure aboard, but nothing authentic has been found so far. The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stated that the East India Company's offices were destroyed by fire some years after the wreck, and that many valuable records must have been lost in the fire, including, presumably, those relating to the ship.

Countless quaint tales and legends have sprung up about the lost treasure. Dickens wrote about it, poets have let their imaginations run riot over it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle yielded to the charm of speculation. He once received the following diagram, supposed to relate to the *Grosvenor* treasure and to the place of its interment, with the request that he would hand it on "to Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Referring to this diagram, which appeared in "Memories and Adventures" (Hodder and Stoughton), and which Sir Arthur very kindly permitted the author to reproduce in this book, he states:

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"The ship contained a remarkable treasure including, I believe, the old crown regalia of Delhi. It is surmised that the sailors buried this near the spot, and that this chart is a note of the spot. Each Indiaman in those days had its own semaphore code, and it is conjectured that the three marks upon the left are signals from a three-armed semaphore. Some record of their meaning might perhaps even now be found in the old papers of the India Office. The circle upon the right gives the compass bearings. The larger semi-circle may be the curved edge of a reef or of a rock. The figures above are the indications of how to reach the X which marks the treasure. Possibly they may give the bearings as 186 feet from the '4' upon the same semi-circle . . ."

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tried of late years to reach the wreck under the sand in a certain sea-lashed gully, but without success. The breakers have made diving difficult, and continuous work impossible. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, when Governor of Natal, organized a party to explore the vicinity of the wreck, and Cecil Rhodes was always keenly interested in it. Somewhere in the early 'nineties, too, a certain Captain Turner headed an expedition along the Pondo coast and recovered some eight hundred coins, many of them small golden "star" pagodas about the diameter of a large pea. In 1896, Alexander Lindsay, who had long been trading in those parts and had obtained many queer coins from the natives in the interior, visited the neighbourhood of the wreck, blew up certain rocks, and sifted the sand in the pools. He found some hundreds of coins, a deep-sea lead, and a cannon-ball—all presumably from the wreck. The cannon-ball was very old; pieces could be flaked from it with the fingers; so also were the gold and copper coins which had been so worn by the sea that their value had been materially diminished. B. de Malraison,¹ a pioneer solicitor of the Rand goldfields (who died at 85 years of age in May, 1930), was associated with Lindsay in a Grosvenor treasure-trove adventure

¹ The late B. de Malraison of Johannesburg was the grandson of a Parisian goldsmith who escaped from France at the time of the French Revolution. The goldsmith reached London and, not knowing a word of English, started life again as an office-cleaner in Cornhill. His son entered the British civil service, and his grandson—B. de Malraison—left for South Africa in the early 'sixties. He went to Durban, where he met Dick King, the hero of the great ride in 1842 from Durban to Grahamstown, undertaken to bring help to the British forces beleaguered in Durban. De Malraison stayed about three and a half years in Durban. He then decided to walk to Grahamstown, keeping as close as possible to the coast, and following roughly the track taken by Dick King twenty-odd years before. It was a 600-mile journey. He passed the site of the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, and when just over the No-Man's Border came upon a gun-factory with a white man in charge. The man was making guns from gas-pipes for the natives. So roughly were they fashioned that they sometimes burst when fired, a fact which did not deter the natives from challenging the pedestrians to a gun-fight. De Malraison subsequently joined the Armed and Mounted Frontier Police on the Basuto Borders in the late 'sixties, and came to the Rand in 1887, the year following the great rush to the Witwatersrand Goldfields. He was present in 1869 when Basutoland was formally taken over by the British.

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shortly after the Anglo-Boer War. As secretary of the syndicate, de Malraison sent certain small worn gold coins to Christie's in London, but was told that their worn condition had diminished their value.

IO

Harry S. Lyons,¹ a pioneer journalist of Barberton and Johannesburg, became interested in the work of the Lindsay-de Malraison Syndicate; and when that ceased operations he became chairman of another Johannesburg concern in 1907—the Grosvenor Treasure Recovery Company—formed to attack the treasure problem in another way. It was decided to approach the wreck from the sea, with divers to locate and explore the hulk. The difficulties were not under-estimated; indeed it was recognized that any vessel approaching the coast might

¹ Harry S. Lyons has had an interesting career as journalist and mining man. He joined the *Goldfields Times* at Barberton and became editor in 1888, when news of the gold discoveries in the Transvaal were being noised about the world. He was met on arrival in Barberton by a member of the newspaper staff, and was taken to his room where after hanging his loaded revolver in its holster on the wall, he went around the town to see the "sights." On his return he found the revolver missing. The holster was still on the wall, but stuffed with paper. Shortly afterwards three men were murdered at Moodie's in Barberton. The police arrested the murderer in the act of washing the missing revolver in the Queen's River. The man was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, capital punishment not being recognized by the Republic, but managed to escape by making a hole with a tin-opener in the roof of the jail. Lyons, who subsequently filled the assistant-editorial chairs of several South African papers, acted for a while in place of Monypenny, the editor of *The Star*, Johannesburg, during the early part of the Anglo-Boer war. Monypenny, who anticipated arrest by the Republican Government, succeeded in escaping from Johannesburg disguised as a nun. Lyons acted as the first Johannesburg correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (London), and was instructed to afford the late G. W. Steevens every help and information possible in the compilation of his dispatches. He was subsequently called to Bloemfontein on Lord Roberts' entry into the Free State capital to edit the *Soldiers' Friend*, which had as its first contributors Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Bennet Burleigh, Julian Ralph, and other well-known war-correspondents. The *Soldiers' Friend* became later the *Bloemfontein Post*, which Lyons edited during the war period, and until his relinquishment of journalism to become identified with mining, with which he has remained associated since.

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be wrecked on the self-same rocks that had destroyed the *Grosvenor*. And there was, of course, also the risk to the divers. Notwithstanding these things the dredger *Duiker* was hired from Cape Town—a fantastic craft with a long movable pipe to suck up the sand from one side and to eject it on the other. Two experienced divers were taken aboard; and with these and a considerable crew the dredger made its way laboriously, on March 14, 1907, around the tempestuous African coast until it reached the scene of the wreck, anchoring on the morning of Wednesday, March 20. For some days the heavy seas and the surf prevented work on the wreck or ashore. Then one afternoon, about a week later, while the *Duiker* was standing close inshore, there was a mighty crash. That night, Lyons heard the ominous thud of floating timber in the hold, and it was found that there was four feet of water there.

All hands were thereupon ordered to the pumps. Meanwhile the dredger put to sea for Durban. Shortly after midnight she refused to answer to her helm; at 3 a.m. the cabin deck began to collapse and the crew's quarters fell to pieces. Then the lifeboats were swung out. The ship was now in dire distress in Aliwal shoals. Lyons and his associates made their wills and wrote letters which they enclosed in marmalade-tins in a packing-case nailed up and lashed. This was subsequently found lower down the coast. Rockets were discharged. These tore upward and burst into gleaming lights only to reveal flying scud and the lonely seas. But, just when the outlook was blackest, a tug from Durban hove in sight and hauled them safely into port.

II

On Sunday, April 21, the *Duiker* anchored once more off the wreck; but the seas remained heavy and for some days nothing could be done. As before, the difficulty was to get near enough to enable the dredger's pipe to suck up the sand from the top of the wreck (which lay at the foot

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of the reef) so that divers Jacobson and Abrams could get into the bared hulk. They went down once or twice when the sea was sufficiently calm and the pipe could get at the sand over the supposed wreck. The divers could be seen plainly walking on the bottom. Once Jacobson told them he had seen a coin glittering against the edge of a rock, but that when he went to grab it, a small octopus had caught him by the arm. He slashed at it, cutting off the tentacle, and the creature being small, merely discharged a quantity of inky fluid and vanished.

12

On the fifth day after the return from Durban the treasure-seekers suffered another disaster. Divers Jacobson and Abrams were both under water, their distorted images barely visible as they moved about the vicinity of the hulk. Presently Abrams signalled to be drawn up. His companion remained below, and gave no sign. Nor did he respond to communications. The men on deck, Lyons being among them, sent Abrams down. He found his colleague lying dead on the floor of the sea. On being hauled up it was found that his tough air-line had been cut, evidently by heavy contact with some sharp rock. They got him quickly out of his suit and tried artificial respiration; but without avail. Three hours later the dredger was headed out to sea, the burial service was read on deck, and the body committed reverently to the deep. Stormy weather prevailed thereafter and the enterprise was abandoned.

Thus ended the Grosvenor Treasure Recovery Company of 1907. The syndicate had retrieved from the fore-shore some small gold star pagodas, Venetian gold pieces, several pieces of silver, huge copper pennies, broken china, shoe buckles, filigree silver decanter labels, and some rims of old-fashioned horn spectacles. It seemed clear that they were operating in the vicinity of the wreck.

The next big effort to reach the treasure was made fourteen years later by driving a 500-foot tunnel from the shore through the rock towards the hulk. The Webster Syndicate which conducted these operations came into existence in 1921. It canvassed the Union for capital. Its emissaries addressed gatherings of farmers and others, representing it as a hopeful investment, but as no more than a gamble. There was talk of golden star pagodas, jewelled peacocks, and of a treasure of diamonds believed to have been the possession of Hosea, one of the lost *Grosvenor* passengers. Shares were taken up liberally, and went to a premium.

When sufficient capital had been subscribed, Dickinson¹ was appointed works manager, and went down to establish a camp and to supervise operations. Assembled there were such characters as would have rejoiced the hearts of Marryat and Conrad. Dickinson himself had frequently shouldered a pack and panned lonely African creeks for gold. The picturesque folk engaged for work at the camp included a sturdy son of the sea named Gilchrist, who loved to sing the old sea-chanties; then there was Rogers, who claimed to have fought with the armies

¹ Dickinson has always been something of a treasure-hunter; indeed, has more than once gone out in his younger days prospecting in the wilderness. On a certain occasion he set out from Krugersdorp, and on the strength of a story that two men had brought a couple of fine uncut diamonds into a local jeweller's shop (which they said they had picked up somewhere to the west of the dorp) he and a friend trekked west and prospected countless creeks for diamonds between Krugersdorp and Mafeking. At Mafeking the two men got on a goods train going north and reached Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Thence they went east, and some miles from Macequece came upon ancient workings rich in gold. They saw where the ancients had crushed the ore in holes shoulder-high in the rocks. On inquiry in Macequece, however, they ascertained that the mining rights to this ground were held by a French company; and so, tired of the long trail, they separated and returned to civilization. This casual itinerary was one of many within the experience of Dickinson, who had also been to Russia, Finland, and Lapland in quest of the yellow metal.

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of Turkey and China; Baudinet,¹ sailor and engineer; and Julius the Pondo, the native leader who divided his energies between working for the syndicate on week-days, preaching to the natives on Sundays (in a frock-coat), and fomenting strikes in spare time.

Dickinson had pitched his camp near the wreck. The natives believed that if they got into the wreck the ghosts of the dead white sailors would kill them. There was a certain amount of unrest. Ultimately, Dickinson decided to hold regular revolver practice near the camp early each Sunday, and the shooting seemed to impress the natives and probably helped the cause of discipline. Dickinson had to make monthly journeys to the bank at Lusikisiki to cash the pay-roll; and one day, returning on a Pondo horse with £200 in his wallet, the low-lying smoke of a

¹ Baudinet looked a typical seaman. He had many stories to tell of treasure-trove, and used to relate one in the camp mess concerning his father, the mate of a sailing vessel in the early 'fifties. The ship had put into Port Phillip, the southernmost port of Australia, at the time when the diggings were all the rage and ships' crews were deserting wholesale for the Ballarat-Bendigo fields. Said the skipper, one day, looking at the long lines of deserted boats in port, "We must watch the men or we'll be laid up here, too." But the men got away, notwithstanding. Only the skipper, the mate and the cabin-boy were left. One morning the mate and the cabin-boy also made up their minds to desert for the fields. On their way through bush-country they overtook a man cooking at a fire. It proved to be the skipper, who remarked with a grin, "I *did* think I'd left two trustworthy lads behind to look after my ship."

The story explains the difficulty of finding crews at Port Phillip in those days. Which no doubt was why another good ship, the *Water Witch*, on being loaded there at that time with gold for foreign parts, was compelled to take on a crew of ruffians, chiefly ex-convicts, who for reasons best known to themselves wished to leave Australia. Incidentally, a Jersey cow had been taken aboard. The ship sailed and was never heard of again. It was assumed that the crew had mutinied, stolen the gold, slain all aboard, and scuttled the vessel. But Baudinet had reason to think otherwise. For, in 1895, he happened to be on one of the islands in the Bass Straits, the passage between Australia and Tasmania, and heard there an interesting story bearing on the mystery. His informant was the grandson of an old convict who had escaped across the Bass Straits in the 'thirties or thereabouts and had found sanctuary on the island. Some of the stern boards of the *Water Witch* had been washed ashore there and the body of the Jersey cow had been thrown up. The convicts ascertained that the ship had struck a rock near the island and had gone down in fifteen fathoms. Baudinet used to tell his messmates that the gold aboard her is still there. Stories such as these certainly enlivened the hours at Grosvenor camp.

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veld-fire caused him to lose his way. He had been following a rough road leading to a wooden jetty at Port Grosvenor, sometimes utilized (apart from its legitimate uses) by smugglers in the long ago. The jetty lay a few miles from the wreck. As Dickinson rode on, columns of smoke hid the track, and it became impossible to move except at considerable risk. He therefore gave his horse its head. It brought him to a Pondo kraal. He knew his situation to be risky, inasmuch as natives thereabouts suspected white men riding coastwards from Lusikisiki to be carrying money; he therefore pretended to be a stranger riding casually over to visit the camp.

"Do you know if the white people are working on a wreck here?" he demanded of the burly savage of the kraal.

"Yes," the man replied, glancing at the other's wallet.

"Then I want you to take me there."

The man dived into his kraal, reappeared with a knobkerrie, and signified his readiness to go.

"You can lead the way," said Dickinson eyeing the kerrie, "and if you attempt to stop I'll shoot you."

The man did as he was told.

Dickinson once levered a huge rock into the sea near the treasure-gully, and found beneath it some strips of copper-sheathing, possibly from the *Grosvenor*. An old cannon was also picked up and quantities of pig-iron. On another occasion, when the sea was fairly calm, he saw what he took to be the shadow of a cloud on the water; but the sky being cloudless, he looked closer and discerned under the water what might have been the outline of a sand-covered hulk. Unfortunately, the sea soon rose and prevented closer observation. This experience seems to have been more or less confirmed by the report of the Admiralty diver, Richard Henry Foley, discussed at a meeting of the Grosvenor Syndicate held in Durban on February 15, 1923. The diver referred to the wild nature

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of the coast and the difficulty of approaching the gully in which the hulk was presumed to lie, and reported that in four months he had only reached the sea-bed half a dozen times. On one of these occasions he thought he saw the hulk as a huge mass of hardened shell and sand extending right across the gully, and approximately 110 feet long.

The native workers never liked to enter the tunnel unless led by a white man. The place was ghostly and full of shadows, and the wailing sound of the sea echoed eerily through it. One native, indeed, seemed haunted by fear. He was once in the tunnel removing rock with his back to a pool of water, when a compatriot picked up a flat piece of stone and hurled it into the pool, the water splashing the timid one heavily from behind. He made a sudden bound forward, fled at full speed out of the corridor, and left the camp never to return.

15

At the meeting of the Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate, held in Durban on February 15, 1923, it was reported by J. H. Forman, who presided, that the tunnel had been pushed forward 416 feet under the sea; but that, as the precise position of the wreck had not been ascertained previously, it had been decided to charter a steamer from which to conduct diving operations. The diving had been successful, the chairman continued, and the position of the wreck had been defined and marked by buoys. The submarine tunnel was therefore being diverted towards the wreck.

Suddenly, however, it was learned that this tunnel had been flooded, whereupon another was started and carried 230 feet seaward. Lack of funds compelled the abandonment of operations by the Webster Syndicate.

In June, 1927, the American, Pitcairn, offered to purchase the plant and carry on the work under the supervision of his own nominee, Frazee, a Canadian. He installed better machinery, and excavated another tunnel;

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but, apart from some bits of sheet-lead, interesting because the *Grosvenor* was said to have had a cargo of lead on board, the operations failed and were also stopped. Cases of blasting dynamite still unused at the date of abandonment were thereupon exploded in accordance with the mining regulations of the Union, and a great reverberating roar and vast columns of smoke on the shore marked the end of an enterprise which will surely live in the records of maritime romance.

Thus the sea guards its treasure still, and not all the skill and energy of man has been sufficient to wrest it from her.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL SIR AUBREY WOOLLS-SAMPSON IN SEARCH OF THE SILVER MINES OF OLD CHICOA

I

SHORTLY before the battle of Majuba in '81 a determined duel was fought to a finish between the respective leaders of Dutch and English forces on the farm Swarthoop in the Transvaal. The duel is still remembered as a picturesque detail in Republican military history.

The Boers, it seems, were laagered on a kopje under the leadership of Hans Botha, a staunch old Republican and fine rifle-shot; the British were attacking the laager under Aubrey Woolls-Sampson,¹ a captain in Nourse's Horse.

¹ Colonel Sir Aubrey Woolls-Sampson's career was from first to last remarkable. He was born in the 'sixties in the Cape and became a subaltern in the Cape Infantry stationed at Kokstad. After some service in that corps he went to Barberton as a prospector and from that time onwards, when not campaigning, was always somewhere in the wilds looking for precious metals and stones. At Barberton his physical powers of endurance when walking and climbing became the talk of the district. He travelled through Rhodesia, and accompanied expeditions to Gazaland and beyond the Zambesi. In Johannesburg, to which he came in the early days of the Rand, he became associated with the Uitlander Reform movement, proceeding to England early in '95 in connection with the unrest which culminated in the Jameson Raid. Imprisoned with the reformers, he subsequently took part in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902, helped to found and became Colonel of the Imperial Light Horse, and was seriously wounded at Ladysmith. He was knighted at the end of the war, and made an Honorary Colonel of the British Army. In February, 1906, he was elected to the first Parliament of the Transvaal under self-government. He married Miss Violet Blaine in 1907. His mining ventures did not prove very successful, and indeed financial ill-luck seemed to dog his steps. Yet he never abandoned hope of discovering a mine and becoming rich. He made great efforts to join up during the Great War, but was rejected on the score of age. His death in 1924 at the Rand Club, Johannesburg, signalized the passing of one of the most romantic figures in South African history.

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In life he loved nothing better than a fight; and in death they called him the man who knew no fear. When Botha singled him out as a target for his rifle, he at once retaliated, and the two were presently engaged in a deadly duel, the Republican firing through the wagon-wheels, and Woolls-Sampson from behind an ant-heap in a cattle kraal. Whenever one exposed himself the other fired. And thus for a long time the shooting went on.

More than once Woolls-Sampson felt certain that he had hit his man, but the latter kept on firing. By way of subterfuge the Englishman elevated his hat cautiously on his little military cane. A moment later it was almost knocked out of his hand by a direct hit. Then when attempting to take advantage of the diversion he put his head round and fired in retaliation, a sudden stab in the neck warned him that the other had got in first. Presently, however, the Boers decamped; and the wounded duellists found themselves in adjoining beds in Pretoria Hospital. They often discussed the fight.

"I've got nine bullets in me," Hans Botha confessed ruefully.

"It seems to me, then, that I won the duel," Woolls-Sampson rejoined.

"Don't forget," retorted Hans, "that most of them were put there by your men before you started."

2

Fifteen years later Woolls-Sampson was in Pretoria jail as a political prisoner. He was one of the reformers who had sought to wrest political rights from the Kruger Government at the time of the Jameson Raid when Dr. Jim crossed the Transvaal border, marched on Johannesburg, and suffered defeat at Doornkop. Woolls-Sampson was obsessed by the grievance that the reformers had lost the day because they had put the Politician before the Soldier. He had, therefore, posted on the jail walls two drawings from old periodicals—one depicting the charge of heavy cavalry at Tel-el-Kebir, the other representing

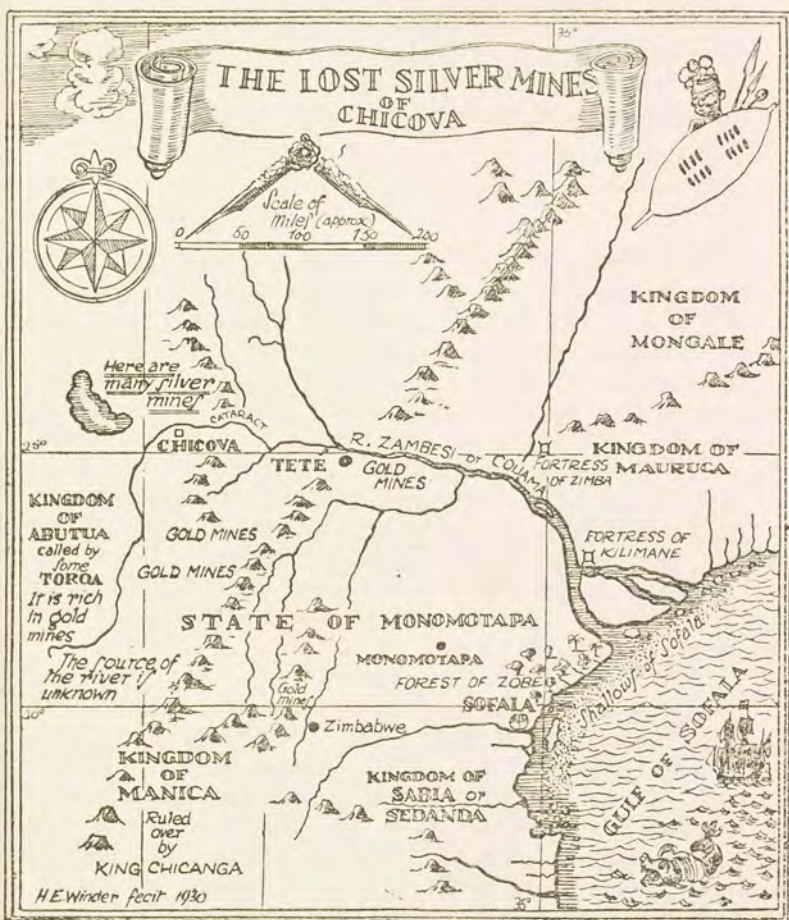
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the Babes in the Wood pathetically covered with leaves. On the first he had scribbled, "the reformers as they ought to have been"; on the other, "the reformers as they are."

The incident is characteristic of him. He declined to pay a fine in lieu of the sentence imposed upon him as a reformer, and (with Major Karri Davis) remained defiantly in prison in a cell decorated with Union Jacks. He was released at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, the Republicans having almost to resort to extreme measures to compel him to leave.

Fearlessness, then, was the key-note of his character; and it is not surprising, therefore, that in the duller days of peace he envisaged romantic expeditions far afield in search of silver and gold and dreamed of danger from the hidden foes of the wilderness. But there was one ambition, perhaps, which held him to the exclusion of others. It was a longing to proceed in search of the old, old silver mines of Chicova—those ancient workings which he knew lay somewhere in certain dark hills just north of the Zambesi. He had read that the secret sources of supply to the rich courts of the old and mediæval world were in those regions. In his anxiety to get information he copied old Portuguese maps, and made duplicates of other maps in the Cape Town archives. Then he planned a route from the Transvaal which he thought would enable him to get quickly to the mines.

It should be explained perhaps that these mysterious mines had eluded searchers for 340 years; that is to say, from the days when the Portuguese had striven to reach the fabulously wealthy "Chicova" mines as they were once called, referred to in 1609 by José dos Sanctos, the Dominican friar. Livingstone had inquired about them unavailingly when he traversed "Chicova" in 1856, and he subsequently wrote—on the arrival of his expedition at Tete in 1860—that a "Mr. Thornton returned on the same day from a geological tour by which some Portuguese expected that a fabulous silver mine would be rediscovered. The tradition in the country was that the Jesuits formerly knew and worked a precious lode at Chicova."



From an old French map in which the name "Chicova" corresponds with the modern Chicoo.

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But before relating the remarkable experiences of Woolls-Sampson—surely as romantic as anything in the record of human adventure—let us consider the epic story of the first great Portuguese expedition in search of these mines, the story which inspired Woolls-Sampson to make his equally courageous attempt in 1910.

3

All Portugal was infected with this gold and silver craze in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the young King Sebastian accordingly decided to send an expedition to Africa such as had never before left Portugal, to ascertain once and for all the position of these rich areas, and whether the port called Sofala, which lies near Beira, was the Ophir of the ancients and the port of these mines.

To determine these things he instructed his most brilliant soldier, Francisco Barreto, to sail to Sofala and to march inland to the unknown territories where was the place called "Fura," by the Kaffirs, and "Aufur," by the Moors, and which it was thought might be the Ophir of the Bible. And he was to capture those gold and silver mines for Portugal.

Barreto had been Governor of India. He is pictured to-day as a white-haired soldier on whose face thought had graven many refining lines. He was stern yet just, and as General of the galleys, much venerated by his men. One thinks of him, too, as of a man of parts, who had fought against the Moors, and knew as much of military tactics as of men. Had everything been left to him another story might have been written of this expedition; but King Sebastian charged him to pay some attention to the advice of that relentless, fanatical Jesuit—Father Monclaros—who, well-meaning doubtless within the limits of his bigotry, was yet to prove the evil influence of the enterprise.

Father Monclaros embarked at Lisbon with a certain bitter memory obscuring his outlook. It was the memory of the martyrdom of Father Dom Gonalos da Silveira in

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Africa, eight years before. Father Silveira had been a missionary who, after baptising the Monomotapa, the potentate who dwelt, it was said, at no very great distance from the mines of King Solomon, was strangled during the night by order of his own convert and thrown to the crocodiles. And it seems certain that the horror which that martyrdom inspired in Father Monclaros had translated itself into an inquisitorial determination to divert Barreto's great expedition by way of the unhealthy Zambesi valley through the territories of the Monomotapa, in order to persuade the explorers to avenge the holy father's death.

Barreto had with him his son, a gallant fellow whom he loved; and there was his second in command, Vasco Fernandez Homem, a prudent soldier, even if a little inferior in resolution to the supreme commander. With three ships brilliantly bedecked with flags and banners, and amid the pomps and benedictions of priests and the acclamations of the multitude, the expedition sailed out of the Tagus. It was small perhaps as we measure military forces in these days, only a thousand men or so, but it was the largest that had ever left Portugal for distant ports.

4

And now we may visualize officers and soldiers after they had reached Mozambique, their African base. They doubtless resembled so many vivid spots of colour dotted about the fort at Mozambique, the pale tints of the few houses gleaming in the sunlight, and the old cannon frowning over the yellow fort much as they do to-day. And a general council was presently held as to the line by which they should advance. All officers and some twenty friars attended. Father Monclaros was there, sternly resolved on punishing the enemies of the saints; but the officers and the friars supported the proposal to sail down the coast to Sofala, establish a base there, and then to go inland to the mines.

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Father Monclaros stood up.

"I protest," he said, "against this plan. We should sail down the coast to the mouth of the Zambesi, and then go up the river, and across to the mountain where we may yet meet with those who slew Father Dom Gonçalos da Silveira. And by that course, and with the blessing of God, shall we reach the mines."

In November, 1569, therefore, Barreto set out by way of the Zambesi with a thousand white men. He had yielded to Father Monclaros. His force included many slaves and certain Arab half-breeds who knew the country well and who were to act as interpreters. They had horses to pull the guns, and asses and camels to carry the water-bags, provisions, and ammunition. Many of the soldiers wore breast-plates of shining mail; but these soon became so unbearably hot that the sweltering men pulled them off and carried them rather than collapse. For it was the hottest season of the year. The malarial mosquito was prevalent, bred in the solitudes of a thousand stagnant pools; the tsetse fly was active; and sickness soon broke out.

The river water proved foul—there had been heavy falls of rain and the streams bore debris from the upper reaches. Drinking-water had to stand long in the calabashes that the sediment might settle. Many drank and died. Nevertheless, Sena was at last reached and a camp was formed on the right bank of the Zambesi. Barreto at once ordered a well to be dug. Although consumed with anxiety owing to the mortality among men and animals, yet he moved cheerfully about, inspiring all with his courage and example.

And now a strange thing happened. The slaves were throwing up piles of earth in their well-digging when a coarse-featured Arab who dwelt in a Mohammedan settlement a few hundred yards away, stole in to Barreto and whispered that the water was being poisoned. That night the Portuguese quietly surrounded the Arab settlement. Their shadowy shapes flitted into the entrances to the Arab huts over which hung great tropical palms, and presently shrieks and moans resounded through the still-

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ness. Then white-robed forms were seen dashing towards the river to hide in its rushes, and these were pursued by swordsmen. All night and next day the hunting went on. Father Monclaros, who had maintained that the oxen were being poisoned, "so that the Governor was vexed and cast black looks upon me when I spoke to him," thus describes the fate of the prisoners, among whom was the Sheik himself:

"These were condemned and put to death by strange inventions. Some were impaled alive; and some were tied to the tops of trees forcibly brought together and then set free, by which means they were torn asunder; others were opened up the back with hatchets; some were killed by mortars in order to strike terror into the natives; and others were delivered to the soldiers, who wreaked their wrath upon them with arquebuses." One alone abjured his faith, but did not save his life. He was baptised in the name of Lourenço and then hanged, the fathers "offering him great consolation." And all this happened in the long ago when Shakespeare was still a little child sleeping with his brothers under old oak rafters at Stratford; and Drake was despoiling the Spaniards about Porto Bello and Panama.

5

And now the old General, riding a horse which had "escaped the poison at Sena," and wearing his gleaming breastplate, rode on with 650 men, 2,000 slaves, and road and river transport. Twenty fantastic boats laden with stores crept laboriously up-stream, for the General was resolved to reach the treasure country. His force meanwhile continued to die off. His son expired of fever; but still Barreto pressed on, until one day he saw ahead the army of the powerful chief Mongasi, which was so vast that it literally covered the hills and valleys. The sun sank upon a scorching day. Throughout the night resounded the enemy war-drums. The wild rhythmic thud of feet and the sombre chants of the foe told the

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sleepless soldiers at their hillside bivouacs that battle would be joined at dawn.

The morning sun had scarcely thrown its lateral rays across the field when, after a feint by the white force, the natives advanced, led by a hideous old witch-finder. Her eyes rolled and the fingers of one hand clawed at random, while with the other she cast into the air a calabash full of charms.

"Come hither, thou," commanded Barreto, addressing one of his sharpshooters, "and pick off yonder old witch."

The man fired. The sorceress jumped, thudded to the earth, and lay still. For a moment the natives, who had believed her immortal, were stupefied; then they rallied and, brandishing their assegais and discharging showers of arrows, rushed resolutely at the little army on the hill.

Eventually the attackers wavered and broke; later they returned, and sought to envelop the white force with the horns of a crescent-shaped line; but shot and ball tore through them and in the end they fled, leaving, it is said, nearly 6,000 dead on the field. Barreto had lost two men and had sixty wounded.

These losses to the Portuguese, trivial as they might seem, were nevertheless serious to a force whose effectives were now probably less than five hundred; indeed they proved fatal to the mobility of the expedition, for not only were many men ailing, but the objective was still far off, food supplies were running short, and the recent battle had made heavy inroads on ammunition. A general council was therefore held, and, with one accord, it was resolved to turn back.

"Holy father," said Barreto later to the priest, "look upon these men—see how they are still dying. Think of the dead lying along the Zambesi, and remember," here he pointed an admonitory finger, "it was you who counselled us to march this way. It was you who caused us to abandon the route from Sofala. And God will call you to account for all the lives lost in this adventure."

The commander spoke in this strain and there was an angry scene; but a week later he collapsed. He was placed

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on a rough bed in a straw hut, hardly conscious. Close upon midnight he passed away, and with him went the soul of the enterprise.

Less than two hundred men now remained. Most of them were sick. Homem, advised by Father Monclaros, made all preparation to return to Mozambique, and soon they were on the march towards the coast. They followed the route by which they had set out with such courage and high hope not long before.¹

6

As already suggested it was with thoughts of the gallant attempts of Barreto and Homem and others to reach this treasure region that Woolls-Sampson determined to make another attempt in 1910, some 340 years later. He seems to have approached Chicao, as it is now called, from the Kafue River, that is to say from the west; whereas the Portuguese had sought it from the east. Nevertheless, like Barreto (or rather Monclaros), he followed the line of the Zambesi, and like his exemplar was driven back more or less for the same reason. His exasperation was the greater inasmuch as he believed himself, at the time when he had to turn back, to have been close to the mines.

One hot evening Woolls-Sampson found himself in a wide ravine with towering cliffs on either side and a turbulent stream cascading through it. He halted on a rock-platform ten feet above the level of the stream, and had almost decided to camp there when he noticed a cave in the cliff. It entered the face of the cliff at the point where the ledge joined it. Thinking he would explore it, he lit a candle in his lantern and went inside, but his bearers hung back, feeling perchance, that it

¹ A later attempt to strike inland to the treasure country was made by Homem, who succeeded Barreto in the chief command. He proceeded inland in 1569 from Sofala, and after prolonged marching reached a great hole from which the natives were extracting small quantities of gold. Assuming erroneously that this was all there was of the much-vaunted mines, he turned back in disgust and reached the coast with a force still further reduced by fever.

might be the abode of an evil spirit or the lair of wild beasts. Woolls-Sampson soon discovered that it penetrated far inward, that the air was musty and bore an eerie resemblance to a tomb, with bones here and there, and bushman paintings in the roof like figures on old sarcophagi. Yet he looked upon this ill-omened spot as an ideal shelter. In a loud and penetrating voice—he invariably spoke as if addressing a battalion on parade—he gave orders that his camp-bed was to be prepared in the cave; and his bearers, who knew better than to demur, laid the bed out and made haste to be gone. But as they emerged one of them pointed significantly to the sky from which came the distant roll of thunder. It afterwards transpired that they thought, and indeed hoped, that the rivers would come down and fill the ravine, flooding the cave and drowning this white man who neither feared nor respected the ghost of the sacred places. For they were afraid of the upshot of this expedition and wanted to return. They had prayed for permission to go back, had urged their fears of the regions through which they were passing, had even threatened to desert, but all to no purpose. The white man always got the better of them. He would show them the little cane he carried under his arm, assure them that it was *m'tagati* (bewitched), and that as long as the stick was with them they could neither be eaten by lions nor destroyed by ghosts.

7

The sun sank. The full white moon threw gaunt shadows into the cave; but the gallant explorer recked not of rising cloud nor torrent, and soon made the cavern resound with his snores. The natives lit a big fire meanwhile to keep off the lions, a fire which crackled and smoked in a sheltered cleft just above the opening of the cave. The cleft ran like a cut into the cliff behind. But presently one of the black sentries raised his finger and all listened. Afar off they heard the boom of the coming flood.

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"Ha," cried one, "now are the waters rising. Are we to waken the white man sleeping in the cave?"

"Let him drown," said another; "he thunders too much with his mouth."

"But what can be done with a magician whose stick is a wizard?" a third wanted to know; "does it not keep off the lions?"

"Let us go higher to that tree yonder," the first speaker said, indicating nervously a gaunt trunk standing sharply against the sky, "and make another fire. The waters will not reach us there."

So they clambered upwards. A few minutes later the tree was blazing and then the river came flashing down. It roared past below, a seething white flood which filled the ravine and rose ever higher and higher. At length it lapped the edge of the cave-ledge and began to run into the cave itself. It swept under boulders and crevices. Forthwith from the rocks rushed countless scorpions with their ferocious stings turned back ready to attack the nearest enemy.

The noise of the torrent, however, awoke the sleeper. He saw to his surprise that his bed was overrun by scorpions. The place was a veritable cave for scorpions; so he seized his gun and his whip and made for the mouth of the cave. He was impressed by the extent and depth of the darkling flood outside, made the more formidable by a mysterious red glare shining from somewhere behind. Where were the rascally porters? Why had they not roused him? What was the strange light? He strode outside, the water up to his ankles. Guided by the glare, he reached the open cleft in the rock, and there saw his bearers a hundred feet above, eating gaily by the light of the blazing tree. Creeping up towards them under cover of the rocks he took a deep breath and, exerting all his strength, roared like a lion. The natives leaped to their feet and fled madly in all directions. Woolls-Sampson thereupon advanced to the pot in which were the remnants of a bird he had shot for his own consumption earlier in the day, and sat down and concluded the repast with as much dignity as he could command

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under the circumstances. But the respect of the natives for the stick which had saved them all so miraculously from this lion, had increased not a little.¹

8

African caves have inspired much picturesque native superstition: they are always interesting. At Sinoia, for instance, which is eighty-two miles north-west of Salisbury and in the northern part of Southern Rhodesia, there are four caves, the crater-like walls of which reach a height of 150 feet, and at their foot lies an enormously deep pool of sapphire waters very like that of the blue-fire waters of the Capri Grottoes. There are stalactites of great beauty. Bones and ancient implements have been found in the floors. Here, too, animals have made their way in to drink, and have worn smooth the limestone that has fallen from the roof. Even now, as one writer put it in 1924, "the caves are the dormitories of hordes of baboons, who have a curious, orderly method of drinking from the pool. They form a living chain reaching down to the steep shores of the underground lake. The baboon at the lower end of the chain drinks and moves up, and then the rest of the thirsty ones edge down one by one, so that each gets his drink in due and proper turn. Years ago iron gates were put up at the entrance to the caves to keep the creatures out, but in the night the indignant

¹ Woolls-Sampson's own superstitious regard for his small, knotted cane was never more clearly instanced than when he was arrested as a reformer at the Rand Club. "Dr. Jim" had been defeated, and his sympathizers, the reformers, were being rounded up by the Republican Government prior to incarceration in Pretoria Jail. Woolls-Sampson sent an urgent appeal to his friend, Purchas, to come to him at the Club. When Purchas arrived, Woolls-Sampson solemnly handed him his cane with the instruction that it was to be wrapped up and transferred to the custody of "Jock" Wight, manager of the Bank of Africa, to be locked up in the bank's vaults. When in Pretoria Jail, he learned to his joy that the authorities did not object to his retaining the stick. It was, therefore, removed with due formality from the bank, and taken by Purchas to the jail, where Woolls-Sampson received it with delight. Just before his death at the Rand Club in 1924, he requested that the stick should be buried with him; and this was done.

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ones tore down the gates and cast them aside—a decided protest against their age-old right-of-way.”

The pool was once sounded. It revealed, so it is said, a depth of 300 feet.

That this fantastic spot was once a cave-man's home seems clear. Its tremendous walls may have echoed with his guttural shouts and sinister laughter. Who knows?

9

One day, Woolls-Sampson and his men came to a deserted region. The “boys” called it “The land of the dead.” The woods were tropical and magnificent, with vast baobab trees here and there, ant-heaps, and occasional rivers; but never a soul did they encounter, until one night when the bearers were talking quietly near a game-path. They had cleared a space and had piled up the usual lion-fire. The moon shone with marvellous radiance and the forest was eloquent with sound. Yet all thought it ominous that, in that lovely region, weeks had passed since they had seen another living man. One evening the bearers sighted three men advancing side by side, and not in the single-file fashion which is the native way. The moonlight shone full on their faces, and the bearers saw with horror that they were frightfully distorted. They had mask-like heads set on dwarfish bodies. One of them was carrying shining white metal.

They looked neither to the right nor to the left in passing and utterly ignored the lion-fire blazing in the clearing. They moved, too, in ghostly silence, unbroken by the snapping of a twig or a word of speech. And thus they receded into the thicket and presently vanished.

The bearers were speechless with fear; for some moments they could not move. Then one of them howled like a dog—his way of expressing terror—and the others threw themselves down and covered themselves with their blankets.

Late that night the bearers went to Woolls-Sampson in a body.

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"We wish to go home," said the spokesman, "for the people who dwell here are dead."

"Fools!" was the angry retort; "go back and sleep."

The spokesman persisted, however.

"Three ghosts passed us this night carrying silver," he said; "we shall all die if we go on."

"Not ghosts," retorted Woolls-Sampson, "but lepers."

And once again the explorer overruled their arguments, persuading them that as the stick had preserved their lives thus far, it would continue to do so.

At length, after several days marching, they perceived towards sundown a distant village and hurried towards it. The sight of it, and its suggestion of native life, heartened them all enormously. The huts were of straw, and as they approached them they saw here and there hyena-heads impaled at the entrances as a warning to other hyenas not to touch the village stock. But there was neither stock nor other life visible as they emerged from the thicket on the edge of the village. Darkness was coming on, and there was something sinister about the silence of the village itself, accentuated as it was by all the sounds of bird-life, the "peek-pak-pok" that calls starkly from the jungle, the "weep-weep-weep" of the mokwareza, the "pumpuru-pumpuru" of the turtle-doves, the "chicken-chicken-chick-churr-churr" of the honey guide—symphonic eloquence which makes fitting requiem, perchance, for those old adventurers who sought to find the ancient sources of silver and gold across the trackless territories of the Zambezi.

Woolls-Sampson stood outside the first hut and shouted through the low entrance. There was no reply. Lighting his lantern, therefore, he put his head inside. In the far corner he discerned an emaciated native apparently asleep. He shouted again. And again there was no reply. The man was dead. Then he went into the second hut. Inside were three figures, all dead. He found, as he strolled around, that some of the huts were empty, and that others contained corpses. And he realized that he was in a village of the dead.

His bearers, meanwhile, had fled into the thicket.

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As he returned towards them, their spokesman met him, saying: "White master, we wish to go back, for truly this is an evil place."

Then Woolls-Sampson railed at them. He even took his gun and levelled it, saying: "I'll shoot the first man who goes back. Those people yonder are all dead of fever."

But nothing availed; and next morning the leader came privately to him, and warned him that the porters would attack him if he persisted in forcing them on. They would rather be shot like dogs, he said, than slain by ghosts. And the white man would be wise if he gave the order to turn about so that they might all reach their homes alive.

And so, reluctantly, the order was given, and Woolls-Sampson the indomitable, was compelled to abandon his search when, as he used to say, he was within a few days' journey of the mines.

And thus the secret of the silver mines remains a secret to this day. For Woolls-Sampson was never able to organize another expedition to Chicao.

CHAPTER VII

THE MYSTERY OF AN ISLAND GOLDFIELD

I

GREAT excitement prevailed in Johannesburg in 1905, when stories became current of new goldfields in Madagascar. Rumour had it that in the strange old French island immortalized by Marco Polo—and visited presumably by Sindbad the sailor and at one time the home of the dodo—there were thermal springs strongly impregnated with gold. It was said that this gold was distributed through the soil, certain areas of which were full of it.

Johannesburg has never evinced any particular interest in Sindbad or the dodo, but it took the thermal spring theory very seriously to heart. The extent to which it did was subsequently reflected in the clamour on 'change when brokers either lost their heads or their voices and sometimes both. For the Madagascar sensation was the talk of the hour. And in the end the value of the shares became greatly inflated.

A few may have asked themselves how the Madagascar goldfields had become focused so intensely upon the field of speculative investment, how a city grown sceptical of the eloquent prospectus, had, without any help from company promoters, lost its soul so utterly to Madagascar. But the good folk who thus soliloquized were not many. And a certain tall Russian from Madagascar, believing no doubt in the merits of the case, saw to it that they were not many. "Truthful Ted," as he was called, sowed his seed in propitious soil. Once well known in Cape Town, he had vanished awhile from there

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to reappear suddenly in Johannesburg as an emissary from Madagascar.

Among those determined to test the merits of the vaunted fields before investing in them were certain members of a Rand syndicate, and some of the mining houses. The syndicate commissioned that notable old South African, T. A. R. Purchas,¹ who has had more of eventfulness crammed into his life than most men, and Colonel Sir Aubrey Woolls-Sampson who, as related in the previous chapter, had sought fortune so persistently in strange places, to interview the Russian from Madagascar. In the quiet of a Johannesburg office, then, they submitted him to an exacting examination, verbal and visual. He stood it so well that the syndicate decided to reconnoitre the new goldfield; and, as B. G. Byerley, a well-known member of the Rand Club, happened to be going there, having promised a fellow-member to make a tour of inspection, Byerley was invited to report on behalf of the syndicate, to make a thorough investigation, and to cable the result. The owner of the mining rights, a

¹ T. A. R. Purchas is another Rand clubman whose life has been spent in honourable adventure, and who to-day (1930) is as alert at 76 as most men half his age. He was well qualified to reconnoitre the Madagascar goldfield in 1905 with Woolls-Sampson, for he had had some useful prospecting experience. He had followed the great gold-rush to the Klondike early in '99, at the time when the snows were melting, and the bodies of those who had perished on the trail of '98 were being revealed. He was in Klondike City at the same time as Jack London, Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, and Elizabeth Robins, the American authoress. The temperature sometimes sank to the incredible level of one hundred degrees below freezing point. He remembers one Independence Day sitting in his log-cabin writing a report for a London board of directors, when revolver shots rang out. The American diggers were "shooting up" the town. Although this happened soon after midnight, it was almost as light as mid-day, Klondike being the Land of the Midnight Sun. Scattered about the streets were big wolf-like sleigh-dogs lying asleep. These became panic-stricken, and in many cases tore through the town and into the fast-flowing Yukon River. As many of them cost as much as £30 each, the loss to the diggers was considerable. On another occasion, Purchas remembers seeing a diggers' queue stretching right through the town. The line-up passed a saloon where fresh beer supplies had arrived, and the word had gone forth. The charge was fifty cents for half a pint. As those at the head of the file drank their quantum they fell in again at the end of the queue, until at last the saloon-keeper had to announce with profound regret, "Boys, there ain't a goddam drop left! You've drunk it all out!"

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Frenchman, wanted £15,000 for them, and it was deemed advisable to lose no time in closing the deal.

Byerley, therefore, sailed at once for Madagascar. On landing he was met by an engineer, an Austrian of patriarchal aspect, and a tall thin-faced miner who held informal religious services at every halt. These accompanied him inland. The patriarch gave some zest to the journey by firing his revolver at the ground and making frequent pretence of intoxication. So that Byerley, who was anxious to begin his investigations, presently grew impatient and demanded greater expedition. The halts were in his opinion unnecessarily prolonged. But the party reached the goldfields in the centre of the island at last, and Byerley began to sample the rock in various mine-shafts. He tested and re-tested, and always found results excellent and confirmatory. So striking were they, indeed, that he cabled a eulogistic but conservative report of the prospects of the property to Johannesburg. But the Rand syndicate was still cautious;

In South Africa also, Purchas had many interesting experiences. He was a member of the syndicate which obtained an amazing concession (at the time when Rhodes was reconnoitring Rhodesia in order to expand north) to develop Mozambique, from Delagoa Bay to Beira, the concession including everything except surrender of sovereignty. A visit by an emissary to Lisbon to secure the signature of King Carlos was negated by the threat of trouble between England and Portugal, followed by a revolution. Thus the signature was never obtained. Meanwhile, the syndicate's emissary to Lisbon had very unwisely rejected an offer by Rhodes to take them into partnership. With the old F. A. M. Police and C. M. R., Purchas saw active service in the Griqua and Moirosi rebellions and the Basuto war of 1880-81. He acted as military secretary to General Gordon in 1882. Four years later he went to Barberton and became engaged in mining and prospecting. After visits to England, the United States, Canada and the Klondike, he returned to South Africa in 1902, and was appointed in 1907 to a seat in the Legislative Council of the first responsible Government of the Transvaal.

In September, 1907, he resigned his seat in the Council to take up an appointment as Chairman of the Rand Water Board, a position he retained until his retirement in 1928. His "The Spiritual Adventures of a Business Man" attracted the admiring attention of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and he saw much of Mahatma Gandhi when the Indian leader was in South Africa, and even evolved with him what might have been a settlement of the Indian question in South Africa, if the Indians themselves had been prepared to adhere strictly to the terms of it.

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and with their consent Byerley invited an able Rand engineer, whose integrity was beyond question and who happened to be on the island, to submit an independent report. He did so; and his equally laudatory verdict removed all doubt. The prospects of the Madagascar field were confirmed.

The syndicate thereupon raised sufficient capital to provide the purchase-price of the property, and the £15,000 was cabled from Johannesburg to Byerley for payment to the French owner, the new goldfield thus becoming the property of the Johannesburg Syndicate. Byerley, Purchas, Woolls-Sampson and others invested heavily. At the same time another syndicate was formed to take over other properties in Madagascar. In the mining houses and in the clubs the talk was now all of the great discoveries in Madagascar and of the luck of the men who had got in first.

2

Woolls-Sampson and Purchas were forthwith empowered to collect a staff and to proceed at once to the island. The former was to control the mining side of the venture; the latter the administrative side. At the same time the mining houses and certain financiers sent along their ablest engineers and emissaries, Merensky, Marriott, Rouillard, and Cohen among others; and the big Rand party steamed across to Madagascar and landed at Mananjari, the nearest coastal point to the goldfields. The landing-place proved to be a mere roadstead, and the party had to disembark by way of a deck-barge full of Malagasy oarsmen. So tempestuous was the passage over the bar that one engineer was heard to exclaim: "If ever I get ashore I'll stay there."

The party was met by Byerley, and no time was lost in proceeding to Fianarantsoa, a place several days' inland, measured in terms of native-carrier travel. Madagascar, of course, is an island of zones. There is the coastal zone with its mangrove swamps; there is the forest-belt where rain falls for three hundred days in the year;

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and there is the inland mountain region with its bare uplands and peaks from 3,500–5,000 feet high. This area is perfectly healthy.

The Rand party soon traversed the mangrove swamps and entered the wonderful stretches of bamboo forest. They saw exquisite vistas near the coast, but found the higher ground not unlike the high-veld of the Transvaal. The Malagasy had carried the white men on chairs on long poles. They made it a point of honour to race each other over several miles of rough country at the risk of "spilling" their passengers. The only passenger who approved of this haste was Woolls-Sampson, for whom even the Malagasy were not sufficiently expeditious. The carriers bore on steadily through the rain-forests with their legs covered with blood from the ubiquitous leeches, which they occasionally took the trouble to remove. They are among the best carriers in the world. Once when they ventured to slow down, Woolls-Sampson bellowed "*Hamba!*" which in the Bantu language of the mainland means "Go on!" But in Madagascar it means "Set down!" or "Stop!" So that when the porters deposited the choleric knight he regarded it as defiance, and said so. At nightfall the white members of the expedition rested in native huts.

"I am not exaggerating," said Purchas some years afterwards, "when I state that an end-on view of the floor of some of those huts with the sun opposite constantly disclosed what looked like a mist rising from the ground. The mist, however, was due to myriads of jumping fleas. And as there was nowhere else to sleep we had to stay among them."

3

Woolls-Sampson and Purchas decided to separate at Fianarantsoa—Purchas remaining at the telegraph-terminal so that he might cable essential messages to Johannesburg, while Woolls-Sampson and the rest proceeded to the new goldfield. The two men had arranged to exchange confidential letters by runner. Each was

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to have a dispatch box with a key, and when either wished to send the other a message he would remit it in his locked box.

A few days after the Rand party had vanished into the interior a breathless messenger reached Purchas with a letter describing the new goldfield in glowing terms, and it was clear that Woolls-Sampson had been profoundly impressed. On receipt of this, Purchas drafted a careful cable to Johannesburg, which avoided his colleague's occasional extravagance of expression but retained his essential optimism. Receipt of this in Johannesburg created great excitement. Hardly had Purchas handed in his message, however, than he experienced a certain unaccountable presentiment. Hearing that another messenger had arrived from the goldfield, he presently encountered "Phiz" Blaine, a member of Woolls-Sampson's party, who had come back with another letter. This had been written before the first dispatch had arrived in the locked box, written, in fact, while Woolls-Sampson was still on his way to the goldfield, and in it the Colonel had commented hopefully on promising indications of gold on the way, and had likened the formations to those of old Barberton and Lydenburg—places associated in the early days with occasional mining success and frequent failure. These notes somehow filled Purchas with misgiving. Whether it was the association of Madagascar with fields where so many fortunes had been lost, or whether it was the mysterious premonition that often warns the old mining hand, or whether perhaps it was something psychic, cannot be said; but the fact remains that Purchas hurried back to the post-office in the hope of delaying his cable. It had, however, been sent. Incidentally it helped to raise the syndicate's pound shares to three pounds, while the shares of another Madagascar syndicate rose to twenty pounds.

4

Let us now follow Byerley and Woolls-Sampson on their respective tours of investigation around the

property—the most dramatic tours perhaps in the history of prospecting. Byerley had been struck from the first with the general excellence of his samples. They were all good and answered check-tests so satisfactorily that he was unable to discover a flaw in the evidence. Nor, indeed, could Woolls-Sampson, who as we have seen was extremely sanguine; but shortly afterwards certain trivial happenings led to a profound change in the situation.

While resting in his tent, a day or so after arrival on the fields, Woolls-Sampson was aroused by a member of his staff.

"Sir Aubrey," he said, "would you care to meet a Frenchman who has been very helpful to us?"

Woolls-Sampson demurred at first for he did not speak French, nor, he ascertained, could the man speak English; but he acquiesced ultimately and the man was brought in and introduced.

"I took an instinctive dislike to him," Woolls-Sampson said afterwards, "so I cut the interview short and the man retired."

He did not go far however. Woolls-Sampson overheard him ask outside for the return of certain Malagasy porters whom he had loaned to the visiting expedition, and somehow the request disconcerted him. It troubled him to think that he had been utilizing sample-carrying porters who were in another man's service: for independent sample-carriers were so essential, he felt, to infallible testing. And, yet, he reflected, the employer of these Malagasy could not have profited from any chicanery on their part, for the goldfield had already been sold and the owner had left the island. Against this man there was clearly not the slightest presumption of fraud; nor, incidentally, and for conclusive reasons, has there been since.

Nevertheless Woolls-Sampson called a parade of his carriers, scrutinized them carefully, and made the striking discovery, for he never forgot a native face, that they had accompanied him almost to a man from the coast. This, again, was unusual, and the more he pondered things the less he liked them. He even began to ask himself if the

carriers could have salted the samples, for it would be simple enough to slip gold dust in clay into the sample-bags. He remembered then that from whatever quarter he had taken a rock-sample it had yielded gold. And he resolved forthwith to put his doubts to the test.

Summoning a white miner named Perotti—in whom he had implicit trust—he confided his intention to him. Perotti had worked underground on the eastern Rand and had no difficulty in comprehending the plan, which, as will presently appear, was ingenious and effective. Parading his native porters Woolls-Sampson told them that he proposed to take more samples, and ordered them to follow him over the property. From time to time as he proceeded, he pointed out most unlikely spots, and ordered the porters to dig samples. They did so, placing the rubble in their bags. Nor were they watched to see if they supplemented the rubble with “pills” from their pouches. This digging went on in various parts of the property; but always, as they left one place, Woolls-Sampson’s confederate Perotti stole up and secured samples from the same spot. Thus for every specimen taken by Woolls-Sampson’s Malagasy porters one was taken, and from identical places, by Perotti.

Then came the test. Woolls-Sampson gave his black bearers orders to return to camp and proceeded to pan their samples. *Every pan made a copious showing of gold.*

Later on, Perotti came along with his samples. *But not one showed a vestige of gold.* And thus was the fraud discovered. It was clear then that there had been an elaborate system of claim-salting, so cleverly executed, that it had deceived all who had reported on the claims.

In order to prove beyond a doubt that the ground had been thus treated, Woolls-Sampson confided the detail of his discovery to Byerley, who at once went out to make check-tests for himself. Shouldering his pros-

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pector's equipment he re-sampled alone the ground he had previously tested with Malagasy bearers. While panning rubble at a stream, rubble which had previously yielded a good return of gold, Marriott, the well-known Rand engineer, came along and stood watching him.

"Do you know?" said he, "you could sell out your shares in this concern to-day for a very large sum indeed?"

But Byerley was too disconcerted to reply. For he had made a devastating discovery. His pans did not show a trace of gold!

Later that day, he found that not only were his old sampling places yielding no gold, but that here and there near these places were little clay pellets on scraps of marked paper, pellets containing gold-dust in the quantity presumably prescribed on the paper. Was it not clear, then, that the Malagasy had been mixing these pills with the samples as they went along? He panned in all directions, but from every spot which had previously yielded gold his pans returned blanks.

Thus was the fraud confirmed. And Woolls-Sampson lost no time in making the fact known. He dispatched a runner to Purchas who, as he himself has since admitted, had been living in dreamland "like Alnaschar of old." The runner arrived breathless. His dispatch-box contained the following message: "I don't know how to tell you what it is my duty to tell. It is my painful task to report that the gold we found was there through salting. What the devil you will tell Johannesburg I don't know; but this is the fact."

Purchas went sadly to the post-office and cabled the news. The shares collapsed, and, after a slight recovery, became almost worthless. Many folk were ruined.

A prominent Rand engineer, meanwhile, had witnessed a panning elsewhere on the island, and had seen gold extracted in such abundance from unlikely rock that his suspicions were immediately aroused. He cabled to his

principal at the height of the boom condemning the proposition. It is probable that as his cable reached Johannesburg first before Purchas's, his principal—a private individual—was able to dispose of his shares before the collapse. Meanwhile, the Rand engineer, who, as we have seen, had just reported at the request of Byerley and the syndicate, was desired by anxious shareholders to confirm or withdraw his original report. He explored the ground again, therefore, this time without Malagasy porters. He took many fresh samples, but where there had been gold before, none showed a colour now, and he was reluctantly compelled to admit that the property had been salted. It is true that he had succumbed to the deception, but the novelty of the method employed to carry it out absolved him entirely from blame and indeed from any slur on his professional reputation. This has been, and still is, freely admitted. For there were two factors which made for the success of the plot. The first was the clever work of the natives in this intricate salting fraud; the second was the presence of gold on the island in considerable quantities. Both factors are interesting. While there have been ingenious cases where "salters" have fired gold dust from rifles at worthless rock and have thus deceived credulous buyers, this was the first known instance where black men had tampered with samples. South Africans had had no experience of the salting fraud by black men and thus had every excuse for succumbing to the deception. There is, of course, a wide difference between the Malagasy (notably the Hova tribe) and the Bantu of Southern Africa. An early French traveller was struck by the fact that the Malagasy had all the vices of a decadent civilization, a fact attributable to the strong prevalence of old Malay blood among them. Indeed they are often pure-blooded Malays. Past masters in trickery, their capacity for fraud would be altogether superior to that of the ingenuous African Bantu. Nor should it be forgotten that gold dust could have been purchased without difficulty. Here and there it was used as currency. The porters could have kneaded it into clay and dropped it into the sample-bags. So that it is impossible to escape

the conclusion that the fraud was perpetrated by the Malagasy.¹

7

Meanwhile the Frenchman who had sold the mining rights for £15,000 left the island from Tamatave as the Woolls-Sampson-Purchas party arrived at Mananjari. He made his way to Johannesburg, lodged a considerable sum of money with the Bank of Africa pending settlement of certain private business. The cable from Madagascar that pricked the bubble arrived meanwhile; and the irate Rand investors when they learned of his presence in the town attempted to interdict his money. But the courts ruled against them, and the man from Madagascar withdrew his funds and went his way. There was no evidence whatever to connect him with any deception: nor indeed was he a guilty party. The guilt lay in quite another direction. Indeed, there are many features of this baffling affair which will create world-wide interest when it becomes possible to publish them. Not the least of these, indeed, is the identity of the individual who perpetrated the fraud.

Who, then, is he? His name is known, and if it could be given here, it would provoke amazement, incredulity, and mirth; indeed, it would send a ripple of laughter about the world. One day, perhaps, it will be possible to name this lone conspirator, but whether he is an eminent financier, company promoter, politician, or high dignitary of an alien Church, no man with the slightest respect for the pitfalls of the South African law would now be prepared to say. He is neither an Englishman nor a Frenchman; nor, as stated, was he the vendor of the ground, nor indeed has he been mentioned or hinted at in this chapter.

And that is where the trail of the missing goldfield of Madagascar must end for the moment, a mysterious fraud, of which those who might appear to have been directly responsible were quite unconscious.

¹ It is certainly not suggested, of course, that the lands purchased by the Rand syndicates were devoid of gold; only that the Malagasy entirely misled the prospectors as to the amount of it.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BURIED MILLIONS OF LOBENGULA

I

KING LOBENGULA, son of the Zulu general Moselikatze who fled to Rhodesia from the Voortrekkers and the tyrant Tshaka¹ and founded the Matabele nation, had reached the conclusion in 1892 that war with the white man was inevitable. Many years had elapsed since his father, that ferocious old giant, had mounted to the summit of the long, flat-topped hill a few miles from Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia, and had solemnly apportioned the promised land to his Matabele. He had also made a characteristic demonstration to preserve his authority. He executed certain headmen on the hill-top which came to be called "Thabas Induna," the Hill of the Chiefs.

Lobengula knew from manifold signs that the white men were coming. For he occasionally consulted the oracle of the Umlimo Cave, which had told him so. The

¹ The ferocity which characterized Zulu-Matabele leadership is well instanced by the story of Tshaka told in Bryant's excellent "Olden Times in Zululand and Natal." Tshaka was the overlord of Moselikatze, the father of Lobengula. The story is that long ago when Tshaka was a youth, a madman established himself on a hill. He would sally forth with shield and assegai and take what he wanted of other men's cattle. When the owners sought to reclaim their property he would charge them savagely with his spear. Tshaka offered to rid the tribe of the madman who, incidentally, was always smoking the so-called hemp-horn of strength at the door of his kraal. When Tshaka appeared, the madman came forth and the two were soon hard at it with shield and assegai. Though both were warriors of surpassing strength and the madman was inspired by anger as he lunged this way and that, his assegai met everywhere the shield of his rival. The youth Tshaka was skilful enough to take advantage at last of an opening, and thrusting home, he brought down the tyrant and finished him off at his feet. The exploit greatly enhanced Tshaka's reputation with the tribe.

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cave—a historic place to-day—lies in the lonely Matopos on the edge of gloomy Mount Injelele, “the Hill of Slippery Sides,” and has long exercised a potent influence on the collective Matabele-Mashona mind. No native will enter it, for he regards it as the abode of a spirit capable of meting out life or death to men and nations. The voice which once answered the priests of the Umlimo from the depths of the cave could, it is whispered, bark like a dog, crow like a cock, or roar as a lion, and its message was always prophetic. To-day, of course, the place is deserted.

It is best approached by way of a steep, winding ravine. In front of it are two high rocks, the wardens, as it were, of its sanctity. All about broods a great solitude, interrupted occasionally by the bark of a baboon or the skyward cry of the vulture; and its silence is hardly less sepulchral by day than by night when the greenish-white glow of the Rhodesian moon invests it as with a sense of spectral isolation. Men say that here of old Moselikatze consulted the Umlimo Oracle. Lobengula, too, as already indicated, sometimes interviewed its priests, and through them sense the coming conflict with the white man. It was apprehension as to the outcome of the conflict which led him, it is said, to bury in the bush the treasure which he kept under guard in his kraal.

2

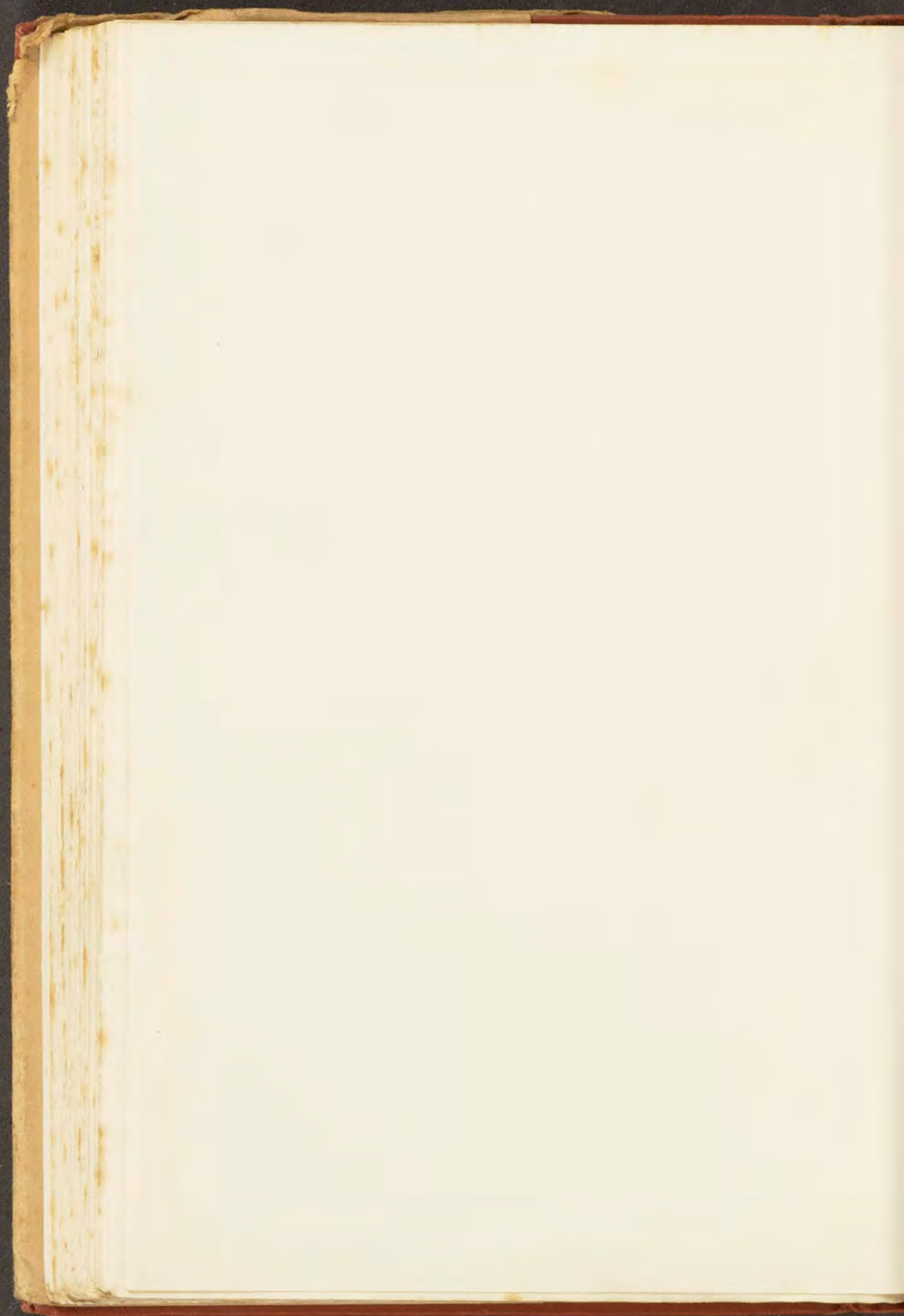
Of what, then, did the treasure consist?

Lobengula had two safes¹ containing three tins filled with diamonds, each diamond a gift stolen by one of his subjects from the Kimberley mines. He had raw gold, too, from old Mashona workings, and bags of British and Kruger sovereigns. For it was customary for his Matabele, on returning to their kraals from work in the White Man's territory, to present the King with a diamond, or a sovereign, or some other such gift. And Lobengula had

¹ One of these safes was purchased in Kimberley and the sales-entry is still on record.



Lobengula about to set forth to bury his great hoard in the bush



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collected a vast hoard in this way. Sometimes at night as he lay on his bed in the smoke and shadows of his kraal, he would, in the spirit of the miser, order his secretary, John Jacobs, an educated Cape half-caste, to open one of the safes and to cover his body with sovereigns. Then would Jacobs open the bags and cover the king from head to foot until he almost resembled some golden grotesque from an Egyptian tomb.

In his admirable books on Rhodesia, Colonel Marshall Hole throws much vivid light on the character of this strange, weak, yet tyrannical monarch. In one of them he depicts him passing judgment on a native caught drinking the King's beer. So overcome with fear is the culprit as his guards stand with him before Lobengula, that he dribbles at the mouth.

"Cut off those lips," orders the despot in the falsetto voice he used when angry; "cut them off, for they have drunk the King's beer."

The dreadful order is executed.

"Cut off that nose. For it has smelt the King's beer. . . . And cover his eyes with the skin of his brow for he has beheld the King's beer. . . ."

And the shrieking victim is at length led away to be slain outright.¹ Thus was the old Tshakan discipline as practised by Moselikatze enforced by his son Lobengula; for well did the son know that nothing less than such occasional exhibitions of ferocity would maintain him as king of the tribesmen. And yet, he was almost compassionate compared with his father, a circumstance which made but a poor impression on his indunas.

"Has our King become a woman," they would whisper, "that he spills so little blood?"

Moreover, they were always grumbling at the complacency with which he permitted white prospectors to enter his domains, asserting that instead of driving them forth he tolerated them and drank the bottles of golden water that they were for ever sending to his kraal.

¹ "Lobengula," by Hugh Marshall Hole. London: Philip Allan and Co., publishers.

One day Lobengula gave orders that his ivory and safes with their store of gold and diamonds, were to be placed on wagons and rushed into the bush. He also instructed that an emergency supply of gold should be kept back. For gold supplies might yet be required to buy off his enemies.

Jacobs, the secretary, and certain indunas were detailed to supervise the loading of the treasure and to accompany the expedition. Several wagons were heaped with the ivory. Lobengula himself went in the King's wagon to see that the hoard was properly buried in its cache; and his mighty bulk was pushed and hoisted into the vehicle by certain of his followers. Thus, the leaders of the treasure party were Lobengula, Jacobs, and four indunas; and there were fourteen Matabele whose duty it was to dig the hole for the treasure under the King's direction. And so they set out.

They proceeded first to the North and then turned eastward, until after many days they reached the proposed cache. It was in a remote part of the bush. And they dug a great cavity there with a vertical face in one side it. Two holes were excavated in this face just big enough for the safes to be inserted. They thrust them in. Then against the face they built a stone wall, and so covered the safes from sight. Afterwards they wrapped the ivory in sheets and buried it in the other part of the hole which they filled in. Lobengula inspected the work, and declared it well done; and, their task complete, they set out on the return journey.

One night, while his little force was asleep, Lobengula arose, and ordered his indunas to slay all who had buried the treasure lest they should divulge his secret. Many were attacked and assegaied, although a few, hearing the turmoil, awoke and managed to escape. John Jacobs and the indunas survived, and continued to be the King's bodyguard until he got back to his kraal. Which, indeed, is the essence of the story told by John Jacobs in April,

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1930, at the farm Willow Grove, some few miles from Johannesburg.

4

The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of August 5, 1923, had the following account of John Jacobs, the grey-haired "Cape" man who alone to-day is said to know the whereabouts of Lobengula's millions:

Jacobs is a picturesque figure in the history of the decline and fall of the Matebele Empire. He tells a remarkable story. In 1888, as a young man between 20 and 30 years of age, he became secretary and interpreter to Lobengula. He was the very man Lobengula wanted. Both the British and the Dutch were seeking concessions with regard to land and mineral rights, and Jacobs, with his complete grasp of the English and the Dutch languages, was a medium between the King and the concession hunters. Thus it is that Jacobs is able to recall the signing of the Tati concession and he is able also to remember the men who preceded the Chartered Company in the land of the Matabele.

The war with the Whites came in 1893. Jacobs saw it coming and did his best to bring about a peaceful settlement. He told Lobengula he could not hope to beat the white man. He pointed out that if met on friendly terms the British were peaceable enough and that everything could be settled, so that the King would still retain his power with honour. In vain, however. The King's cousins and brothers, who were headstrong and ignorant, sought war and got it. It resulted in the flight and death of Lobengula near the Zambesi, six months after the memorable fight in which Major Alan Wilson and his men perished on the banks of the Shangani River.

On that historical December 3, Jacobs was with the fleeing monarch. The day broke. Lobengula gave Jacobs £1,000 to take to the pursuing white Commander as a peace-offering. Jacobs gave the money to two Matabele warriors to take into the enemy's camp, but

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it was unfortunately intercepted. Two white troopers captured the natives, divided the gold, but said nothing to their Commander about Lobengula's peace-offering. And for that reason the white Commander continued his pursuit, and eventually lost his life battling fiercely against overwhelming odds near the banks of the Shangani. Jacobs who was present claims to have spoken to Major Wilson just before the battle. He alleges that the major refused to listen and interrupted by ordering the attack. Then the Matabele joined issue, came down in overwhelming force, and wiped out the whites almost to a man, only three escaping with their lives.

5

Jacobs is to-day, the newspaper proceeds, the only man capable of describing the whereabouts of Lobengula's treasure. It is over the Zambesi, he says. But where? A knowing smile is the only answer usually given to this pointed question. The story of John Jacobs does not end here, however, for he made several attempts to lead expeditions to the site of the lost hoard after Lobengula's death. But as he had incurred the displeasure of the Rhodesian Government and had been deported as a prohibited immigrant, he could not return to Rhodesia without official sanction.

In 1905 this permission was sought by a certain firm in Rhodesia which wanted to locate the treasure. It was refused by the Administrator, and Jacobs was turned back at Tuli. In 1909, a party including Jacobs again entered Rhodesia on a similar mission, but Jacobs and his two sons were captured and deported. Undaunted, Jacobs came back with a party in 1917, when, after trekking along the Zambesi River, the party reached Lealui, the capital of Barotseland. From there they set out for the head-waters of the Kori River in the vicinity of which the treasure was supposed to be hidden, but were misled by the native guides and had to return. Jacobs was arrested and sentenced to pay a fine of twenty pounds

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for making a false statement to the Immigration Officer, and was given one month's hard labour for returning to the territory after being deported. Notwithstanding this, he got back with yet another party of treasure-hunters in 1923, and was heavily punished for his persistence in returning. Members of the party accompanying him declared that they had merely come on a hunting trip, but admitted that Jacobs had mentioned Lobengula's treasure, which he estimated to be worth £2,000,000.

John Jacobs is about seventy to-day. Yet, in spite of his age his hair is still dark, his walk firm, and his outlook on life not without a certain healthy note of self-interest.

"Ah, yes," he said in April, 1930, "I often think of Lobengula. A great man, stern in his judgments, and rarely willing to pass a lesser sentence than death. I well remember when he buried his treasure, how we went out with him and the wagons, how we travelled a great way and at last came to the digging-place. The treasure was buried in a great hole—the safes being pushed into the recesses made in the far wall of the hole. And it was then walled up."

"What happened on the way back, to the men who had buried the treasure?" John Jacobs was asked.

"Lobengula killed them."

"In the night?"

"Yes, in the night while sleeping."

"How were they killed?"

"They were assegaied."

"Who assegaied them?"

"The indunas and others. . . . I swear I was present at the burial of this treasure," he added, "and that Lobengula saw that the work of concealing it was well done. I had known Lobengula for some years. He sent for me when I was a student at Lovedale, for he had heard that I could write English and Dutch, and he knew that I had been to Scotland to be educated. And because of these things he left a great deal to me; and I was with him when he died."

Lloys Ellis, a Johannesburg man of means, has conducted half-a-dozen expeditions in search of the hoard. He proposes to make another and final attempt in 1931.

It was John Jacobs, however, who first gave him information as to the site of the cache, and told him the names of the four indunas. And, as Jacobs also stated that one of the indunas is still alive—a statement since confirmed—the problem became that of finding this surviving induna, who, it was realized, must be very old, for he was nearly sixty when the treasure was buried.

In the course of a preliminary effort to trace him in 1926, Lloys Ellis decided to establish a base-camp on the other side of the Limpopo River, and from there to push north. Before he crossed the river near the Mozambique border, he had a curious experience with baboons. It certainly threw some light on the reported tendency of these creatures to seek sanctuary near human encampments when in lion country.

Driving along a game-track one day Lloys Ellis saw an extensive bush-fire right ahead. The region seemed ablaze. As he was anxious to meet other members of the expedition who had already crossed the Limpopo, he therefore determined to drive through the fire-belt, a very hazardous proceeding, needless to say: but by good fortune, he managed to reach a wide, clear space, across which only the blue smoke was drifting. Then he nearly ran into a troop of baboons frantic with terror. The fire passed, but the baboons remained on in the vicinity, and kept up their strange, deep "qua-ha-qua-ha-ha!" like old men mumbling in corners. Night fell, and the treasure-hunters made their camp. And then, to pass an idle hour or so before turning in, they amused themselves by imitating the "talk" of the baboons. The creatures at once responded; and the strange intercourse—surely the strangest in all experience!—went on in the charred bush with the smell of burning still in the air. Gradually, however, the baboon talk subsided and save for the

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sound of a simian mother smacking her babe with human severity—discipline which evoked very human answering squeals—the camp fell into nocturnal silence. At dawn Lloys Ellis heard a solitary old baboon talking in the only tree left after the fire. There he sat, and on seeing the white man emerge from his tent, he uttered his guttural valediction and loped off after the troop.

7

On another occasion the party was driving along when a herd of zebra thundered past from the opposite direction. Their unseen enemy presently appeared, a pack of wild dogs tearing towards the car.¹ These big tawny creatures, which correspond to the Russian wolf and are hardly less dangerous, are greatly feared by the natives. Especially is this so in Portuguese East Africa where a native hearing the approach of the pack will often abandon his load and climb the nearest tree, well knowing that to be caught

¹ The wild dog was ubiquitous in South Africa at one time, a conclusion deducible from the following anecdote related by a Cape settler named Montgomery, concerning an adventure in 1820: "One morning, I started, got to Cradock all right, got my violin, and came along. Thinking to make a short cut through the bush, I took to a footpath and went along merrily, but the sun was sinking and I did not find the road again. I thought I had better make a halt for the night, so I selected a bush and brought on a good lot of dry branches; later on I made up a fire; I brought more branches just to amuse myself, also to keep off wild animals, of which I had heard many stories. As soon as darkness set in I heard a wolf howl, then I heard an answering howl, then another in a different direction; every now and again you would hear these howls. By and by I heard what sounded like a troop running; down they came on me, a whole pack of them. At the first sound I threw branches on the fire, which made a great flare; they came quite close to me and stopped short about twenty or thirty yards off. I knew that if I left the fire they would tackle me; I piled on more wood and then went through the same performance; and they would stop short and make the circle round me. This continued a good part of the night. I was tired with my day's march, so it was rather trying to keep awake. I thought of the violin, so took it out of its green bag and started scraping on it. I did not know one note from another; then I heard the wolves coming on like a troop of horses. I put more branches on the fire and scraped away at the violin. To my surprise they stopped and did not make a circle round me as usual; instead, they all sat down on their haunches listening to my music. This continued till towards morning, when they all trotted off quietly and left me in peace."

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defenceless may mean death. As a rule, however, wild dogs prefer to hunt zebra, upon whose backs they leap, biting and rending the flesh until the animal falls; whereupon they satisfy their hunger and leave the carcass for the jackals. When famished they will consume all but the bones in a few minutes.

As the wild dogs approached the car one of its occupants fired, and knocked one over; whereupon the others turned and fled, but only for a short distance. Turning again they charged. A second shot then killed another dog. Lloys Ellis accelerated and went through them until a depression hid them from sight. Curiosity prompting him, he too came back, to find the carcasses gone, dragged away, doubtless, to be devoured.

Such is the remorselessness of life in the Wild!

8

Lloys Ellis now left his car in charge of natives, and crossed the Limpopo near the Portuguese Border, a difficult and dangerous task, for the river was running strongly. His porters held up the heads of the donkeys lest they should take panic and drown. They ignored the presence of crocodiles. On the farther side of the river Lloys Ellis met other white companions and by way of diversion consulted a witch-doctor, an old creature squatting on his haunches and surrounded by admirers, who produced his bones and threw them, prophesying that the party would return divided. Now the party consisted of four white men and some native porters, but after travelling for a week in the vicinity of the Southern Rhodesian and Portuguese East African Border, one of the white men became indisposed. There was no suspicion at the time that his condition might become serious: nevertheless, it was decided to take him to the nearest medical station rather than suffer him to penetrate farther into the wilderness. Rendall, another member of the party, therefore detached himself from the main body and with essential bearers and equipment escorted the sick

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man through the bush towards Massengene, and thence north for the American Mission hospital at Selinda. Lloys Ellis and the others proceeded meanwhile in a more easterly direction along the Mozambique border until the rains came down and forced them to return. And thus the prophecy of the witch-doctor came to pass. Meanwhile as Rendall toiled through the bush, he saw to his dismay that his companion was gradually weakening. They struggled on, nevertheless, avoiding the noon-day heat and travelling mainly in the cool hours after dawn. Once they found themselves almost without water and with no indications of water in the neighbourhood. Pushing ahead—the sick man sometimes rode on a donkey—they reached a clearing where by the croaking of frogs and other tell-tale sounds they knew they were in the vicinity of water. The bearers soon found it and all slaked their thirst. Then, as darkness fell, the party lay down and tried to sleep. The heat of the day had given way to the intense cold of the night, and for a long time Rendall felt uneasy. Once or twice he roused and whispered to his companion: "I think there must be lions about." But eventually he went to sleep. Neither was armed. Both wore heavy Balaklava caps leaving only the mouth and nose exposed. They had dabbed their noses with mosquito oil, the usual precaution in fever-areas.

During the night Rendall was awakened by a stinging sensation. His nose had been badly rasped. In the morning the native who brought the coffee pointed excitedly to the ground.

"Look!" he cried, "here are the spoor of lions."

It was true. The indications were that lions must have stood right over the sleepers, and that one had licked the exposed nose. The King of Beasts had got such a taste of mosquito oil, apparently, that he had decamped into the bush! Sworn declarations were afterwards made testifying to the truth of this almost incredible incident; indeed there is no doubt as to its truth. But, this episode excepted, there was not much humour on that trail, for Rendall was now gravely concerned for the welfare

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of his companion. He decided to leave him in comparative comfort at a native kraal while he pressed on to Massengene. From Massengene he returned with a hammock slung on a pole, and eventually got the sick man to Selinda, where, in spite of every attention, he died.

9

The tale of the white man who had been licked by a lion travelled far and wide. Natives have some means of disseminating news which has never been properly elucidated. Whether they do it by tapping drums, or by calling from hill to hill or burning fires, nobody seems to know. But certain it is that news travels with amazing speed in the native territories. And in this case, the tale of the white man who had been licked by a lion reached the local Portuguese Commandant Lanne with great rapidity. He was interested. And when shortly afterwards Rendall met him he intimated that he knew all about the incident.

The Commissioner thereupon related a dramatic lion story which was also not without humour. When travelling in state in the luxury habitual with Portuguese officials, he noticed one afternoon that he had left his spectacles at his last camp. He accordingly ordered a small native boy and an adult bearer to return for them. They set out, the adult native carrying a water-gourd slung on a stick over his shoulder. After a long march they reached the old camp. The boy saw the spectacles glittering on the ground and ran ahead to get them. When stooping to pick them up a lion seized him by the shoulder, and began dragging him into the bush. His companion was beside himself with fear and excitement, but rushed pluckily at the man-eater, lifted his stick, and brought down the water-filled gourd with such a resounding thwack on the lion's nose that the vessel broke in pieces, the water falling over the animal's head in a copious stream. The cold fluid caused the lion to drop his prey and to vanish with his tail between his legs.



The last stand of the Shangani Patrol, annihilated when pursuing King Lobengula



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The man then assisted the boy, whose shoulder afterwards withered, back to the forward camp of his master. And thus did the Portuguese Governor recover his spectacles.

10

Lobengula's old induna had not yet been found. And so in 1927 Lloys Ellis again went north. He reached impassable bush and had to return. In 1928 he organized yet another expedition, taking with him a white companion from the Rand goldfields. He had ascertained precisely meanwhile where the induna was living. But when within a mile or two of his kraal he was smitten with a curious illness. It was accompanied by pain, fever, and marked incapacitation. Far from human aid as they were, Lloys Ellis felt that if the treasure was to be found at all it must be found quickly, or there was the risk of death in the Wild.

He accordingly pitched his camp and sent for Lobengula's induna. He proved to be a tall old native who comported himself with great dignity, in spite of the fact that his face was disfigured by disease; and so, before questioning him about the cache, Lloys Ellis deemed it advisable to propitiate him with a gift of medicine. He presented him with some crystals of permanganate, at the same time advising him to use them in water. The chief, however, decided to lose nothing of the virtue of the crystals by dissolving them in water, and stuck them firmly on his face! Strangely enough the treatment answered! The chief's condition improved and Lloys Ellis was thus the better able to broach the subject of the treasure.

"I will pay you one hundred sovereigns," he said, "if you will show me where Lobengula's treasure is hidden."

"I cannot tell you," returned the chief, "though I would have liked the money. But you are in the wrong place. There is another chief with a name like mine seven days distant. He was Lobengula's induna."

That settled the matter. Once again they had to

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return, for Lloys Ellis was now too ill to go on. On the return journey the native cook, who had been ailing at the forward camp, suddenly became worse. He was suffering from the same ailment as his master. Then M——, stalking on ahead, was seized with ague and almost fell. He was lifted on to a donkey, and borne on like a man half-dead. At night the white men would lie shivering in their tent and wondering whether they would ever get back. Once there appeared in the moonlit opening of the tent the dark silhouette of the cook. In a faint rasping voice he gasped: "Baas, me die! Muti" (medicine).

Lloys Ellis got up and gave him something from his medicine chest: but in the morning they found him dead. With the help of natives from an adjoining kraal, they buried him and erected a cairn over his grave. Then they went on.

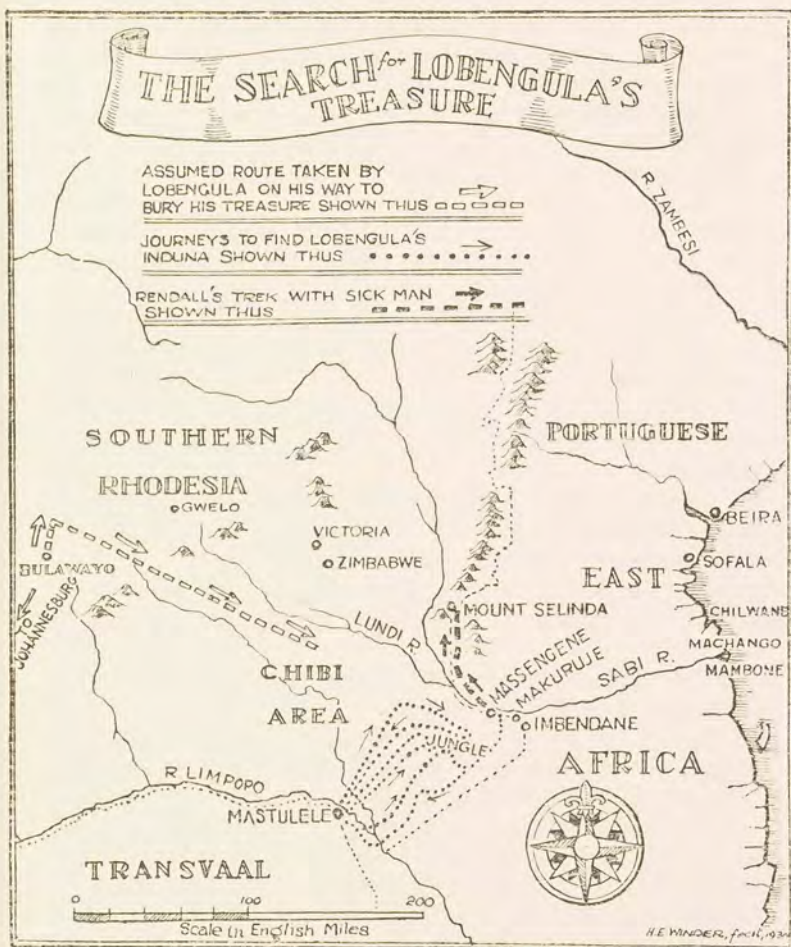
Later, when traversing a fertile valley, they saw a fire burning high upon a ledge, and were struck by the beauty of the spectacle. For near the fire was the camp of a white hunter, and a native moving about, and high above it a stark precipice and a great multitude of scarred clefts filled with bush. The travellers passed on and outspanned. But hardly had they settled down when out of the darkness came an old witch-doctor with his ceremonial bag, magic bones, girdle of leopards' skins, and necklet of sharks' teeth. He squatted down. Around him in a circle were a number of interested admirers. He threw the bones, and studied them closely as they fell, and thus interpreted their message:

"The white man in this valley will kill you," he said. "For he thinks you are seeking what he seeks."

Lloys Ellis bethought him then of the hunter in the valley whose camp-fire they had seen on the rock-ledge, and who might, he felt, have regarded them as trade-rivals in ivory and skins. But nothing came of it. On the contrary, they struck camp and went south, their health improving as they went. And on the way they were constantly impressed with the savage beauty of the jungle; with the fever trees yellow and gaunt and their

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fine leaves spread like maidenhair fern overhead. They saw where the elephant had chewed the bark and had spat it out. The great animals, it seems, press against the



trees with their sage old heads and sway them until they fall. Other things the travellers saw were lovely grey curtains of creeper filling the eye with softest colour, and vast reddish orchids, and carpets of orange flowers.

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II

But still Lobengula's induna had not been found. So, in 1929, Lloys Ellis organized yet another expedition. Acting on information derived from the chief with the disfigured face, he travelled into a remote area one hundred miles from his last objective. Here the mountains had rounded tops of all sizes. He went from kraal to kraal inquiring for the induna who had been Lobengula's man.

And at last he found him. He was lying on his side facing the sun; he looked at least ninety. Shrunk and spent, his limbs like sticks, his eyes glazed, he regarded the white man with a fixed, meaningless smile.

"Are you the induna of Lobengula?" Lloys Ellis asked.

The old man muttered a few words and became silent, smiling monotonously.

A young woman approached and said: "Master, long ago he was Lobengula's man. But now he is too old to remember."

And the white man turned away, beaten once more. Fate and the gods, it seemed, had decreed that the treasure was to remain in its mysterious cache.

But Lloys Ellis will again go north. He has secured additional evidence and is more sanguine than ever of success.

"At the same time," he has said, "if I don't succeed this time, I shan't try again."

Naturally he is not prepared to disclose the new evidence.¹ Meanwhile, somewhere in the Rhodesian Wild under the debris of the decades and shut in by the wall of stone lie the lost millions of Lobengula, guarded as it seems by the ghost of the old King, who, from the rough evidence in these inadequate records, seems as firmly resolved in death as in life that the white man shall not find them.

¹ Lloys Ellis, who is a shrewd man of business, looks upon these expeditions as in the nature of sporting adventure. As an old hunter he loves to renew acquaintance with the bush, and treasure-hunting adds a certain romantic zest to holiday-making in the wild.

CHAPTER IX

THE ADVENTURES OF FARMER FOURIE IN QUEST OF THE LOST HALF OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

I

ONE bright day in 1884 a young man with a Snider rifle might have been seen cautiously picking his way through a deep donga near the Crocodile River in the Transvaal. Like most dongas this had been a game-trail deepened by the rains. Sometimes the "track" went to a depth of twenty feet, and on either side of it thick bush rose to the bronze cliffs of the kopjes.

Tom Cullinan, the rifleman, had been builder, prospector, and anything else a man might be with clean hands; but at that moment he was merely a hunter on the game-trail. Indeed, just then a sudden crackling in the bush had drawn his attention to a herd of buffalo stampeding down the path towards a defile. So narrow was the defile that only one animal could traverse it at a time. Cullinan raised his rifle and fired. The leading animal fell in the head of the ravine, blocking it and preventing the escape of the herd. The buffaloes then turned and made a mad rush towards the hunter, who was presently surrounded by scores of frantic beasts ready to toss and trample anything in their path. Yet they thudded past him harmlessly, all save one which tried to toss him as he went. They got away, even the injured animal in the defile struggling to its feet and lumbering after the rest. For Cullinan's rifle was misfiring. As the thunder of the hoofs died down, Cullinan went out of the donga towards a kopje in the hope of finding other members of his own hunting party, for he knew that they were in the vicinity. And as he looked,

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he saw a buffalo whose hind-quarters had been paralysed by a shot but which was still full of fight. Cullinan's companions on the hill shouted to him to keep away from it, and the indomitable creature tried to charge him as he approached, dragging its hind-quarters in the effort. But the rifle was now in order, and a merciful bullet put an end to its sufferings and, incidentally, provided meals and to spare for the party.

2

The hunters were trekking to Moodie's gold rush. They had decided to go there after one of the worst trade slumps in African history. There was no work, and Cullinan, who had completed his articles in the building trade in 1883 when he was twenty-two, resolved to turn the slump to account and trek to the goldfields. Even if not destined to better his immediate fortunes there was a glamour in the new life, and as will be seen it turned his thoughts in fresh directions and thus brought him great ultimate reward. For two months now his party had trekked by bullock-wagon from Queenstown, through the Lake Chrissie District towards Moodie's, and had passed countless herds of springbok, wildebeest, and hartebeest. Another Queenstown party which had gone up the coast at the same time, proceeding inland from Delagoa Bay to Moodie's, had lost all its mules, and had to proceed on foot. Several died of fever.

At Concession Creek, Moodie's, Cullinan got his first prospecting lesson. He came upon two diggers at the bottom of a muddy hole, with another at the top looking down.

"Who are those men below?" Cullinan inquired of the red-shirted loungers on the surface.

"They runs the claim," was the reply; "the bloke with the spade's Dead-eye Dick, t'other's Holy Ginger . . . reckon'd to stand alone in this camp in a manner o' speakin'. . . A rare preacher; but a poor man still, in spite of it."

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It seemed that they were about to "bottom up," as the diggers' phrase has it; that is to say, to try-out for gold. And Cullinan, interested in all he saw, walked around and found all kinds of rock-crushing contraptions in use on the claims. For example, in one place he saw men rolling a boulder to powder rock placed under it, and he watched a see-saw beam with a man at one end and a chunk of iron at the other pounding ore into dust. It was a busy scene. But the newcomers soon found that all the best claims had been pegged and that there was nothing left for them. So they resolved to return south. They eventually crossed the Witwatersrand, then a game-filled wilderness and now the greatest goldfield in the world, and as they passed they heard that a man behind a local hill—Fred Struben—had struck gold and was working a small battery. Soon afterwards all the world heard that the accidental discovery of the main-reef leader by George Walker had caused a "rush" to this high, windy plateau, and that thousands had trekked to it from Kimberley and Barberton. Thus a great city sprang up on the veld. And the new community was urgently in need of builders. This was Cullinan's opportunity. He went on helping to build Johannesburg for ten years and made enough by then to retire. For a time, indeed, he did retire; but somehow at the back of his mind he felt the call of bygone days and nights in the veld, and realized that a man who has relied on his gun and slept under the stars cannot afterwards leave these things entirely out of his life. And so, in spite of growing prosperity, he went forth looking for diamonds in the wilderness.

3

A year or two later, and just before the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War, a curious scene took place on Prinsloo's farm in the Pretoria district. It was a property containing an imposing eminence like an extinct volcano. A man driving a cart through this property was suddenly

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confronted by the farmer, Prinsloo, who held him up with a gun.

"If you get off that cart," he cried, "I'll shoot. I told you the other day you'll get no option from me. Why come again?"

The man in the cart did not reply, but shrugged his shoulders, turned about, and drove off. As subsequent events proved, this was a historic encounter; for it was an attempt to negotiate for the ground on which the Premier Mine was subsequently found. The story of the discovery of this great mine by Cullinan himself, and of the finding therein of the giant Cullinan diamond, and of the circumstances in which it was presented to King Edward, these make a romance of striking quality, and it will be related briefly in this chapter. But there is another aspect of the matter concerning which nothing has yet been written: the story of Farmer Fourie's search for a supposed missing half of the Cullinan diamond, and of his tragic end. There are authorities who deny the existence of this other half, asserting that the original gem was complete in itself and was not merely a fragment of a larger half. On the other hand certain influential police functionaries not only credit the existence of a missing half, but believe that it is, or was, in the possession of a native in the Pretoria District who had smuggled it out of the Premier Mine.

4

But first, how came the mine to be discovered?

Cullinan, the finder, had long been fascinated by the crater-like eminence on Prinsloo's farm. Bringing a fine sense of reasoning to bear, he had concluded that an adjoining field of alluvial diamonds must have been washed down from some hill within sight, such indeed as that tantalizing yet sacrosanct crater on Prinsloo's farm, guarded ever by the man with the gun.

His own account of his historical discovery¹ is most

¹ As related to the author by Sir Thomas Cullinan in 1928 at Johannesburg.

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interesting, confirming as it does contentions already advanced (in Chapter III) as to the indications which must guide the search for other great diamond-craters in Southern Africa.

"I was prospecting in 1898," states Sir Thomas Cullinan, "in the vicinity of what is now the Premier Mine in the Pretoria District, and I succeeded in getting a farm called 'Fransport' from the then Treasurer-General of the Transvaal, on which I found a small diamond 'pipe' or crater. Certain people were working alluvial diamonds at the time at Beynestpoort, about four miles from that spot. In looking over these fields at Beynestpoort one day I met a man working right up against the wire fence of the farm upon which the Premier Mine was subsequently found. This man showed me a beautiful three-carat blue-white stone, and I then and there came to the conclusion that the whole of the country on which they were working was alluvial, and that its stones had come from some still higher level. I tried to get the farm under option on which the Premier was subsequently found, but failed. The owner, Prinsloo, was somewhat difficult; indeed, when I sent a man to inquire of him whether he would give me the farm under option, he told this man that under no circumstances would he give me any such option nor, he said, did he want to sell his farm, nor must my emissary come again on such business. A few days afterwards, however, thinking that Prinsloo might have changed his mind, I again sent my man. When the farmer saw him approaching he said, 'You had better not get off that cart or I will shoot.' It was obviously useless to try to do business. Then the Boer War intervened. After the war, M. J. Adler helped to float Beynestpoort Farms into a company and began washing the alluvial diamonds. The shares of that concern were standing at about thirty shillings, bringing the value of their company up to £300,000. Prinsloo having in the meantime died, I once more endeavoured to get this farm from the then owner, who happened to be the daughter of the late Prinsloo. Her brother was executor and did the business with me. He made a price of £50,000,

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but when it came to the question of reaching finality on the offer, he remarked that he had overlooked one matter, namely, that his mother had a life-right in the property; whereupon another £2,000 was added. He gave me three days in which to decide whether I would pay him the total sum in cash or not. He said, 'You will find a big mine there.' I replied, 'Yes, everybody is talking about a mine being there. I will give you £3,000 for a three months' option and pay you £100,000 more than you want if at the end of three months such a mine exists.'

"He, however, declared himself satisfied with the £52,000 and said that I could take my chance. I then had a look at the property and found that the alluvial wash extended up the valley leading to the eminence on which the Premier Mine lies, and over the full area of the mine. I found garnets and carbon, the natural indications of a mine, spread pretty well all around. I decided that the diamonds found below must have come from a mine which must be somewhere on the highest point of the hill, which was exactly where the mine afterwards proved to be. My calculations proved correct from the outset, for my first shaft went down into the mine, and, in fact, all my shafts went into mine ground, showing that the extent of diamondiferous ground was so large—3,500 claims—that you could not miss it."

Sir Thomas Cullinan will go down to fame as the man who found the greatest diamond mine; the mine which, as already stated, produced the largest stone yet found, the Cullinan diamond. Mr. Frederick Wells, the surface manager of the mine, saw it glittering up the side of the mine on June 25, 1905, and was given £2,000 as a reward for finding it.

5

The fateful stone caused a political stir in England in Edwardian days. A month after it was found, it was brought to England and shown to King Edward at Buckingham Palace. And a year later, the proposal

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was made that it should be presented to His Majesty. The idea appealed to General Botha, who had taken the statesmanlike view since the Anglo-Boer War that the only hope for South Africa lay in a reconciliation of the differences between English and Dutch.

"Tom," said General Botha to Cullinan one day in Pretoria, "I have been thinking of that big diamond of yours. Sixty per cent of it belongs to the State. And we want to buy your forty per cent. My suggestion is that we, the Transvaal, who are the most recent addition to the Empire, should present the King with the best jewel in the Crown."

Twenty-five years later Sir Thomas Cullinan said, "It was a great thing for him to have done. . . . But Botha was like that: he was a great man."

And so on August 19, 1907, General Botha proposed that the Transvaal Government should acquire the diamond for presentation to the King. The gift was to be in token of the loyalty of the people of the Transvaal and in commemoration of the grant of Responsible Government. The motion was carried by 42 votes to 19. Curiously enough, the British element in the Transvaal Parliament was not enthusiastic about the gift, which they felt had come from an exclusively Dutch section, and although Lord Selborne did his best as High Commissioner to persuade them, and wrote to the King urging him to accept the gift, His Majesty was in no hurry. The British Premier, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, had reminded him that "the grace of the act is less secured by a want of unanimity in the local Parliament." Divided counsels were heard everywhere. The Prince of Wales (now King George V) urged his father to accept the diamond; but Lord Esher, that sturdy old Victorian and man of letters, thought otherwise, advising the King that the Transvaal was "too poor to make such a kingly gift."

In the end, however, King Edward accepted it, announcing his intention in his letter of November 9, 1907, to General Botha through the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"The King commands me to inform your Ministers that

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he accepts for himself and his successors the valuable gift of the Cullinan diamond as being, in the words of your Ministers, 'a token of the loyalty and attachment of the people of the Transvaal to his throne and person,' and he will cause this great and unique diamond to be kept and preserved among the historic jewels which form the heirlooms of the Crown."

And thus on November 7, 1907, the occasion being the King's sixty-sixth birthday, Sir Richard Solomon and Sir Francis Hopwood presented the Cullinan diamond to His Majesty at Sandringham on behalf of the people of the Transvaal.

His Majesty took the keenest interest in the cutting of the stone. The original diamond of $3025\frac{3}{4}$ carats was divided into many other stones. The largest, $516\frac{1}{2}$ carats, about the size of a florin, went into the King's crown, another gem of $309\frac{3}{16}$ was set aside for the Queen's crown. Certain of the smaller stones and 96 brilliants (states Sir Sidney Lee) went to Asscher's in payment for the cutting, and some were acquired by the Transvaal Government and presented to Queen Mary on June 8, 1910.

6

Thus the young hunter who had shot buffalo on the way to Moodie's in '84, and had acquired a love of the prospector's trail, had become a figure of note. He entered the first Transvaal Parliament and enjoyed the friendship of Generals Botha and Smuts. And he used to tell a story which, incidentally, illustrates the familiar footing on which he stood with the Generals. While travelling with them near Tzaneen in the Northern Transvaal an old farmer approached and got into conversation. When the Generals presently moved off, Cullinan remained awhile in further conversation.

"Now that the English are running the country," the old fellow complained, "we can't punish the natives. It's a pity. But I've found a way out. I just tie them up by the feet and tickle them very gently that way."

LOST HALF OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

Cullinan afterwards told the Generals, who were amused at the old man's naïveté. But long after, when the incident might have seemed forgotten, Botha was being attacked in the House one day, and he turned suddenly to Cullinan and whispered with a chuckle, "These fellows deserve to be tied up by the feet and tickled a bit, don't they?"

Botha's sense of humour prevented him from seeing the worst of a situation.¹ It kept his sympathies bright: and helped him to realize the other man's point of view. He lit the torch of racial toleration. And his gift to King Edward of the Cullinan diamond was not only a conciliatory gesture, but was also an eloquent expression of his determination that the Transvaal should yet be the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown.

¹ General Botha had a great fund of war stories. A certain incident which appealed to him particularly, and which he once related to Cullinan, had, he said, involved him in the fright of his life. It was an adventure with a Zulu impi. After the British had won the Zulu war, Dinizulu, the recognized chief, found himself at loggerheads with his rival, Xibepu. As Dinizulu was being worsted, he invited the Boers to assist him and promised them in return a large number of farms. Dinizulu was enabled to overcome his rival with the help of the Dutch, and he redeemed his promise by making them land payments. General Lukas Meyer thereupon commissioned General Botha, then a young man, to measure the land off and to set up beacons as landmarks.

One day, after many fatiguing hours in the saddle setting up beacons, Botha took shelter at night in a shanty belonging to a trader, and fell asleep. He was presently awakened. A Zulu had aroused him. Through the window he saw that the moon had risen. The place was surrounded by a Zulu impi and every warrior was carrying a spear. They were chanting ominously: "We have come to kill the white man."

"Who are you?" roared Botha in that commanding voice of his.

"We are the warriors of Dinizulu," was the reply.

"But I have been on your side."

The chanting ceased. The regiment was ordered to lower its spears, its leader having mistakenly imagined that this white man had been on the side of Xibepu.

His most humorous experience, he used to say, was at Heidelberg, during the Anglo-Boer War, just after the Dutch had captured a British convoy on its way from Natal to Pretoria. The Boers had been busily looting the wagons, and one serious old greybeard who had got in late for the spoils, but who had nevertheless managed to load one of his own wagons with loot, came up to Botha with an open tin of oysters saying: "Wie sal my'n blikkie konfyt gee vir hierdie blikkie voel pensies?" (Who will give me a tin of jam for this little tin of birds' stomachs?)

The assertion that the great diamond was only a fragment of a much larger gem which had been stolen by a native and smuggled off the Premier Mine presently assumed considerable prominence, and caused the mine authorities some concern. They did not favour the belief that another half existed, indeed asserted positively that the Cullinan diamond was a whole gem and not a part of one. On the other hand they felt that they ought not to neglect rumours which suggested that a very large diamond, whether another portion of the Cullinan or not, had been stolen by a native from the mine.¹ While sceptical, they left nothing to chance. Which, indeed, was wise; for, as previously suggested, more than one highly-placed police officer has held to the belief that such another half existed, and perhaps still exists. But now rumours concerning it reached the ears of a certain ex-farmer in Pretoria named Fourie. This man, as will be seen hereafter, ended his career on the scaffold; but his sinister life embraced no stranger experience than his adventures in search of the "missing half" of the Cullinan diamond. He was a tall, gaunt man with broad shoulders, shaggy hair, and lowering eyes. Once, indeed, he had been a prosperous farmer, but in these latter days had become something of an outcast. And rumours of the "missing half" set his cumbrous mind to work, until he was resolved by fair means or unfair to possess himself of the stone.

He had heard that the native owner was prepared

¹ When the Premier Mine began operating, Cullinan, with considerable knowledge of the measures adopted at Kimberley to combat theft, made elaborate plans to prevent losses. He applied all the experience of De Beers and more, to his defensive measures. White men were watched as they worked; the natives when they left the service of the mine were placed in a detention compound for a week or more. Their clothing was changed and searched, and even the latrines were mirrored so that the occupants were always under surveillance. Notwithstanding this, thefts occurred. One worker got away with diamonds by tucking them into his pipe-bowl; and it is possible that natives occasionally threw diamonds over the mine-fence.

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to sell it for a thousand pounds; that it was much larger than that presented to the King; that the native would only sell for gold; and that he was excessively cautious, knowing well that if trapped he would forfeit it and go to jail. He was even said to have buried it and to have surrounded himself with a multitude of intermediaries. A determined man, however, knows no barriers and Fourie somehow managed to make it clear that he meant business. And he arranged to meet this man one night somewhere in the bush between Pretoria and the Premier Mine to transact a deal. At night thereabouts the lights of Pretoria are rivalled by the glow in the sky from the distant diamond crater, and the country between is sparsely populated.

8

Fourie drove out in a cart. He did not take with him the stipulated thousand in gold, but a great bag of leaden discs covered with a hundred sovereigns. He reached the meeting-place near a kopje; and presently the native emerged out of the darkness. He was tall, lightly clad, carried a lantern, and seemed nervous. Telling the story afterwards Fourie said he suspected that the native was armed, for he carried an open revolver holster; and he probably had supporters not far away: in fact the distant sound of native voices, which carry far on a quiet night, was distinctly audible.

"What is the word you were to say?" he asked Fourie, keeping his hand on his holster.

"*Bulala.*"

"Yes . . . Then where is the money?"

Fourie indicated the bag. The native asked the two white men to retire a few paces and then brought the lantern closer and thrust his hand deeply into the bag. He instantly discovered the leaden discs, and stepping back, extinguished the lantern by dashing it to the ground, and vanished in the darkness. And although Fourie and his assistant gave chase the native had no difficulty in

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escaping. Nor was the diamond seen; nor indeed has it ever been seen by a white man, although still much discussed among the natives.

9

If murder can be a fine art Fourie was certainly no artist. The capital crime with which he was subsequently charged, and which at the last led him to make a remarkable statement about the diamond in the condemned cell, was typical of the obviousness of his mind. So incapable was he of covering his tracks, so unimaginative, that it seems unlikely that he invented the story of the encounter with the native diamond thief in the bush between Pretoria and the Premier Mine. The substitution of discs of lead and leather for coin was the commonest kind of fraud. And in this case it was executed very clumsily.

However, the murder of the Chief Thomas Mathibe is a crime which, by reason of Fourie's statement in the condemned cell, is pertinent to this narrative.

10

There had been considerable friction in 1910 over the chieftaincy of the Bahwaduba tribe which dwelt near Pretoria. The Chief Amos Mathibe had been deposed by order of the Government. His younger brother, Thomas Mathibe, had been appointed in his stead. The deposed chief had been escorted away from his tribal home and sent to Barberton. His complaints and petitions for reinstatement reached the authorities frequently but without effect; and the decree of deposition held. He gradually became embittered. Some sided with him. For example, one of his half-brothers, Jacob; and the two never ceased to proclaim the "injustice" of the sentence. When Fourie, who was then badly in need of money, heard of this tribal trouble, he either approached or was

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approached by the half-brother Jacob, who promised to pay him one hundred pounds to poison the Chief Thomas Mathibe. Fourie undertook the commission. On October 27, 1910, he engaged a cab, drove across to the chief's lands, and interviewed him upon a matter of recruiting. He said he wanted to recruit labour for personal enterprises. The next morning he handed the chief a propitiatory glass of brandy, which the man swallowed; but on returning the glass, the Chief remarked, several witnesses being present, "someone has put 'medicine' into that." Then he sat down, speechless and trembling, and presently became unconscious and died. Fourie drove away. But before he did so one of the attendants requested him to write down his name on a piece of paper. He complied and thus completed a pretty chain of evidence against himself. Fourie was arrested with the ex-chief Amos and the half-brother Jacob. They were prosecuted by the Attorney-General, Charles de Villiers. Amos was found not guilty and acquitted. Jacob and Fourie were sentenced to death and hanged. Fourie's last words in his cell were, "I alone know the man who has the other half of the great diamond. He is a man of Mathibe's tribe. . . . Had it not been for the diamond I should never have got into this trouble. For while searching for it I got to know this business of the tribe."

And that is where the story ends. But who can believe that Fourie, blundering and unimaginative as he was, could have elaborated the story of the drama on the veld, or have invented the explanation of his association with the Bahwadubas? It would seem that if ever Fourie was sincere he was assuredly so in his belief in the existence of a diamond greater than that which today is the proudest jewel in the Crown of the King.

CHAPTER X

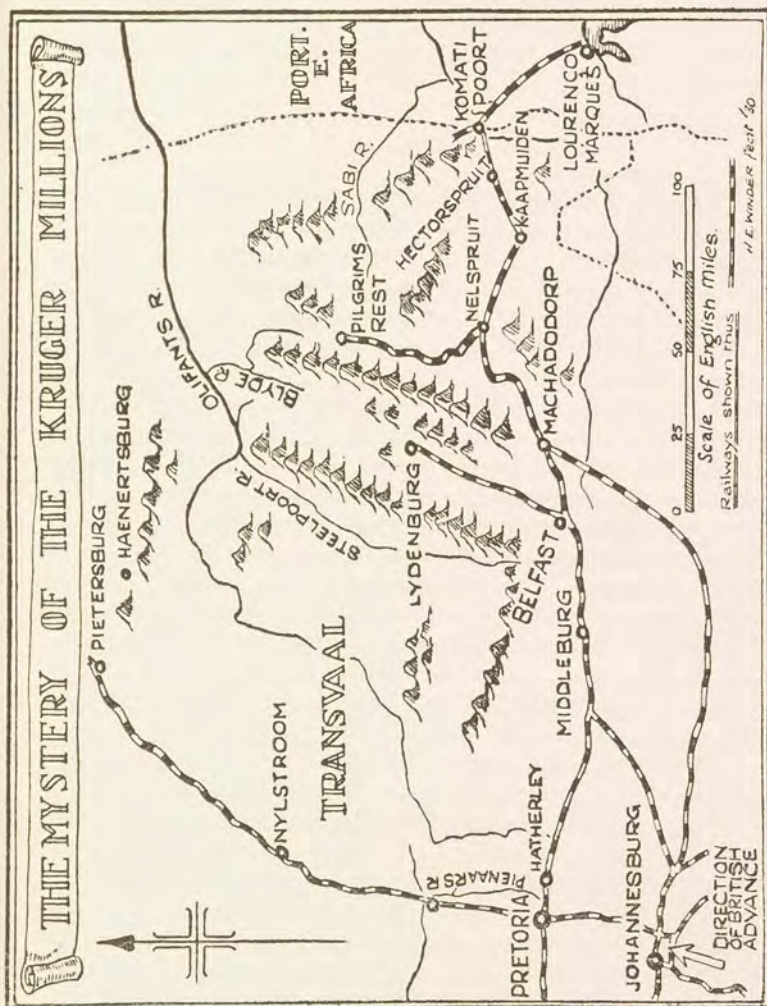
THE MYSTERY OF THE KRUGER MILLIONS

I

WHEN President Kruger, that rugged old Calvinist and Great-heart of the Bible, left Pretoria one night in 1900 and retired in his railway coach along the line to Lourenço Marques before the advancing British who had invaded the Transvaal, did he first empty the Republican chests and take with him quantities of sovereigns as well as a great treasure in bar gold sent him by Dr. F. E. T. Krause, Commandant of Johannesburg? Many believe that he did, that he had a vast hoard of gold with him on the Presidential train, and that as he took less than £100,000 of the treasure out of the country, much must have gone astray.

That belief has opened the pockets of investors, closed the consciences of scoundrels, and inspired the invention of liars. The missing treasure has become known as "The Kruger Millions." And the last word about it, of affirmation or denial, has not even yet been said. The probability is, nevertheless, that a considerable number of gold bars disappeared.

The old President's slow retreat to the East African coast, every mile bringing him nearer the Portuguese Border, to Lourenço Marques, and to self-appointed exile, was indeed a grim recession. He sought pathetically to sustain the last vestiges of Republican authority by the issue of proclamations from his railway carriage. The capital of the Republic became the railway carriage. In July, 1900, he was at Machadodorp and Waterval Onder. Then, after victories by Buller and Roberts, the Presidential coach went on to Nelspruit, where a big Republican council of war was held at which the President's position



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was thoroughly discussed. And in consequence of his age, infirmity, and inability to ride out with the Commandos, it was resolved to give him six months' leave to Europe, that he might preach there the cause of the Boers.

2

But it was while his coach stood in the Nelspruit Siding that most of the Republican treasure seems to have been dispersed. That such treasure existed is beyond question. Indeed, in the course of this narrative evidence will be led to show that contrary to the assertions of old and deservedly trusted Republicans whose integrity is unquestioned, but whose knowledge is faulty, gold worth over £2,000,000 was taken by the Boers from the Johannesburg mines between the outbreak of war and the British occupation of the town; moreover, that of this, no less than 120,000 ounces of raw gold, or roughly £500,000, was dispatched by wagon to President Kruger at the time of his departure from Pretoria and was received by him at Machadodorp. That evidence is beyond question. What, then, happened to the gold? Before setting forth more fully the evidence concerning the amount of it taken by the Republicans from the mines, it would be well to consider the disclosures as to its fate made by Kruger's old coachman, Swartz. For this was roughly what he said:

"One night, just before Lord Roberts entered Pretoria at the end of his march from Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, I took the escaping President away from the Residency in a 'spider.' I drove him to Hatherley Station on the Delagoa Bay line. At Hatherley there were gathered to receive him certain members of the Volksraad, and Jacobz, the State-Attorney, who presently instructed me to return to Pretoria to deny any stories in circulation to the effect that His Honour had deserted the Commandos.¹ I fulfilled the mission faithfully, and then returned from Pretoria by special train that night, and

¹ President Kruger's immediate intention was only to shift the seat of Government.

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rejoined my old master at Middelburg the following afternoon. Kruger said to me gruffly as I came up: 'I thought you had given me away as you were late in coming.' The train went on to Waterval Onder and Nelspruit, where we lived in railway coaches in a small siding for five weeks." (It was from that point, as already suggested, that the fate of the treasure becomes obscure.)

"During the first week we were at Nelspruit," Swartz said, "two ox-wagons laden with bar gold and not minted were dispatched to Spitzkop in the Drakensberg (Mountains). Moreover, I afterwards rode out with General Meyer from Nelspruit through Bremersdorp (Swaziland) and to Komati River, where we buried—at a spot between the Zwart Pelose and Witte Pelose—a number of boxes containing gold. . . . After General Meyer had pointed out the spot where the treasure must be buried we went back to the railway at Nelspruit over the mountain, putting up at Barberton for the night." (Here it is proper to observe that Republican officials have since contended that the boxes must have contained ammunition, and not gold. Swartz's narrative continues, however, in a still more circumstantial vein.)

"We fell in with President Kruger and the Government again at Nelspruit, and about eleven days later a certain European, who is still alive, and who was in charge of gold at P——, came to the camp and informed President Kruger, in my presence, that General Buller was breaking through at Dalmanutha, and that it was hopeless for him to transport gold through the bushveld. President Kruger informed him that if there was no hope, the gold must be buried at a place near the Devil's Knuckles.

"Those instructions, as far as I know, were carried out. President Kruger's informant, who is now a rich man, was responsible for the guardianship of the treasure, and he knows precisely what became of it.

"When this man left us we remained for some time at Nelspruit, until we were forced to leave for Hector Spruit, where I parted from President Kruger, who went over the border to Delagoa Bay.

"General Schalk Burger then acted as President of the

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Transvaal, and one day he informed me that some three thousand dismounted burghers in our camp wanted to loot the cars where the Republican war-chests had been stowed away. There were still eleven cases of Government gold, including many flat quids and sovereigns with rings round them, and I was ordered by General Burger and Mr. Jacobz to remove them in President Kruger's cart to a safe spot. I took the cases away in General Burger's presence, and I also removed a big iron box, about 18 inches square, which was full of Republican blue-black notes. I drove off in the spider, with President Kruger's six horses, from Hector Spruit, through the bushveld to Totosberg, Middelburg district, and then returned the whole of the money to General Burger and the members of the Government.

"During my stay there certain cases of money were handed to President Kruger's old bodyguard of mounted police, who were instructed to proceed to the different field headquarters of the fighting generals and distribute funds for carrying on the war. I remained behind, and a few days later, after the mounted police had left on their various distant destinations, I joined General Beyers's volunteer force of 1,000 men, mostly Germans and Irish, and served with them as lieutenant until the close of hostilities.

"There is no man to-day," concluded Swartz, "who knows more about the old Republican treasure than I do. I am probably the only member still alive of President Kruger's personal staff, and I can safely say that I have been true to my trust. Where the gold has gone that was certainly buried near the Komati River and Spitzkop, I do not know. The P—— man can solve the mystery of the Republican gold in his area. The current coin of flat sovereigns handed to the mounted police must have been circulated amongst the burghers in the field at the time."

3

As stated, old officials and their descendants affirm that these supposed gold convoys were merely ammunition

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wagons loaded with boxes covered with sails and tarpaulins; and they are inclined to scoff at tales of buried gold. For example, Colonel Deneys Reitz, son of ex-President Reitz and author of that admirable book "On Commando," declared publicly at a luncheon at the Cape Town Rotary Club in February, 1929, that the President had little more with him at the time of his retreat than £60,000 to £80,000 in bar gold, and that he took this to Marseilles, where it was sold to support Boer War refugees. Colonel Reitz went on to explain how the "picturesque illusion" of Kruger treasure began, and to do this he referred to the Presidential retreat along the railway line towards Lourenço Marques.

"In the course of time," he said, "our commandos got pushed down towards the Portuguese border. At one point there were truck-loads of stuff, under an armed guard, covered with tarpaulins. Seeing these trucks standing there under this armed guard the story got about that there were millions of bar gold in them. To add to the credibility of the story, wagons also under armed guard were taken to these trucks, and we saw them loaded with cases in the fitful light of lanterns, and then disappear into the night. The fact is that these trucks contained ammunition and shells and were being distributed by General Botha to various parts of the bushveld for the guerrilla warfare then starting. This furtive departure started the rumours afresh. The story got round by some means or another that the gold was being sent into the bushveld. But it was not gold: it was ammunition."

4

There is, however, a very serious objection to the entire acceptance of Colonel Deneys Reitz's view of the imaginary character of this treasure, and that is Dr. F. E. T. Krause's definite statement, as Commandant of Johannesburg, that just before Lord Roberts seized Johannesburg he (Krause) sent the President 120,000 ounces of bar gold, worth nearly £500,000, even if allowances are made

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for the impurities it contained as the result of war-time methods of ore-reduction. The circumstances in which gold had been mined by the Republicans, and how just before Lord Roberts entered the town the great quantity mentioned was assembled at the Robinson Mine, and how it reached the President at Machadodorp, all make it abundantly clear that a great treasure must have accompanied His Honour on his journey to the coast.

What, then, are the facts?

The records of the Chamber of Mines indicate that the value of metal mined from twelve gold mines in and around Johannesburg during the Republican occupation was no less than £2,024,278. Of this, £328,467 was obtained from the Robinson Mine, a fact that, in view of later happenings, the reader is invited to bear particularly in mind. The next largest yields were £173,470 from the Ferreira Deep Mine, and £159,919 from the Ferreira Mine, with several other amounts exceeding £100,000 each from other mines. The Chamber's record states that this gold was produced between November, 1899, and May, 1901, inclusive. Lord Roberts did not occupy Johannesburg until May 27, 1900; but the mines remained closed until May 4, 1901, when their long inactivity was broken by the dropping of 50 stamps at the Meyer and Charlton Gold Mine, the British Commander-in-Chief being present. There was an opening ceremony. The Robinson and Treasury Mines started up on May 6, 1901, but any gold won from these mines is not included in the figure of £2,024,278.

Thus we have it that that great sum must have been taken from the mines before Lord Roberts's arrival, by the Republicans, who sent it in bar form across to Pretoria. As Lord Roberts approached the Johannesburg gold mines on his victorious northward march from Bloemfontein, Dr. Krause, the Republican Commandant of Johannesburg, who played a most admirable part in preserving order, made up his mind to dispatch the 120,000 ounces of gold assembled on the Robinson Mine. He decided to send it to the President in trollies escorted by "Veld Politie" or mounted Republican Police. The

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officer in charge of the convoy subsequently reported that the gold had been handed over to the Republican authorities in Pretoria. Dr. Krause was further informed that the gold had been re-dispatched from Pretoria to the President at Machadodorp.

In considering this problem of the Kruger treasure, therefore—whether it existed or not—there is no more important evidence than the fact that gold bars worth £500,000 were sent to the President's railway coach at Machadodorp. It is equally certain that His Honour had previously taken a considerable sum with him from the Pretoria Treasury. And it is beyond question that within a few months over two millions in gold had been taken from the mines of Johannesburg and sent to Pretoria.

5

When the advance of Lord Roberts on Johannesburg was recognized as irresistible, some of the more extreme Republicans in Pretoria began to plan the destruction of the mines. Judge de Kock was a leader of the movement, and he possessed a document empowering him to go to Johannesburg to co-opt officials to destroy the mine. In spite of this Dr. Krause was determined to protect them, and to serve the Republic by dispatching all available gold to the President.

Two days before Lord Roberts entered Johannesburg, Judge de Kock rode into the town at the head of a commando of one hundred men. His eye fell upon a great quantity of bar gold at the Robinson Mine ready for dispatch to Pretoria, and the sight of it when the British were so near the town angered him so that he galloped with his men to the mine office, where Dr. Krause happened to be in conclave with Commandant Van Diggelen, the Republican official in charge of mine police. He intended firstly to protest against the non-dispatch of the gold, and then to require the co-operation of Dr. Krause and Commandant Van Diggelen in the destruction of the mines. De Kock left his men halted outside the office and went inside to see Dr. Krause.

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"I am here to blow up the mines," he said; "and I protest against this gold being still here instead of in Pretoria."

Dr. Krause locked the door. A moment later he and Van Diggelen had thrown themselves upon de Kock and overpowered him. Then Dr. Krause hurried outside, flourished a sheaf of papers, and addressed the Commando.

"Where is our officer?" they demanded as he came out.

"Inside, discussing important operations. . . . Who is in charge here?" Dr. Krause inquired.

"I, Captain McCallum," replied one of the Commando.

"Your General wants you to take up positions on the Ferreira Mine. The British are advancing and General Botha needs assistance."

The ruse succeeded. In a few seconds the Commando was galloping off in a cloud of dust, and the mines were saved. Judge de Kock was escorted back to Pretoria. General Botha that afternoon entirely approved Dr. Krause's action in the matter.

Shortly afterwards the veld police convoyed the gold to Pretoria.

6

A Republican officer of the highest standing and integrity recently stated that "the President must have taken money and bar gold with him on leaving Pretoria—that is beyond question—although it is very difficult to state how much. There was a substantial surplus in the Treasury when the war broke out in 1899, and this was used in the beginning to finance operations. Before that, large quantities of ammunition and guns had been imported and paid for, as the result of an apprehended attack by the British, for there had been the experience of the Jameson Raid.

"I believe, also, that 'Sammy' Marks granted a loan to the Government, and I have a distinct recollection that the President himself advanced £30,000 by way of loan to the Republican States—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—which were at war with Great Britain."

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It is clear, nevertheless, that the President took with him no inconsiderable sum when he left Pretoria; also that the £500,000 in bar gold must have reached him at Machadodorp. What then happened to it? Was some part of it detached and buried near the railway line; or was most of it minted officially in a rough crucible out on the veld? At that time, of course, the President had begun to produce the smooth and dieless sovereigns that circulated subsequently among the burghers, and it was said that they were minted near the Presidential train from bar gold smelted in a rude crucible with cow-dung fuel and hand-blown bellows. It is, however, at this point that the fate of the gold becomes mysterious. Some of it was convoyed to the burghers as Swartz has stated in his narrative, and some may have been buried. A number of incidents occurred just then which confirm Swartz's story of gold convoys out on the veld.

7

Some months after the capture of Johannesburg by the British, various military units had penetrated the Transvaal, and one detachment known as "The Stock Riders," was forty miles north of Pretoria in the vicinity of Pienaars River. Their task was to round-up stock which had strayed into the bush as the result of war conditions. Trooper R—— was scouring the veld for stock one day with a relative of the old Chief Magato, who had died in 1897, when this native, whose word he had no reason to doubt, told him of a strange experience which had befallen him nine months before.

One night, he said, he was summoned by certain white men to Pienaars River Station on the line between Pretoria and Pietersburg. There he and other natives were ordered to load raw gold upon a wagon from a train. They handled and carried the gold between the train and the wagon, after which they accompanied it as far as Pienaars River itself where the white men turned them back. The heavily-laden vehicle went on meanwhile

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towards the hills at Haenertsburg. Significantly enough, the incident took place shortly after the President received the large consignment of Johannesburg gold at Machadodorp, and it seems possible, therefore, that the gold bars unloaded mysteriously at Pienaars River were part of Dr. Krause's original consignment to the President.

Trooper R—— was keenly interested. He determined to go with the native across the river to examine the area in the forlorn hope of coming upon the wagon and the cache. Every time they approached the region, however, they were sniped at and the trooper gave up the project at last and returned to his stock-collecting.

8

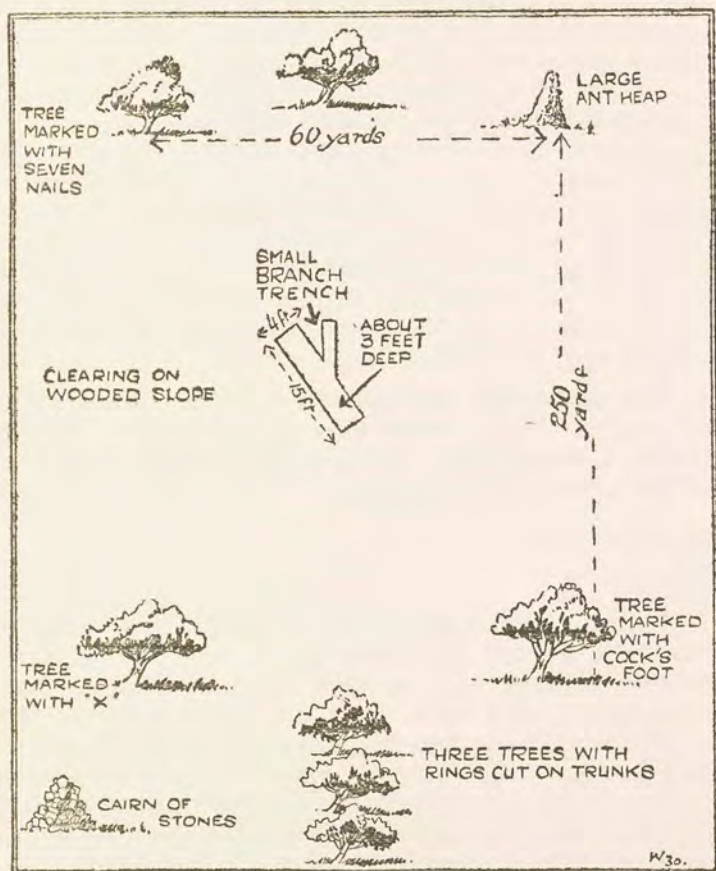
"The Adventure of the Seven Rusty Nails" would be an appropriate title for the remarkable story of M. M. Van Niekerk's search for the Kruger Millions. His was a tale of dead men's gold. As a member of the old Republican forces, he had been on the track of the Kruger treasure since the Anglo-Boer War (which terminated in 1902). He had heard of a gold convoy beset by the British in a remote part of the Sabie Reserve north of the Pretoria—Delagoa Bay line, a convoy which had buried its gold in a trench to prevent capture. The trench had been sited on bearings taken from trees marked respectively with seven nails, a cross, and a cock's foot.

After many years, Van Niekerk got on the track of a survivor of the party that had buried this gold. This survivor was Charlton Denton, a blacksmith of Randfontein, on the western Rand. Van Niekerk visited this man in 1920 at Randfontein, questioned him concerning the convoy and, in the gloom of his blacksmith's shop with the glow of the forge for light, obtained from him the following remarkable statement:

I, John Charlton Denton of Randfontein, Transvaal, this twenty-seventh day of April, 1920, do hereby declare that I was not with the party at the time the treasure was buried; but on my return to rejoin the

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party I found that they had already buried it. The spot, together with certain landmarks, was pointed out to me by a Mr. Stoltz, who is now dead. There-



Map to illustrate Van Niekerk's search for the Kruger millions, and the "Clue of the Seven Rusty Nails."

fore I am aware of the spot where the treasure is buried. As far as I know, I am the only survivor of the party that concealed the gold.

I now agree to take an equal part with the three

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persons helping me, in the reward, which is to be divided into four equal parts. I shall also make known the number of cases and packages that we buried. And I am personally prepared, for the said consideration, to go with M. M. Van Niekerk in order to point out the place where Stoltz told me the money was hidden.

There were fourteen ammunition boxes of bar gold, and four boxes of defaced gold sovereigns.

I agree to do this on condition that Van Niekerk shall promise to protect me by securing from the Government authorities a duly and properly signed letter wherein is stipulated the consideration to be paid to me for revealing the secret of the hiding place of the treasure.

It is understood that the three assistants who are to help me recover the money are M. M. Van Niekerk, H. Kruger, and J. Hutchings.

This declaration was witnessed by L. Barrett and H. Kruger. Van Niekerk then prevailed upon Denton to draw a rough plan of the spot where the treasure was buried. (See previous page.)

9

And thus it came about that, one day in August, 1920, four men set out for Komatipoort with the hope of treasure running high in their hearts. They reached Komatipoort, and went on to the Sabie Reserve, the haunt of wild game, where they reported to Major Hamilton, chief Warden of the Reserve. This officer sent them on to C. R. de la Porte, ranger of the Government game reserve at Rolle. The ranger provided them with a gang of natives and, reinforced by a party of police, the four went on.

According to Denton's recollection, the gold was hidden about forty miles from Rolle. The party trekked over the hilly country, which is thickly wooded in that part, until they came upon a natural clearing. It was situated on a slope and was encircled with grass six feet high, and in this miniature forest, which swayed and moaned in the wind, the four adventurers consulted their

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chart while the rest stood by. As stated, mention had been made on the map of a tree with seven nails hammered into its stem, and this landmark was sought for everywhere.

A wild shout of delight presently hailed its discovery by one of the party. In great excitement the men gathered round and counted there in the bark the seven rusty nails!

Sixty yards due north of this, the ant-heap shown on the chart was found. Two hundred and fifty paces east of the tree containing the seven nails, two trees were discovered bearing a cross and a cock's foot. The cairn of stones and the other trees bearing rings were also found. In growing excitement, the distance to the trench shown on the plan was then paced off. They had found the spot clearly. But what disappointment now confronted them! They found themselves staring into an open trench fifteen feet long and overgrown with weeds! It was clear that the treasure had been removed years before. The natives in the party dug about the spot for days until the job was abandoned. As the melancholy party returned, the ranger said: "Well, I'm glad you've cleared the point up, because it will now stop people from rushing with maps all over the reserve."

But no point had been cleared up. And there the matter rests, with the general conviction, doubtless, that some of those who originally performed the burial rites had been present at the exhumation.

IO

Von Veltheim, the international criminal who assumed the names of Carl Kurt Louis Woerder, Louis Platten Kurtze, Captain Jackson, and Captain Vincent, was one of the first to exploit public belief in a great Kruger treasure. The real name of this man is Karl Frederic Moritz Kurtze, and he was born at Allhausen, in Brunswick, on December 4, 1857. His amazing record has been one long story of fraud and blackmail. He went to sea as a youth, joined the German Navy in 1880, and deserted in the same year. On that occasion he was suspected of stealing a gold watch and seal bearing the family crest of Captain Von

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Veltheim who commanded the ship to which he was attached, and whose name he impudently appropriated. He tried to join Stanley, the explorer, and hurried after him to Zanzibar. He fought with the Bulgars. His criminal propensities included the deception of moneyed women, one of whom, Frau Mattis, of Neustadt, committed suicide after he had had £28,000 from her. In 1897 he went to South Africa and joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. By some fantastic coincidence just then the body of a man of great stature was removed from the Thames and identified erroneously as that of Von Veltheim. There were obituary notices in the Press, some of which came to the notice of the Cape authorities and led to the discovery of his identity and his dismissal from the corps. Pretending then to be a political agent watching President Kruger, he came to Johannesburg, blackmailed and shot Woolf Joel, was arrested for murder, and acquitted.

II

Von Veltheim's last appearance in Africa, in 1929, was connected with the Kruger millions. He had already suffered imprisonment in Germany in 1924 for inducing a Magdeburg merchant to provide the funds to search for £100,000's worth of gold bars buried in the Transvaal, and he actually had the temerity to tell the German Court that the gold had been unearthed and would arrive in Germany in eight weeks. It is still on the way! But the Kruger million mystery was after Von Veltheim's own heart and he made up his mind to continue to exploit it. And so, upon the expiration of his sentence at Magdeburg, he left Germany, travelled South to Milan, and sailed for Beira (on the Portuguese East Coast) by the s.s. *Usambara*. As soon as he landed at Beira he got into touch with a Portuguese named Fialho, editor of a small local paper—the *Comércio da Beira*—with the intention of making use of him to enter the Union. Always a master of tactful approach Von Veltheim was soon on cordial terms with Fialho, so that

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the German giant and his Latin shadow were presently seen taking long walks together. These enabled Von Veltheim to impress his companion with his unsurpassed store of experience in five continents. He mentioned friendship with President Kruger, and hinted at the possession of invaluable documents; and then, enjoining secrecy on Fialho, told him he knew where the President's treasure was hidden and showed him faked sketches and maps marked to indicate precisely where two wagons with boxes full of sovereigns and precious stones had been buried. Naturally these confidences excited Fialho, who had not the slightest idea of the identity of his companion. Indeed the suavity and boundless plausibility of the man rather suggested the travelled gentleman. Then Von Veltheim admitted that he was running short of funds. He said he wanted a partner to help to recover the treasure which was now "nobody's property." Ultimately Fialho agreed to finance a journey into the Transvaal upon certain conditions, to which Von Veltheim did not readily assent, his assumed reluctance adding verisimilitude to his story.

12

Then they left for Rhodesia, Fialho paying all expenses. The latter was anxious to make direct for the cache, but Von Veltheim declined to be hurried. He wanted to travel slowly, he said, lest they should excite suspicion, and he took the opportunity to explain that he had been deported from the Union for political reasons and did not wish to be recognized. Eventually they crossed the Rhodesian border into the Transvaal. Then they directed their steps into the bush "near the place where the millions were hidden." At night they would roam about, peering into shadows by the light of the moon.

"I am getting old," Von Veltheim would grumble; "I can't recall where the wagons were buried."

It struck Fialho then that the ways of this man who would only go into the veld at night were strange, and he

noted with misgiving that the giant's good humour had given way to marked truculence.

One day Von Veltheim admitted that he had killed a man, Woolf Joel, in Johannesburg in self-defence; and Fialho began to feel that his companion might also put him out of the way. He still believed that Von Veltheim knew where the gold was, but was resolved not to share it. And so Fialho, who is an honest man, made up his mind as to the real character of his companion, and decided to cut his loss. He therefore abandoned Von Veltheim, went back by rail to Beira, and took steamer for Angola. Meanwhile Von Veltheim found other companions, and appeared at a hotel on the Pretoria-Johannesburg Road, where he put up under an assumed name; but he was arrested, and deported from the Union.

13

A certain Pretorian perpetrated another fraud in connection with the Kruger treasure. He visited an Anglo-Boer War Commandant at Standerton one day and said to him:

"Commandant, you may not remember me, but I was with you on Commando in the Anglo-Boer War."

"I do not remember you."

"Doubtless, because I was only a youth then. But I have never forgotten you. And now I have some information for you."

He then told him that while prospecting near Lydenburg, north of the Pretoria-Lourenço Marques line, he had come across a curious depression in the ground, and had begun to dig there. He eventually uncovered some old boxes, the wooden casing of which was rotten. Inside was a quantity of bar gold, and certain papers on which he had descried in faded writing the name "Van Velden." As the bars were too heavy to move, he had filed some of the gold from them, and was now prepared to leave the filings with his old Commandant to be tested. If the tests were satisfactory he would be ready to bring one of the bars with him to an appointed spot where they could test it together.

The grey-beard was a trifle sceptical. Nevertheless,



How Tshaka slew the mad cattle-robber who had smoked the hemp-horn of strength



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he had the filings tested. They proved to be pure gold, Then he accepted a meeting-place in the veld, his informant successfully pretending reluctance to enter the town, and there in the bush the younger man produced a heavy yellow bar and invited the Commandant to file or chisel off any portion of it. The Commandant set to work at one end, but made such slow progress that his companion took the tools from him and removed a piece the size of a man's thumb. Then they parted, the Commandant agreeing that if this test was satisfactory he would pay £200 for the rest of the bar. The test was made. It indicated pure gold. In great jubilation the excited Commandant and his wife paid over the money in the bedroom of their house and received in return the bar from which the fragment had been sawn. They took the utmost care of it, keeping it under the mattress of the bed with the intention of reporting the find and claiming the reward of treasure-trove.

Alas! their hopes were shattered; for the sawn-off fragment did not fit the bar, which indeed proved to be brass! The swindler was arrested and sent to jail, and at the moment (1930) he is undergoing another sentence of three years for a subsequent and exactly similar fraud perpetrated behind the Pretoria North kopjes.

14

Admittedly there have been many frauds based on belief in this treasure. But they have no bearing on the real question of its existence. The fact is, that in view of the uncertainty of transport conditions in the war, of the confusion caused by attacks on convoys, and the general accessibility of bar gold transported in wagons across the veld, it would be surprising if the Kruger gold had remained intact. Indeed, there is rather more than a presumption that it did not. For there are men in Johannesburg to-day who handled Republican gold long after the conclusion of the war. Some of it was still in a cottage in Pretoria in 1905; and it is beyond question that a quantity was sold in Australia after that.

CHAPTER XI

HOW LEWIS THE HUNTER LOST THE KAMAHHERERO CONCESSIONS

I

IT was common talk in Cape Town some forty years ago that had Robert Lewis, the hunter of the "South-west," kept on his hunting trail, he would have amassed enormous wealth. For he had been one of the first to go inland from Walvis Bay in 1858, when the country was still a virgin field for ivory and ostrich feathers, with priceless tribal markets for trade.

Lewis went forth daily with his gun and his Bushman trackers. The yellow dwarfs liked him and helped him, for he solved the problem of their food. And he never wearied of watching them reading the riddle of the veld, casting betimes fine sand into the air to test the wind, and thus deciding the direction for the day. And thereafter the Bushmen would creep on silently towards some horizon shortened by sand dunes, and would interpret to Lewis on their fingers the message of the spoor, until presently they would start some duiker and run it to a kill.

As Lewis shot his game the Bushmen would stand by like gnomes and laughingly exclaim, "Gai koms!" (big stomach), which signifies a hero or great man. Thus wealth from skins, ivory, and feathers, constantly accumulated until the black-bearded hunter had good reason to sit whistling merrily in his tent, his wide-brimmed hat ever on his head, indoors and out, and his busy fingers sorting the spoils for the Cape Town market.

Had he continued thus all would have been well. Unfortunately, the day came when he was lured away on that dead men's trail, the gold prospect. The Herero

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tribesmen, who had a warm respect for him, gave him invaluable concessions; ceded, in fact, a monopoly of mining and railway building in their country. The prospect of sudden and enormous wealth enticed him from his hunting, which indeed was fatal, for the Germans who were establishing themselves in the country soon repudiated his major claims. Ultimately they regarded his pretensions as hostile, and during one of his absences from the country declined to allow him to return to it. At last he appealed to Rhodes, entered his service, and went up to Rietfontein on the borders of South-west Africa and Bechuanaland where, financially broken, he was mauled by a leopard and died in the presence of a few Hereros and Bushmen. Within this outline of a life is a full-bodied drama well worth the telling.

2

Although Lewis lived by his gun he was nevertheless a lover of animals. Once in "South-west" he shot a cow elephant and took her playful little calf, becoming greatly attached to it. The baby would follow him about and liked nothing better than to fill its trunk with water at a rock pool and to squirt it over the hunter. But the difficulty of keeping it supplied with milk proved insuperable, and the youngster died, the hunter feeling its loss intensely.

One day Lewis brought with him a bride from Cape Town, a girl who loved him sufficiently to abandon the beautiful old city of the South, crowded with history, old-world vistas, ships, picturesque peoples and flowers, and to land with him on the long, low coast of Walfish Bay, where at that time there was only a tribe of Hottentots in the sand dunes, a tribe that lived on the wild melon—the narra. The young bride met the famous Palgrave, the Cape Commissioner, who went up at the wish of Kamaherero to consider British suzerainty. She saw Kamaherero himself, and the notorious rebel Jan Jonker; and she entered into the new life of

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hunting, and trading with the Hereros, the Damaras, and the Bushmen in the little tenanted by-ways of this strange land. Children were born. And as the wagon jolted on, drawn by sleepy oxen, it might be said that it had become an itinerant home, with mother and children, goods for barter, a hooded dining-room, and ammunition for the hunter's gun.

Sometimes withal they had grim adventures. For instance, in 1878 Lewis took them away north to the Okavango River, and they traversed a thirst-land known as the "g'ni g'ni" veld. When they reached the first watering-place they remained there for some time in order to give the servants and cattle a rest, and met the famous trek-Boers who had started from the Transvaal a year before, dissatisfied with the political situation there. Their numbers had been thinned by thirst, and there had been deaths in the desert. Among them were several young widows and a few old women. Moreover, shortly after Lewis arrived at Okavango River where the natives were suspicious and treacherous, the bride saw the American trader, Thomas, murdered when trying to ride across the crocodile-infested river. He had supplies from Omaruru, and was endeavouring to take them over to the natives who had given him permission to trade. They came forth to meet him in mid-river. Then one of them suddenly raised his spear and thrust it into the horseman's side. He shouted, threw up his hands, fell into the river, and was not seen again.

3

Lewis, who had not witnessed the murder, was horrified to learn of it, but at the moment could do nothing. All that night the tribesmen fired at his wagon from the opposite side of the river. The following day he crossed with some of the trek-Boers and took up the spoor of the murderers, determined to exact retribution. They had fled before dawn. The pursuers failed to overtake them.

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In spite of tragedies such as this, Lewis continued to prosper. Not only did he make profitable trips himself, but he also employed men to trade for him as far up as Lake Ngami, men who went to King Lewanika in Barotseland, and to King Lobengula in Matabeleland. He became known and trusted far and wide, for he always bartered equitably and declined to profit by deception. Above all, the Chief Kamaherero looked to Lewis to sell him supplies.

Lewis's interest in minerals probably began when he met some Australian prospectors mining a vein of gold near a clear pool at the base of a big rock. After that, whenever he found the movement of the ox-wagon too slow, he would walk on ahead, chip off bits of rock, and pan them afterwards for gold. His mind began insensibly to dwell on gold and copper mines and great and sudden fortunes. Nor were these thoughts extravagant, for Chief Kamaherero presently gave him full concessions over the copper at the Otavi and Ebony mines, and a wonderful general concession covering every conceivable right, railway, trading, and mining, over the whole country. Little wonder was it that he left the hunter's track, and in his desire to secure legally the millions thus involved, abandoned his hunting and went on the dead men's trail!

4

In 1885 he had four legal documents drawn up on large pieces of vellum in proper legal form in Cape Town. These documents were:

- (a) A general concession of all mineral rights of Kamaherero's country;
 - (b) A power of attorney from Kamaherero to Lewis to act as his representative in foreign affairs and to deal with all grants of mineral rights throughout his country;
 - (c) A new concession of the Otavi mine; and
 - (d) A new concession of the Ebony mine.
- These documents were signed by the Chief and his headmen.

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The Lewis documents were inscribed on large pieces of vellum attested by the Chief's seal, a kudu with an inscription. Unfortunately for Lewis, however, the Germans, as already indicated, were in the field. They resolved, not unnaturally perhaps, to obtain a fair share of African wealth and territory. The great African land-scramble was at its height, stimulated by the discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley. The Germans, indeed, had declared a protectorate along the coast in 1883, and had become not only rival concessionaires, but also declined to recognize the more important claims of Lewis. Matters were brought to a head at a meeting at Okahandja, when Lewis, who had been out of the country for some time, made a dramatic reappearance, summoned the whole council of the Herero nation, and in the presence of the German representatives asked the Hereros to adjudge the validity of the rival claims.

"It all belongs to Ka Robbie!" (Robbie the Chief), was the cry of the tribesmen.

But nothing availed. For England, in 1890, virtually renounced all territorial pretensions to South-west Africa.

Lewis saw Lord Salisbury.

"Can you not uphold my rights?" he inquired.

"Only by going to war with Germany," was the reply; "and we are not prepared to do that."

"But the concessions are mine," protested Lewis.

Lord Salisbury, however, declined to intervene. Lewis then sold his rights, such as they now were, under financial stress, and returned to Africa an embittered man. He sold them for a song. But his influence with the natives remained so great, and he was so hostile to the Germans, that they declined to permit him to return to the country. And all too late, then, he realized that he had followed a lost trail. He had become an outlaw.

Lewis at this time accepted a commission from Rhodes to found and colonize the Rietfontein tract on the border of British Bechuanaland and the German Protectorate; and in this lonely region, among the little yellow men of the plains, he hoped to revert to his

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hunting and even to restore his fortunes. His wife and children were still in South-west Africa. Already there was bitterness between the Germans and the natives; but he had no difficulty in getting black runners to take letters to his family three hundred miles away.

5

One brilliant morning Lewis awoke to find that his pet donkey foal had been killed in the night by a leopard. Somehow he had always hated leopards and he decided to make this one suffer. So he put strychnine into the carcass. The leopard came back in the night, chewed the carcass, and returned into the thicket.

"I'm going into the grass to shoot it," Lewis declared to the group of Hereros and Bushmen standing around.

"But," protested a ragged old Herero, "why go into the grass? Will not the poison slay him?"

Lewis, however, strode off into the grass, followed by the blacks, one of whom carried an old rifle. For some minutes the dark forms of the stalkers rustled through the reeds; then suddenly there were exclamations, a shot, fierce snarls, and great movement in the thicket. A light yellow form flashed here and there, and presently the white man and the leopard were seen rolling together in a death-struggle. The animal lacerated his opponent's legs and arms; but the man, habituated to hunting emergencies, never lost his head; indeed, concentrated his energies on gripping the creature's throat and preventing it from finishing him.

Meanwhile the Hereros converged to the rescue. The armed man dodged about the combatants seeking an opening for a shot, but hesitating to fire lest he should kill Lewis himself. Eventually he was able to thrust his weapon against the leopard and to shoot it dead. The white man, deathly pale, fell back. They lifted him and carried him to his wagon; and there they placed him—dying. Such was the magnetism of his name that even in that remote spot the yellow-skinned Bushmen, strange

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nomads of the plains, offered to treat him with their herbs, roots, and animal and insect extracts, medicines which had so often proved efficacious within the long experience of an ancient race, but knowledge of which, alas, has now almost died out.

"Don't do it," advised the Hereros, "for if he dies it will be said that you poisoned him."

6

And so the Bushmen and their medicines were turned away. The unfortunate man, moaning in his wagon, had in his possession concessionary documents drawn up by Cecil John Rhodes.¹ The great statesman well knew how this elephant hunter had pleaded vainly with Sir James Gordon Sprigg, Premier of the Cape Colony, and then with Lords Salisbury and Rosebery to add the land of the Hereros to the Empire: and he knew how he had pleaded in vain.

"If I had only known of this at the time," was the lament of Rhodes, "England would not have lost that opportunity."

Meanwhile, as Lewis lay there he spoke in delirium of his wife and children three hundred miles away at Schaaprivier, near Windhoek. And the news of the tragedy travelled across the solitudes with that mysterious swiftness which has ever baffled the white man: for whether black man's news is called from hill to hill or passed abroad in the gossip of the Bushmen, nobody knows and probably never will. Thus it befell that a hint of the tragedy reached the hunter's wife one night while on a trading journey to Walfish Bay. She had left her little store at Schaaprivier, taking wagons and servants to the

¹ The district of Rietfontein Otyimbinde, when Lewis met his death, was situated in a strip of territory called No-Man's Land. Lewis wanted this territory controlled by the English Government, and for this purpose obtained documents from Cecil Rhodes for execution by the territorial chief. The chief had called a meeting of his people to secure their assent, and the meeting was about to take place when Lewis succumbed to injuries received in his struggle with the leopard.

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coast for supplies, when, at outspan time, a native came across and said:

"Ka Robbie has been killed by a 'tiger.' "

The boy, a ragged fellow who had tramped from afar, then added, "I heard some Bushmen talking."

"It can't be true," exclaimed the poor woman, staring at him. The other natives volunteered gossip, some saying that he was very ill, others that he had recovered. And after many days of doubt the wagons got back to Schaaprivier.

7

On the morrow there came striding down an eminence overlooking the store two German officers and a posse of soldiers. The senior officer hammered on the door.

"Your husband, Madame," declared he, "has been selling ammunition to natives."

"That can't be," was the retort, "for he wrote not long ago asking me for some."

"I arrest you," proceeded the officer. "And you won't be permitted to leave this hut. Meanwhile your cattle will be impounded."

"How can you leave me here to starve with five young children?" cried the now desperate woman. "What kind of justice is this?"

This last appeal was not without effect, for a few cows and sheep were forthwith returned, but eight hundred head of cattle were driven off, and, confronted with poverty and heavy with apprehension, the hunter's wife prepared to face an apparently friendless future. Moments like these come to some in the course of a lifetime.

A crisis, however, will often produce the man or woman. And in this case the answer was returned by a frail girl of seventeen, Ka Robbie's daughter, who, realizing the magnitude of the task, yet undertook to drive an ox-wagon across almost waterless tracks, through the domains of Hottentots who had murdered white traders, to ascertain the truth about her father.

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"I will go," said the intrepid girl, "if we can get enough oxen to pull a wagon."

The bravery of the intention clearly appealed to the Germans, for they restored eight trek-oxen.

8

One hot sunny morning in February, 1894, the oxen were inspanned outside the little hut at Schaaprivier and the half-caste driver and others loaded up the water-bags. Ennie Lewis, wearing a sunbonnet and a cotton-print dress, and her grandfather, a one-armed man of seventy-five, got into their seats under the hood, and the journey began, the mother and her children watching the cart until at length the golden dust raised by the oxen hid it from sight.

As already indicated, relations between the Hereros, Hottentots, and Bushmen on the one hand, and the Germans on the other, had been bad, and there had been recent murders and reprisals in various parts of the country. So that there was always the possibility that the adventurous travellers might meet with a violent end from the embittered peoples of the east. Moreover, there was the fact that because of the glare of the noonday sun at this the hottest season of the year, they would have to travel at night and thus risk the possibility of passing the water-holes and dying of thirst.

One evening they descried an eminence with some tall trees and dwellings thereon and presently saw striding towards them an exceedingly tall Chief with a long staff, a huge yellow hat, and a look of great dignity.

"Who art thou?" he demanded.

"I am trekking to my father who has been hurt by a leopard. Ka Robbie is my father."

The Chief thought awhile.

"Hast thou no meat?" he asked.

"No."

"And where are thy guards?"

"I have none."

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"Stay here and rest then."

"There is no time."

The Chief left them. The travellers lit the outspan fires and some natives came back presently with gourds of sour milk. That night the natives were heard singing, clapping, dancing. In the morning the Chief, towering over his followers, could be seen going from acre to acre pointing out sheep here and there until a dozen had been collected. These and a calf were driven to the wagon.

"Meat!" said the old man. "Take it." And after a moment's reflection he added, "I will send my son and his man also, so that no harm may befall Ka Robbie's daughter."

And once again the old fellow turned away, leaving his tall son and his son's servant with them. The little expedition presently set out again with much creaking of wheels and cracking of whips. The newly-acquired sheep were driven along behind the wagon.

9

The track was ill-defined. In some places it became a brown thread seamed with brittle tufts of grass. In others it was intersected by dry gullies; but ever the ground radiated scorching heat until the air became stifling and the oxen a-weary. Greatly fatigued they came one day upon the tumbled ruins of the old German mission station at Gobabis, long since deserted, and found there that the fig and orange trees in its grass-grown gardens had become wild. Yet they still looked beautiful as their snakish branches wrought a thousand curves in the shimmering plain.

A few unkempt helmeted white soldiers presently appeared.

"Germans!" exclaimed Ennie.

"Where are you going?" one of them asked.

Ennie recognized him as the junior of the two officers who had placed her mother under arrest at Schaaprivier.

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"To find my father."

"Ah! Yes," murmured he, "I remember, I remember. . . . Don't forget to bring him back. For"—with something like a sardonic smile—"if he can prove his innocence all will be well."

The soldiers, it seems, were on a punitive expedition.

And so, after eating some of the wild figs and taking in a fresh water supply, the travellers departed once again to the east, the country growing hotter as they went. Once they were greatly startled in the night by sounds as of a violent altercation, many voices jabbering in the queer clicking language of the Bushmen. They were merely discussing the white strangers, however. They meant no harm and did none. On another occasion the girl was looking over the solitary spaces with their thousand rare colours and delicate shadows, when suddenly from behind a stunted bush there rose an almost naked little apparition with bow and poisoned arrow and a look of perplexity. And presently another stood up, and another, until the whole plain seemed full of them.

"What do they want?" the girl asked of her half-caste driver.

"They are frightened," said he. "They are waiting to see if we are friendly. Then suddenly he shouted in the Bushman tongue, "*Tay bete!*"

From all directions other Bushmen thereupon converged on the wagon. They were just a multitude of yellow dwarfs, thin, and with swollen bellies, as if they had feasted well after prolonged abstinence. Some tobacco was thrown them. They snapped it up, clicking and twittering; and one by one vanished in the plains, the wide empty stretches of which then persisted uninterruptedly as before.

The heat now became so intolerable that the travellers decided that the time had come to rest in the day and travel by night.

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"I think, missis," commented a native servant one day, "that we must have passed the last water-hole in the darkness."

"Why?"

"We should have reached it many hours ago."

"How much water have we?"

"None."

"Well, trek on to the next hole."

But as the oxen toiled on, bellowing with thirst and dragging more and more, it became clear that but one thing remained if their lives were to be saved, and that was to lead the beasts on without the weight of the wagon to the next water-hole, there to fill the water-bags, to return to the vehicle, and after that to haul it to the drinking-place. This was the plan adopted by Livingstone on one of his early expeditions to Lake Ngami—the plan which saved their lives.

With some misgiving old Lewis and his grand-daughter saw their guards, the chief's tall son and his servant, galloping off while another native led the oxen after them. They themselves remained with their sheep and the calf at the wagon in a wilderness of thick bush. After many hours a score of figures could be seen moving towards them, figures which as they came nearer proved to be Hottentots and Hereros, some wearing dirty white helmets or caps, others bare-headed. They mostly carried old rifles, assegais, or sticks. These nondescripts surrounded the wagon talking volubly. Outcasts such as these were reported to have murdered white traders.

"Have you any guns or ammunition?" one asked taller than the rest, and wearing torn European clothes.

"None," was the reply.

"You cannot go on," said he, "there is no water ahead."

"*Omme Omatsche O Ka Robbie*," said the girl in Herero, indicating that she was the daughter of Robert Lewis, the hunter. She endeavoured to explain the purpose of her journey, but the Hottentots did not seem to understand. One came along, looked curiously at the girl's hand, and stroked it as though struck by the

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white skin: another touched her cotton dress as if admiring the fabric.

"I do not like this," growled old grandfather Lewis.

"It's all right," the girl reassured him; "they mean no harm. They may not have seen a white girl before."

They stood around meanwhile and made various pretexts for delaying them. But at last the guards were seen galloping back with the water-bags, while far behind them crawled the oxen with refilled water-barrels. As the two Hereros galloped up, the Hottentots eyed their rifles enviously: then all engaged in animated talk, in the course of which it transpired that the guards were explaining to the Hottentots the object of the expedition. But when subsequently the guards fell in unaccountably with the obstructionist tactics of the Hottentots things began to look serious.

"Can you give us meat?" the leader asked.

"You can have the calf."

They took it accordingly and that night there was feasting and singing and dancing, shadows flickering on hideous faces. The guards seemed uneasy. They probably felt that the yellow men might murder them for their rifles, and perhaps search the wagon for ammunition. And so they deserted in the night. The girl and her grandfather were left alone to face the situation.

The girl promptly ordered her driver to inspan the oxen: and, as the Hottentots gathered dubiously around, she said boldly in Herero: "I must go now to find my father."

There was some protest, but the whip cracked, the oxen began to move, and no further effort was made to impede them. Resolution won the day.

II

In the course of the journey they now saw many Bushmen, who always made the same statuesque appearance from nowhere: and then were emboldened to come to the wagon. The Bushmen all knew of Ka Robbie and the

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leopard. They knew the spot where the animal had attacked the white man in the grass; and how many trees could be seen as a traveller approached, and whether the ground rose or fell.

At last, about noon, the tall trees and long grasses at the fatal spot came into view. But, alas, the white man's wagon had gone. The girl and her grandfather dismounted and looked about. Soon the ghostly little Bushmen again stood around, and one, a trifle taller than the rest, began to talk.

"Ka Robbie," said he, "died in his house. The sun went down twice before he died. He is buried over there," pointing to a slight eminence in the ground, "and the Hereros took his house away back to the white man's town. And they left it there."

Bareheaded then they stood, old Lewis and his granddaughter, before this nameless grave in the wilderness. They put a little cross over it and slept there for two nights; after which they returned sadly in their tracks and reached Schaaprivier three weeks later. They had covered 600 miles in six weeks at a rate which varied between 15 and 20 miles every 24 hours; and had adventured unarmed through hostile territory in the forlorn hope of helping a loved one.

The trail of Robert Lewis had thus ended on a lonely grave¹; but the fine memory of his romantic striving is surely enhanced by the rescue journey of his seventeen-year-old daughter who survives to-day, a slim little woman working an unobtrusive round in Johannesburg.

¹ Not long after the outbreak of the Great War, German South-west Africa was invaded by the South African forces and became a mandated British possession. The hunter's widow thereupon decided to renew her late husband's claim to the concessions granted by Kamaherero. In July, 1920, Leslie Blackwell, a South African barrister, was briefed to go to Swakopmund to prefer her claims. He stated the case brilliantly; but the tragical discovery was made just before the conclusion of the sittings of the South-west African Concessions Commission, that unknown to his relatives, Lewis had parted with all his claims. In a letter to the widow, dated August 23, 1920, the late John X. Merriman said: "You have my entire sympathy; for your romantic life and adventures deserve a better reward."

CHAPTER XII

THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF THE FOREST

I

ACCORDING to a distinguished American engineer, an ancient, alien people mined and removed gold to the value of £150,000,000 from Southern Rhodesia. During what period they came and went (leaving their forts and ruins behind them) none can say. Professors Frobenius and Dart believe them to have been Babylonians (or possibly Indians) of Solomon's time; others—like Dr. Randall MacIver and Miss Caton Thompson—hold that they were a race of Africans of much later date.

But where has this vast treasure gone? Was it, indeed, convoyed in its entirety across Africa and shipped to the courts of King Solomon? Or was it mined for a mediæval India or Arabia? None at the moment can say. Those who have stood near the Zimbabwe ruins in Southern Rhodesia, the centre of the activity of these miners, and have asked themselves those questions, will have entered a domain of impenetrable shadow. But, as the sun sinks over that temple of dead things, thought will always leap to some answer; will always silhouette, there on the skyline, the little black shapes of camels and caravans crawling coastwards, the dark, bearded guards ever watchful lest they fall into ambush and lose their gold.

Gold! gold! Along the uneven highways of human effort lie the remains of peoples and men sacrificed to the service of the metal; their lives snuffed out when scarce begun, a solemn testimony to human folly. And here as we soliloquize in the dreamy valley, little lizards dart around the stones and the drowsing insects hum in the sun. Here and there the blue lotus flashes from the pools, the tree-trunks glow with orchids, the pink-blossomed Zimbabwe Creeper, the yellow blooms, the red sealing-wax

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flower, the mimosa, acacias, wistarias, palms, and tree-ferns all mock the dreamer with an exquisite indifference.

2

Rumour has it that after Frobenius¹ and his associates examined the ruins closely, and visited India, in 1929, to forge the last links in the chain of evidence: they found themselves able to present an irrefutable case for a mine-field worked in Rhodesia long before the days of Christ. They will seek to prove that while Solomon was dispensing wisdom from his throne of white ivory inlaid with peacocks' feathers and gold, drinking from vessels made from the same metal, and boasting of his three hundred great shields of beaten gold, that at that time a dark-skinned race of engineers, worshipping strange gods, mined Rhodesia for gold. Their caravans trailed eastward from Zimbabwe to the port of Sofala. Ships took the gold thence—towards Palestine, India and China. But, as the trans-African journey was made in constant fear of death and ambush, they built their relay forts by way of sanctuary.

Whether the views of Frobenius will win acceptance or not, it is obvious £150,000,000 of gold was not mined in a day. With the rough extraction processes then available, mining must have gone on over a long period. During that period it is, as indicated, not unreasonable to assume that the convoys were often overpowered and plundered.

Some goodly proportion of that £150,000,000, therefore, of which to-day there is no trace in Africa, might conceivably have been diverted to the "great places" of the robber chiefs. Is there then any tradition among the natives of Rhodesia, or any experience within the memory of white men, which might support such a belief?

The following remarkable experience is given for what it is worth.

¹ Professor Leo Frobenius was granted £5,000 in 1929 by the South African Government to enable him to proceed to India to complete his investigations. His attention was first drawn to India by Dr. Reuning of South Africa, who in 1906-7 had found ancient workings with towers and walls similar to those of Mashonaland, Southern Rhodesia.

There died in St. John's Wood, London, in 1908, one Francis Ryskes-Chandler at the age of 45. His life ended prematurely as the result mainly of fever, but also partly because of certain experiences which affected his nervous health, and of which in after years he was reluctant to speak. Nevertheless, as they involved the possession of knowledge which might perhaps hold a clue to great treasure, he resolved to give a complete account of them to a bank official who had joined the service of the African Banking Corporation, and who sailed for Cape Town by the *Dunvegan Castle* in August, 1901. This official had been in the service previously of the London and Brazilian Bank, but after a severe attack of yellow fever had transferred to the African institution. Ryskes-Chandler felt that if this official were dispatched in the course of his duty to Beira, he might perhaps seize an early opportunity to make his way inland and to bid for success where he himself had failed. The bank official, however, died two years after reaching Cape Town, and his opportunity thus failed to develop.

The story refers to an extensive city hidden somewhere to the north of the route between Zimbabwe and Sofala. Its whereabouts are known only to the witch-doctors and local chiefs (and nowadays to a few white men), and it is said to lie in a remote part of the Amatonga Forest. Tradition has it that long ago whenever the chiefs in that part died, their gold was buried with them. Ryskes-Chandler heard the story in Beira; and it impressed him so much that he decided to combine with his hunting—he had planned a hunting tour—a search for the forgotten city. Accordingly, he made his way inland with a number of bearers, inquiring of chiefs and witch-doctors as he went. At first his inquiries proved abortive; moreover, the quest made his porters reluctant to proceed; for they conceived these ruins to be bewitched, the sanctuary inviolate of the dead.

One day, however, he found himself in the vicinity of a witch-doctor's hut. The old savage, with his high, brown hat and girdles of snake, leopard and monkey skins, glared at him truculently.

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Ryskes-Chandler boldly asked him, through one of his porters, if he knew of "the great ruin in the forest."

To his astonishment the old man answered readily:

"Well, O hunter, I know it . . . in the forest over the mountain with the dog's head. But woe to the white man who goes there!"

"Why?"

"He would die. It is guarded by the spirit of the forest."

Ryskes-Chandler handed the old wizard some coins.

"Yes," he went on a little more amicably, "it is the city of the chiefs. They are buried there."

"And what else is there in this city?"

"Tombs and high places . . . and all that the chiefs had of gold and money . . . it was all buried with them."

"Gold? Whence came the gold?"

"From the older people who worked in the mines."

"Will you lead me there?"

The witch-doctor frowned. "I have already spoken," he said. Nor would he utter another word, realizing apparently that he had said too much.

So the explorer went away with his porters and pitched his camp.

4

That night these porters deserted him. He sought vainly in the morning to replace them from the adjoining village, for word had evidently gone forth that this white man had come to intrude into sacred places. So, realizing the futility of argument he shouldered his gun, and made his way alone towards the mountain with the dog's head, which he estimated to be ten miles distant.

Some hours later he entered a gloomy gorge and was amused to see a little blue duiker watching his approach from a rock, until presently it entered the defile before him as if leading the way. It evinced no sign of fear. The cliffs soon ceased to loom vertically and began to shelve at a less aggressive angle, while the slopes became covered with forest. The duiker bounded on, and the white man, excited and yet apprehensive of the risk of pushing on alone, plunged deeper into the forest. Even

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the flashing parakeets, the hornbills and monkeys seemed to have made a compact of silence, so that the hunter's foot-falls echoed around with curious intensity. The great "dog's head" was now towering above, a grim monument of glaring rock; and although the sun indicated late afternoon, and he knew that he would have to spend the night in the forest, yet something impelled him on, something sinister, unaccountable, and irresistible. The path had been made by game. In the deepening gloom he had no difficulty in following it. Then suddenly a strange thing happened.

Something whizzed past his head. He heard the clangour of metal on rock. It was an assegai! Instantly he turned and pointed his gun in the direction of the unseen enemy, but nothing moved in the thicket; nor could he hear aught save the dying echoes of the spear impacting on the rock.

"Show yourself, you devil!" he muttered, facing the woods with his weapon upraised; but only after a while did he hear the far-off sound, as it seemed, of strange, inhuman laughter. Then he continued his journey:

Like one that on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

5

Ryskes-Chandler was no poltroon. He braced his shoulders, threw off the trepidation which was now assailing him, and resolved that not all the witch-doctors, javelin-men, and jungle sprites of Africa should deter him from prosecuting his quest. He was tempted to light his pipe, but reasoned that the glow of it might expose him to the attacks of the javelin-thrower.

It was not yet quite dark when the white man was startled to observe a long lateral ray of sunlight through a rift in the thick foliage, and there, in the full radiance of the beam, on a lofty wall of stone, stood the little duiker, like a statuette. As he looked it vanished.

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Then with a cry of exultation he stumbled forward, and realized that this wilderness of high walls, breached here and there and overgrown with bush, was the City of the Forest.

Entering through a breach in the stone-work, the explorer found himself in an extensive region of altars and towers, and great slabs of fallen masonry. It all spread away as far as he could see, white and mysterious.

He realized that he must spend the night in the ruins, and determined to make the best of things. He wondered, withal, if the mysterious assegai-thrower had tracked him there, and whether he might venture to light his pipe. He decided to take no risks. Sitting there, then, on a rough slab of stone and moving his heels idly on the flagging underfoot he presently dislodged a heavy piece of metal. He rubbed it on the stone and although he could not see it clearly, felt certain from its weight that it was of gold. He put it in his pocket and discovered afterwards that it was a small golden phallus.

However, as the darkness deepened over that city of sepulchres, the eeriness of it all began to oppress him, and throwing discretion aside he lit his pipe, and then his lantern, noting with misgiving that there was very little oil in it. Indeed, it presently flickered out. Ryskes-Chandler, nevertheless, determined to keep awake. He occasionally left his bench and walked sharply to the nearest conical tower and back, a track defined by the whiteness of the stone. As the hours wore on the night became bitterly cold.

6

He judged it to be well past midnight when the intense quiet was sharply broken by a peal of hideous laughter. It died away, then burst forth again, louder and, as it seemed, close at hand. The white man recognized it as the same diabolical laughter that had followed the throwing of the assegai, and he seized his gun and made ready to fire at the first threatening object that presented itself.

"It might have been a hyena!" he muttered as if to still his doubts. "I'm jumpy to-night."

He was. And the leaden hours brought no relief;

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indeed, he found he could no longer essay his walk to the conical tower but remained motionless on his bench. At last through a thin patch in the trees he descried a greenish glitter as of a thousand emeralds, and he knew that the moon was rising. While watching it listlessly he heard once again the demoniacal laughter. This time it was just behind him. He whipped round, gun in hand; and, at a distance of a few yards, saw an immensely tall figure, with a grotesque face, so distorted as to resemble a mask.

Taking quick aim, he fired, and as he fired heard a prolonged yell, saw the tall figure swaying and receding; then giddiness overcame him, and a stunning blow on the back of the head was followed by unconsciousness.

7

When he recovered, it was day. He felt ill and dizzy; there was blood on the back of his head. Clearly as he could now see the full extent of the city—which was a vast labyrinth overgrown with trees and thorn—his only desire was to leave it. He accordingly picked himself up, grasped his rifle, and stumbled forth through the breach in the wall, presently striking the trail outside which led to the defile. Some hours later he staggered through the native village of the witch-doctor and got back to his lonely tent. Then he became seriously ill. He would probably have died had his bearers not returned and explained shamefacedly that they had deserted him under threats from the wizard.

"Where then is the witch-doctor?" the sick man demanded. "Go and tell him to come to me."

"Master," explained one of the boys, "he went away into the forest and has not yet returned."

Ryskes-Chandler smiled.

"Had he been a better man with the assegai he might have come back," he told himself. "And I might have stayed behind."

8

While, of course, there is a distinct element of fraud in African black magic, the fact is not entirely surprising

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that some missionaries and officials long resident in native territories have a certain respect for it. For occasionally the wizards of the tribes seem to make contact with the supernatural. In 1930, for example, two witch-doctors were arguing heatedly at Teyateyaneng in North Basutoland as to their respective powers and knowledge of medicine. They had a crowd of natives for audience. The elder constantly referred to the younger as a "boy," and even claimed that he had only to will the other's death and he would die. The younger defied him, whereupon the elder, pointing his stick at him, cried: "Then, die!"

To the utter amazement of all present, the other staggered and fell—dead. The European authorities arrested the older man, but had to release him as the post-mortem revealed the cause of death as heart-failure. The natives remained awestruck, and even the Europeans were mystified by this uncanny exhibition of power.

In September, 1923, a *Cape Times* correspondent drew attention to the exploits of the witch-doctor Njenjalwa, near King William's Town in the Cape Province. He twice informed white folk who went to him of the whereabouts of missing money. His revelations were punctuated by a chorus of five young natives who clapped their hands whenever the oracle prophesied, crying, "*siyavuma*" (we agree), as is the witch-doctor custom. Sometimes, however, black magic takes fantastic form, as in the case of Nozinqundula, the witch of Maritzburg, who, in 1927, held public conversation with "Abalozi," the man of the air, "who can be heard and not seen." She quite overawed the natives by talking with the mysterious unseen, who would whistle to her shrilly from above. The leper witch-doctor of Livingstone, Chakopo Kawindi, claims to be able to make silver and gold come out of the ground, but he is a recognized artist in legerdemain.

The most sinister form of wizardry is the practice of killing "human meat" for burial in the fields to promote crops or bring rain. The end of this is inevitably murder, of course, as in the case of the woman in the Spelonken district who was seized by seven witch-doctors in 1925, kept in durance for a fortnight, and then clubbed to

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death, her baby being cut up to make ground "medicine." Perhaps the wisest of black tyrants was the bloodthirsty Tshaka, who on one occasion secretly slaughtered an ox and spread the blood outside his kraal. He then summoned the witch-doctors and invited them to discover the author of the outrage. They announced that someone was seeking to bewitch the king; whereupon Tshaka ordered them all to be executed, for, he said, their magic had departed. Next Tshaka sent for an "*isangoma*," or wise-woman, and invited her to smell-out the author of the blood-spilling. The old woman threw the bones, then leered at him.

"Thou has done it, O King!" she said.

Tshaka was thunderstruck.

"Take her away," he cried; "and burn her. She knows too much."

9

Thus the black art of Africa mystifies us still. In spite of fraud, it rises sometimes to strange heights; and who can say what the witch-doctor knew of the city in the forest, or of its reputed treasure of ancient gold?

That this city exists, and that it is the repository of treasure, is the firm belief of certain hunter-prospectors who have had no opportunity of hearing Ryskes-Chandler's specific story.

Towards the end of 1930 a well-equipped expedition will leave Johannesburg in search of it. Its leader claims to know its site to within twenty miles—this having been ascertained by the skilful questioning of reluctant natives.

Consequently the expedition will conduct a twenty-mile "grid" survey of the supposed site-area.¹

Thus end these stories of African trails. Perhaps by raising the curtain a little from the step of life, fact may appear in its proper place in meritorious precedence of fiction. For, while fiction is ever the hireling of probability, fact owns no master save itself.

¹ The author has now heard circumstantial references to the forgotten city from three independent sources. One hunter, named Webb, who actually visited it, succumbed to blackwater fever before he could return.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORY OF CAPE TOWN: THE MOTHER CITY OF THE UNION

CAPE TOWN lies at the foot of Table Mountain, which rises 3,582 feet above the town, on the southern shore of Table Bay. Behind the mountain the Cape Peninsula stretches southwards for thirty-five miles to the rocky headland, the Cape of Good Hope. This promontory was first sighted in 1487 by Bartholomew Diaz and was named by him Cabo Tormentoso, or the Cape of Storms. Vasco da Gama, who rounded the Cape ten years later, did not land in Table Bay. Indeed, the first white man to enter Table Bay was Antonio de Saldanha, who climbed the mighty rock-pile in 1503 and named it Table Mountain. The great cross carved by the Portuguese navigators in the Lion's Head Rock is still traceable. Thereafter, for the greater part of a century, the bay bore the name Saldanha, until in 1601 the Dutch Van Spilbergen called it Table Bay.

In 1510 Francisco d'Almeida, the first Portuguese viceroy of the eastern seas, put into Table Bay for fresh water and to barter cattle with the natives. A quarrel arose, in which sixty-five of the Portuguese were killed, including the viceroy himself. Another old-time celebrity, Francis Drake, the first Englishman to sail around the world, passed the Cape of Good Hope on June 15, 1580, and described it as "a most stately thing, and the fairest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the globe." Towards the end of 1591 the English flag was seen for the first time in Table Bay, when three English ships under Admiral George Raymond anchored there on the way to India. One was commanded by Captain James Lancaster, who again anchored there ten years later at the head of the first fleet fitted out by the English East India Company. The bay was now a regular port of call for English, French and Dutch ships on the India

route, but no attempt was made to trade or colonize. Since the d'Almeida massacre the Portuguese had avoided it. A "post-office" was established by burying letters in places indicated by inscriptions on large stones. Several such stones are to be seen at the entrance to the Museum, above the Botanical Gardens. On July 1, 1620, the officers of the English East India Company's fleet proclaimed James I sovereign of the country from Table Bay to the nearest Christian dominion. The flag was hoisted by Commodores Fitzherbert and Shillinge on King James's Mount (Lion's Rump) in the presence of Captain Jan Kunst, of the Dutch ship *Schiedam*, who did not object. The proceedings were confirmed neither by the English East India Company nor by the English Government.

A proposal made in 1619 by the English Company to the Dutch Company that they should build a fort jointly and establish a revictualling station at the Cape, was not approved in Holland, but in 1650 the Dutch East India Company resolved to build one independently. Johan van Riebeeck, a ship's surgeon, was put in charge of a fleet of three vessels. After a passage of 104 days they anchored at sunset on April 6, 1652, at Fresh River, a stream which formerly ran into the bay from the slopes of Table Mountain through the present city. Van Riebeeck at once began building a fort by raising earth-banks around a hollow square enclosing wooden sheds; and four months later he occupied it together with his company. At first they suffered much distress, fish and the flesh of the hippopotamus being virtually the only fresh food obtainable. The country behind the mountain teemed with game—antelope, zebra, elephant, rhinoceros, hyena, leopard and lion. Later on wild beasts became such a menace to cattle that rewards were offered for their destruction. A leopard fetched 12s. 6d., a hyena 16s. 8d., and a lion 25s., considerable sums when it is remembered that the commander's salary was equivalent to only £7 10s. monthly. As soon as the first rains fell Van Riebeeck laid out a vegetable garden, which supplied the settlers and the vessels stopping in the bay.

The only inhabitants of the peninsula when the Dutch

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landed were a tribe of Hottentots, called Strandloopers, or beach-rangers. Their leader was a certain Harry, who had spent some time on an English ship. His smattering of English proved useful to Van Riebeeck, who employed him to interpret transactions with the aborigines. A clan of Hottentots, known to the Dutch as the Kaapmans, visited the bay with horned cattle, and a cattle trade was forthwith opened with them. Friendly relations were maintained with Harry's tribe and the Kaapman's, although their thieving propensities compelled the colonists to resort to punitive measures.

It is a point of interest that a suggestion was made in 1656 by one Ryklof Van Goens to cut a canal across the isthmus between Table Bay and False Bay in order to confine the natives to the mainland. The scheme was rejected on the score of expense. In 1657 Van Riebeeck built a large granary, known as the Groote Schuur, at Rondebosch; and a number of the Company's servants were granted their discharge and established themselves on ground along the Liesbeek River. They had permission to cultivate gardens, graze cattle and sell produce. They were the first South African settlers in the true sense of the word. After ten years' arduous work Van Riebeeck handed over the government of the little colony to Zacharias Wagenaar, and sailed for Batavia. Since 1851 his farm Boschheuval has been the residence of the Anglican bishops of Cape Town.

During Wagenaar's term of office a site was chosen by Isebrand Goske—who became Governor at a later date—for a stronger fortress, for defence not only against natives but also against foreign aggression. On January 22, 1666, the foundation stones were laid of the Castle of Good Hope. Its plan was pentagonal, and the Company garrisoned its soldiers there from 1674 onwards. Governor Johan Bax Van Heerenthals, finding in 1677 that the moat was not making adequate progress, adopted a novel method of expediting the work. He proceeded with his wife to the trenches, carried forth twelve baskets of earth, and his lady six; he then ordered that every adult who afterwards passed the castle should follow their example. It is also related that an artilleryman who had expressed the view

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that the castle was of no practical use because it was commanded by higher ground, was incarcerated on a charge of sedition. A gun taken up to the spot he had indicated was fired, but the ball fell short. The culprit was released. The Company, however, charged him with the cost of the experiment. After nearly three hundred years the castle remains, a well-preserved and romantic link with the city's earliest days. It is now occupied by the commander and staff of the Union Defence Force.

Simon Van der Stel, who arrived as Governor in 1679, was destined to exercise for twenty years marked influence on the colony. It was he who founded the village of Stellenbosch, named after himself, and enlarged and beautified Van Riebeeck's garden, regarded then as a prodigious achievement by visitors from all nations. A remnant of it is the avenue of oaks, three-quarters of a mile long, known as Government Avenue. At the entrance to the garden he built a slave lodge—to-day the Treasury. It was during Simon Van der Stel's governorship that the Huguenots, who had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, arrived from Holland. There were some two hundred of them, so small a number that they were quickly absorbed in the Dutch population. The many French surnames surviving to-day among the Dutch are thus of Huguenot origin. The Keizersgracht, now Darling Street, was laid out by Simon Van der Stel in 1695, and four years later he retired to Constantia, where he had built himself a handsome residence in the name of his wife Constance. He died in 1712, and was buried beneath the pavement of the Dutch Reformed Church. The present building, on the same site, was opened on January 31, 1841, and all that remains of the old one is the tower sent out from Holland.

Simon Van der Stel's eldest son, Wilhem Adrian, who succeeded him, added a museum to the gardens, and erected a lodge for the reception of visitors, which by successive enlargements became what is now Government House. A new garden was started at Newlands. He also laid out the estate Vergelegen, where he built a house and planted over half a million vines, large orchards and corn

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lands. He stocked the farm with eight hundred cattle and ten thousand sheep. The fact that the Governor traded his products with ships in the port brought him into conflict with the burghers and eventually led to his recall and the confiscation of his estate. A portion of it to-day is in the possession Sir Lionel Phillips.

The Dutch East India Company at this time used the Cape as a place of banishment for Indian political prisoners of high rank. One of these was the sheik Joseph, who had taken a leading part in the civil war in Bantam in 1682. He had a great reputation for sanctity, and his Moslem followers credited him with miraculous powers. He died near Stellenbosch in 1699, and his tomb or Kramat, at Faure, is still a place of Mohammedan pilgrimage.

Shipping disasters in Table Bay influenced the Company to begin the construction of a mole in 1743. The work was stopped three years later when 350 feet had been completed. The base of the mole is still to be seen at low tide at Mouille Point, like a reef running out from the shore. A lighthouse, the first in South Africa, was erected close by, at Green Point, in 1824, by Sir Rufane Donkin.

No record of shipwreck in Table Bay would be complete without reference to the Dutch East Indiaman, the *Jonge Thomas*, which drifted into the breakers during a violent gale in June, 1773. Although two hundred men were aboard, no effort was made by the Company's officials ashore to rescue them. On the other hand they erected a gibbet for anyone caught looting cargo washed on the beach. A man of over sixty, Wolraad Woltemade, angered at this callous behaviour, borrowed a horse and rode into the pounding surf towards the doomed vessel. Seven times he made the journey and saved fourteen men. An eighth time he plunged exhausted into the surf. The sailors, regarding him as their last chance, threw themselves upon him, and all were lost. The scene of Woltemade's heroic action was somewhere near Milner-ton. Woltemade's name is commemorated in the four railway stations serving the cemeteries at Maitland, where so many famous South Africans lie at rest.

The Dutch East India Company, which had attained

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the height of its power during the governorships of the Van der Stels, began to decline, chiefly because of English and French competition in the Indian markets. The administration of the Company was eventually taken over by the States-General of Holland. During the war between England and Holland from 1780 to 1783, an English fleet under Commodore Johnstone sailed to take possession of the Cape, but was attacked and disabled by the French under Admiral de Suffren. The French then landed two regiments at the Cape for the defence of the colony. When the revolutionary armies of France invaded Holland, however, the Stadholder, William of Orange, escaped to England and issued instructions that the Cape should be temporarily handed over to the English for protection against the French, until his restoration to his former position. Accordingly, on September 16, 1795, an English force under General Craig arrived before the castle. The Dutch, however, resisted, but after a brief battle retired before superior forces. The English remained in possession until February, 1803, when the colony was relinquished to the Batavian Republic by the terms of the Treaty of Amiens. It was during this first occupation of the Cape by the English that Lady Anne Barnard, wife of the Colonial Secretary at the Cape, wrote to Lord Melville those delightful letters which throw so much light on the social life of that period. Within three months of the restoration of the colony, war had again broken out between England and the Batavian Republic. On January 4, 1806, a fleet of sixty-one ships dropped anchor at Robben Island and landed six-thousand English troops, under General Baird, at Blaauwberg. The Dutch garrison under Governor Janssens capitulated on January 10, 1806, and since that date the colony has remained British. The Earl of Caledon was sent out as first Governor.

Cape Town in the eighteenth century had a social life with essential qualities of its own. It has been described delightfully by Mr. Graham Botha, chief archivist to the Union Government, in his book: "Social Life at the Cape in the Eighteenth Century." The burghers' houses were substantially built, most of them one-storied and

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thatched. Those of the well-to-do were two-storied and of a pleasing architectural style, with ornate gables, and steps to a raised stoep. The best residences were in the Gardens, in the upper part of the valley. The most fashionable part of the town was the Heerengracht, now Adderley Street, occupied by the shops, the Club House, and the Coffee House. Almost from the beginning a rough order had been observed in the laying-out of streets; nevertheless, these were so uneven as sometimes to be dangerous. Sheep, cattle and horses grazed along the side-walks, pigs burrowed holes, and wagons were out-spanned anywhere. In the winter months the streets became running torrents. The fashionable ladies were carried in sedan-chairs. At night the difficulties of pedestrians were increased. In the absence of lights they had to trust to the dim glimmer of lanterns carried by slaves. Nor was it until the century following that lanterns were placed at certain street corners. Amusements were few, so that at nine o'clock, after gun-fire, citizens settled down to sleep under the care of the burgher watchmen, who went about in pairs, carrying rattles to sound the alarm. The old Watch House in Greenmarket Square, built in 1755, now houses the splendid Max Michaelis art collection of Dutch and Flemish masters. The arrival of the French regiments in 1781 introduced a certain liveliness to the town, which caused it to be known to travellers as "Little Paris." Dancing became popular, and the music for it was supplied by slave orchestras. In the taverns soldiers and sailors dissipated and danced to the flute or the fiddle. An amusing story is told to the effect that towards the end of the century Governor Van de Graaff had the name of Berg Street (now St. George's Street) changed to Venus Street, and a signboard of the frail goddess nailed above the door of the predikant. This was a reprisal, for the predikant had publicly likened the Governor's wife to Jezebel. An interesting institution which suggests admirably the domestic conditions of those days is the Koopmans de Wet House in Strand Street, a veritable treasure-store of Dutch furniture, pottery and plate.

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In 1814, Sir Charles Somerset became Governor, and the following year he inaugurated the first mail-packet service between England and Cape Town. The first mail-boat to leave London was the *Eclipse* which took 114 days to complete the passage. The postal rate for letters was fixed at three shillings and sixpence per quarter-ounce and for newspapers at threepence per ounce. On September 12, 1857, a contract was entered into with the Union Steamship Company to convey mails monthly at a fee of one shilling per half-ounce from Devonport to Cape Town, the voyage to occupy 42 days. This was the beginning of the Union-Castle Company's connexion with South Africa, the first five steamers of the Union line's fleet being the *Phæbe*, *Celt*, *Dane*, *Norman* and *Athens*, ranging from 416 to 740 tons. In 1876, the contract was divided between the Union Line and Donald Currie's Castle Line, inaugurated in 1872. From that time there was a weekly mail service. The two companies amalgamated in 1900.

On January 7, 1824, was published *The Commercial Advertiser*, Cape Town's first newspaper; indeed, the first newspaper in South Africa. It was printed in English and Dutch, by George Greig, and was edited jointly by Thomas Pringle and John Fairbairn. It was more than once suppressed. In 1828, Fairbairn, then sole editor, went to England and secured from Earl Bathurst the freedom of the South African press from control of the Governor and Council. On April 9, 1830, appeared *De Zuid Afrikaan*, eventually incorporated with *Ons Land*, which published its last number on April 8, 1930, after a career of exactly one hundred years. The *Cape Times*, the present English morning paper, was founded in 1876, and the *Cape Argus*, the evening paper, in 1856. *Die Burger*, the Afrikaans morning daily, was first published in 1914.

On April 23, 1830, Sir Lowry Cole laid the foundation stone of St. George's cathedral, the first English church in South Africa, for which an acre of ground had been granted in the lower part of the Government garden. The street facing the church, which had been known as Berg Street for 140 years, was renamed St. George's Street. The building was opened for divine worship in 1834.

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Cape Town was made an episcopal see in 1847, the funds for its endowment being provided by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The following year Dr. Robert Gray arrived as first Bishop of Cape Colony, Natal and St. Helena. Now that Cape Town is an arch-diocese, a new cathedral is being erected, of which the foundation-stone was laid on August 22, 1901, by King George, then Duke of York.

One of the first duties of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, appointed Governor in 1834, was to give effect to the Act for the emancipation of slaves passed by the British Parliament during the previous year. Some 39,000 slaves, mostly in the western districts of the Colony, were granted their freedom. The British Government provided an inadequate compensation for the owners, many of whom were reduced from affluence to penury. The abolitionists, however, headed by Dr. Philip, of the London Missionary Society, were jubilant.

News was brought to the Governor at a convivial New Year's Eve gathering, of a murderous irruption of Kafirs over the eastern border. Without disturbing his guests he drew aside Colonel Harry Smith—afterwards Governor Sir Harry Smith—and instructed him to make for Grahams-town to organize the border forces. Colonel Smith rode forth at daybreak and arrived at Grahamstown six days later, having ridden one hundred miles each day, at fourteen miles an hour throughout, a wonderful equestrian feat.

The British Government made an attempt in 1849 to form a penal settlement at the Cape, but when the ship *Neptune* arrived at Simon's Bay with 282 convicts aboard, the citizens declined to supply anything to persons having dealings with her. So strictly was this pledge observed that no food whatever was obtainable, either for the convicts or for the troops. During the riots which ensued, Fairbairn's house at Sea Point was wrecked by a crowd of negroes who had lost their employment through the boycott. In the end the colonists were victorious, and on February 21, 1850, the *Neptune* went on to Tasmania. In recognition of the services of C. B. Adderley who had championed the colonists in this matter in the British House of Commons, the name of Cape

Town's main thoroughfare, the Heerengracht, was changed to Adderley Street.

The British Government, on August 23, 1833, created a system of nominated Legislative and Executive Councils for the Cape Colony, and the first session was opened by Sir Benjamin D'Urban on April 2, 1834. The Council passed a special Ordinance on March 3, 1840, by which Cape Town was created a municipality, Advocate Pieter Jan Denyssen being its first Secretary. A liberal constitution was granted to the Cape Colony on July 1, 1853, and the first elected Parliament met on June 30, 1854, during the acting-governorship of Charles Henry Darling. In 1857 it passed an Immigration Act in order to attract white workers to the Cape. As a result over six thousand landed at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth during the years 1858 and 1859. Sir George Grey's great scheme of federating all the South African states under a common government was frustrated in 1859 by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, the well-known author, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies. On November 28, 1872, complete self-government for the Cape Colony was promulgated by a proclamation of Sir Henry Barkly, who, on May 12, 1875, laid the foundation-stone of the present Houses of Parliament, completed in 1884. The western wing was added in 1909.

A Harbour Board was created at Table Bay in December, 1836. Two jetties were constructed. The present Harbour Works, which have made Cape Town one of the safest ports in the world, were planned by Sir John Coode. In July, 1870, Prince Alfred formally opened the docks. The graving dock was added in 1882. On March 31, 1859, Sir George Grey turned the first sod of the first railway in South Africa, from Fort Knokke (Woodstock) to Wellington, a distance of 58 miles. It was opened for traffic on November 4, 1863. For the first ten years it was operated privately, with a gauge of 56½ inches; in 1873 it was taken over by the Government and a gauge of 42 inches was adopted, which has since become the standard South African gauge. The terminus of the railway was subsequently transferred to the present Adderley Street Station.

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The South African Public Library was founded on March 20, 1818, by Sir Charles Somerset. Its nucleus was half a dozen old volumes, a Bible, and a few native weapons. It now contains 150,000 volumes, including 4,500 presented by Joachim Nicholas Dessin, 5,000 by Sir George Grey in 1861, together with the Fairbridge Collection of 13,000 volumes presented by Sir Abe Bailey in 1925. It also houses about 130 manuscripts, some of them of the tenth century, and one of the earliest known copies of the "Roman de la Rose." The foundation-stone of the present building was laid by Sir George Grey on November 17, 1857, and on April 1, 1860, Prince Alfred formally opened the Library and Museum. Dr. W. Bleek was the first custodian. Opposite the Library is a statue of Sir George Grey, by Calder Marshall, erected by the colonists and unveiled on November 10, 1864.

The first South African Museum was founded in 1823 by Dr. Andrew Smith. In 1855, Sir George Grey appointed Edgar Layard, a distinguished ornithologist, curator. The present handsome building houses a unique collection of South African Stone-Age implements, rock-paintings, and a number of archæological relics discovered by Theodore Bent at Zimbabwe. There is an excellent series of coloured casts of Bushmen and Hottentots, taken from life, and a collection of South African birds, reptiles and mammals. Geology and mineralogy are well represented.

The South African Art Gallery, founded in 1871, is housed in an annexe to the Museum. It has works by modern painters, and casts from the antique presented by the executors of the late Alfred Beit.

Higher education in South Africa began with the establishment of the South African College at Cape Town, on October 1, 1829. In 1916, it became the University of Cape Town. The foundation-stone of its new home, a magnificent pile situated on a portion of the Groote Schuur Estate and estimated to cost a million and a quarter pounds, was laid by the Prince of Wales on May 1, 1925. The buildings are to contain a memorial hall to the late Sir Leander Starr Jameson. The University of the Cape of Good Hope, founded in 1873, received its

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charter four years later, and in 1916, was merged in the University of South Africa.

The Royal Observatory, erected in 1829, is under the control of the British Admiralty. Such astronomers have been associated with it as Thomas Maclear and Sir David Gill. Sir John Herschell erected a temporary telescope in 1834 at Feldhausen, where he studied nebulae and double-stars in the southern hemisphere. Dr. Spencer Jones is the present astronomer.

Groote Schuur, reconstructed in 1896 on the site of the old Dutch East India Company's grain barn, is a beautiful example of old Cape architecture. It was formerly the residence of Cecil Rhodes and was bequeathed by him as the official residence of the Prime Minister of United South Africa. Near by, at the foot of the Devil's Peak, and overlooking the bay, is the Rhodes Memorial, a noble temple designed by Sir Herbert Baker and John Macallan Swan. In the foreground is a bronze replica of Watt's well-known equestrian figure, "Physical Energy," of which the original is in Kensington Gardens, London. A series of terraces, flanked by eight bronze lions, four on each side, leads to a bust at the back of the temple, inscribed: "To the Spirit and Life-Work of Cecil John Rhodes, who loved and served South Africa." Rudyard Kipling's house, "The Woolsack," on the Groote Schuur Estate, was bequeathed to him by Rhodes, though he has rarely lived there.

The cultivation of South African flora is studied at the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens, a part of the Groote Schuur Estate. There is also a Native Reserve, consisting of indigenous mixed forest and Silver trees.

Cape Town's charm certainly derives to some extent from its mountain background. On either side of Table Mountain are two lesser peaks, the Devil's Peak (3,300 feet), and the Lion's Head (1,800 feet), connected by a spur with the Lion's Rump (Signal Hill, 1,200 feet). An aerial railway to the top of the mountain was opened on October 4, 1929. The view from the summit commands the whole of the Cape Peninsula. The dense clouds which sometimes cover the table-like mountain-top have become known as

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the "table-cloth." A flourishing Mountain Club has mapped out eighty ascents. The beautiful Table Mountain orchid, *Disa Grandiflora*, is indigenous to the mountain.

The Cape Peninsula is justly proud of its superb hundred-mile marine drive. For half its length it follows the coast-line, passing through Sea Point, Camp's Bay, Hout Bay, Chapman's Bay, Slang Kop, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Point, Simonstown, Muizenberg, Wynberg, Rondebosch, and along the slopes of Table Mountain. Near Wynberg, the ragged edge of one of the minor peaks has an outline curiously like a recumbent man, the face bearing a striking resemblance to Rhodes's death mask.

Simonstown, the British Admiralty's Naval Station since 1814, derives its name from Simon Van der Stel, the first to take advantage of the shelter afforded by this anchorage. He had a residence there, "Groot Tuin." The Netherlands Government used Simonstown as a naval and military depot in 1741. It is one of the most important strategic bases of the Southern Hemisphere.

A Wednesday and Saturday morning feature of Adderley Street is its brilliant show of beautiful Cape flowers—"painted ladies," chinchinchee, ixias and Cape Heath—displayed by the coloured flower-sellers. The Peninsula is extraordinarily rich in indigenous plants; indeed there are some two hundred varieties more than in the whole of England. The pier at the lower end of Adderley Street was completed in 1914. It extends 1,800 feet into the bay. A statue of Van Riebeeck, presented by Rhodes, and a memorial to the late Captain Scott, who perished on his return from the South Pole in 1912, are near the entrance. The Great War is commemorated in a striking monument, unveiled in 1924. The City Hall, in Darling Street, was opened in 1905.

In 1913 Cape Town absorbed a number of smaller municipalities, stretching from Sea Point to Muizenberg, thus giving the Metropolis an area of sixty-seven square miles. The population of the city, including these suburbs, is 230,000, of which 132,000 are Europeans, and the remainder natives and persons of mixed blood. The rateable value of property is £40,000,000.

CHAPTER XIV

JOHANNESBURG: THE CITY OF THE RAND GOLDFIELDS

JOHANNESBURG, the youngest city of the Empire, has crowded more of romance into its span of forty odd years than many cities of great age. Within a few months of George Walker's accidental discovery of the rich main reef leader in 1886, following the prolonged proving of the conglomerates by Fred and Harry Struben, the Witwatersrand was covered with ramshackle huts and tents sheltering a great crowd of adventurers. The farm Langlaagte on which the gold outcrop had been found had at one time been offered to a trekker for twelve oxen, and declined. It was sold to (the late Sir) J. B. Robinson for £6,000 and has since yielded £40,000,000 worth of gold. The late John X. Merriman, former Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, was at one time manager of the Langlaagte Estate and Gold Mining Company.

The first proclamation of the diggings was read on September 20, 1886, by Captain Von Brandis, in front of his "office," which consisted of a tent pitched near where Market and Sauer streets now intersect. Within three weeks, all the farms from Driefontein on the east to Roodepoort on the west had also been proclaimed. Cecil Rhodes was early on the scene at the urgent request of his friend Dr. Hans Sauer, who secured a number of valuable options on his behalf. But suddenly, and without waiting to complete these deals, Rhodes took the coach back to Kimberley on hearing that his friend Neville Pickering was dying, and the options lapsed. On his return, however, he acquired a number of claims and founded the Consolidated Goldfields Company. Gardner Williams, a mining engineer, who later became general manager of the De Beers Consolidated Mines at Kimberley, inspected the field on his behalf, and

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reported that it was only a ten-pennyweight proposition. His views were regarded as condemnatory. The triangular piece of Government ground called Rantjeslaagte was proclaimed on October 4, 1886, and it was upon the southern portion of this odd piece of ground sandwiched between three of the proclaimed farms that the township of Johannesburg was established, on the advice of a Government Commission consisting of Christiaan Jacobus Joubert, Johann Rissik, and Johannes Meyer. The Town was named after Johann Rissik who was at that time acting surveyor-general of the South African Republic. Its boundaries were modest indeed—Noord Street on the north, Commissioner Street on the south, End Street on the east, and West Street on the west—comprising an area of about 300 acres. On November 10, 1886, the *Staats Courant* notified that a public sale of stands would take place in Johannesburg eight days later. The fixing of the leasehold rights at five years, reflects the Government's view as to the life of the fields. But within a week this opinion was radically changed, for a further notice postponed the sale to December 8, but on a 99 years' lease. This sale duly took place, and a sum of £27,000 was realized for land now valued with buildings, at over £10,000,000. Stands near the Market Square fetched the highest prices. The average price paid in Eloff Street, one of the principal shopping streets to-day, was £5, and one shilling secured a plot towards the boundaries.

The town was originally surveyed by J. E. de Villiers in two strips, one from Commissioner Street to President Street, and another from Bree Street to Noord Street. Actual prospecting and mining was being carried on in the intervening area by a syndicate controlled by Carl and Julius Jeppe, and a deep trench extended right across Von Brandis Square, where the New Law Courts now stand. When this gap was surveyed at a later date by W. H. A. Pritchard, the north and south streets did not join up exactly, which indeed is why most of these streets bend sharply at the Bree street intersection.

The town soon outgrew its bounds and spread at first

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in the direction of Ophirton and Fordsburg on the west and Jeppestown and Belgravia on the east. The diggers' camps extended along the outcrop of the reef; the "magnates" built their mansions in Doornfontein and Berea, and several are still to be seen in an excellent state of preservation. Gradually the fashionable quarter shifted towards Parktown, whence it has since spread further northwards to Houghton, the Saxonwold, and Dunkeld, a full five miles from the centre of the city.

Local government was at first under control of the Mining Commissioner, Jan Eloff, assisted by a Diggers' Committee. In November, 1887, the Committee resigned and its place was taken by a Sanitary Board, the members of which were nominated by the Government. Ten years later, as a result of the Jameson Raid, a Stadsraad was constituted, with J. de Villiers as first Burgomaster, and this body governed the town until the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War. A Chamber of Mines was also formed early in 1887, of which H. W. Struben was President, but of this body practically no records remain. The present Chamber was founded on October 5, 1889, with Hermann Eckstein as president and Carl Hanau and Richard R. Hollins as vice-presidents. His Honour, the State President, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, was the honorary president from its inception until the time of the Jameson Raid. The Chamber's objects were to protect and advance the interests of the mining industry; and since the welfare of the town was closely associated with that of the mines, the Chamber's activities were likely to benefit the community considerably. W. Gemmill is the General Manager (1930).

That bars represented nearly half the trading licences issued during the first two years is an interesting comment on the early life of the community. In fact, most claim transactions were signed and sealed in the bars. The bars also played their part in solving the street lighting problem, for in 1890 the Sanitary Board ordered all keepers of bars and hotels to display lighted lamps outside their premises at night, and for a long time this remained the only street illumination. In 1892 the

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lighting of Johannesburg by gas and electricity was undertaken by a private company, which was taken over three years later by the Sanitary Board.

Before the railways reached the goldfields, George Heys ran a passenger-coach service from Bussey's Buildings (now Stanley House), at the corner of Commissioner and Loveday Streets, to the railheads in the Cape, Orange Free State and Natal, and also to Pretoria. Goods were transported by the slow and cumbersome ox-wagon. The Republican Government was not well disposed towards the building of railways, sensing a possible interference with the lucrative transport riding trade. President Kruger himself favoured the line from Lourenço Marques to Pretoria, by which he hoped to capture the greater share of the traffic passing over the Cape-Natal lines to the Transvaal. He was disappointed. Along the Rand goldfields the Nederlandsche Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij (dubbed the "No Zeal and Slow Motion," from its initials) obtained a concession to build a "steam tramway" to carry coal from the recently opened Boksburg colliery to the mines. Thus, on March 17, 1890, the Rand's first railway was opened for traffic. The system, which was shortly extended to Krugersdorp and Springs, ran on the self-same track now used by the South African Railways. A charge of one shilling per passenger was levied to travel from Main Station (Braamfontein) to Park Station (Johannesburg), a distance of about a mile. Through railway communication with Cape ports via Bloemfontein was, however, established on September 15, 1892, two years before the completion of the Lourenço Marques line. Durban was linked up in December, 1895.

At the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War, most of the members of the Stadsraad left Johannesburg, either to serve in the field or to take refuge at the Cape, and the administration of the town was left to Dr. F. E. T. Krause and the permanent officials. Nearly all the mines ceased work, a few being taken over by the Boer Government, which commandeered and mined over £2,000,000 worth of gold and minted some of it at Pretoria. On May 31, 1900, the British troops under Lord Roberts

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entered Johannesburg and control of the town's affairs was assumed by the military governor, Colonel Colin MacKenzie, assisted by Major W. J. A. O'Meara. Lord Milner took the first steps, in 1901, to establish a civil government by inviting a number of representative men to undertake its municipal administration. Thus was the Town Council born. It sat from May 8, 1901, to December 9, 1903, when the first municipal election took place, the late Sir William St. John Carr being elected the first of a long line of mayors. The Council, which had transacted its business hitherto in various commercial buildings, then migrated to the "Tin Temple" in Plein Street, where it remained until the opening of the present imposing City Hall in April, 1915.

On January 2, 1896, Dr. Jameson's unfortunate attempt to secure control of Johannesburg ended in his surrender, with some 450 followers, to Commandant Cronje at Doornkop, to the south-east of Krugersdorp. Sixty-four members of the Reform Committee, of which (Sir) Percy FitzPatrick (author of "The Transvaal From Within" and "Jock of the Bushveld") was the secretary, were arrested and tried at Pretoria. Four of the leaders, Colonel Frank Rhodes, John Hays Hammond, Lionel Phillips, and George Farrar, were sentenced to death, the sentences being afterwards commuted and the prisoners liberated on payment of fines of £25,000 each. The remainder were sentenced to pay £2,000 each and to undergo two years' imprisonment, but they were also released after having served a small portion of the term. Dr. Jameson was tried in London and sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment, but was released soon after by reason of severe ill-health. He subsequently became Prime Minister of Cape Colony. He now lies buried beside Cecil Rhodes in the Matopo Hills, near Bulawayo.

On February 19 of the same year the town was shocked by an appalling explosion which destroyed a suburb and killed 78 persons. Some 55 tons of dynamite in trucks in the railway goods-yard at Braamfontein detonated, tearing a crater in the ground 250 feet long, 60 feet wide and 30 feet deep.

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A difficulty which greatly hampered the mines from the earliest days was the constant shortage of native labour. There had been an ever increasing demand for labour owing to the rapid expansion of the fields. According to the report of the Transvaal Labour Commission in 1903, this shortage then amounted to 129,000 "boys." In the circumstances, permission was given to supplement the African supply by the importation of Asiatics. The first shipment of Chinese arrived about the middle of 1904. Altogether 63,000 coolies were brought into the Transvaal, and they introduced quite an oriental atmosphere to the Rand. They were never popular, however, although capable workers. The agitation against them was taken up in England and was used by the Liberals in the 1906 election. A mendacious campaign resulted in the defeat of the Conservatives. Incidentally, it was then that Mr. Winston Churchill described "Chinese slavery" as a "terminological inexactitude," a phrase which has since passed into common use. When responsible government was granted the Transvaal, the Letters Patent contained a provision for the repatriation of all indentured Chinese labourers, and by March, 1910, the last of them had left the Rand.

Unrest had become general for some time, however; and in May, 1907, a miners' strike broke out. Apart from losses in wages and profits, it calls for little comment, and collapsed in July. Towards the end of May, 1913, a strike on the New Kleinfontein mine unfortunately spread along the Rand and got beyond the control of civil authority. Imperial troops were called out and a number of lives were lost, but in July a settlement was reached. Early in 1914 the conflict was renewed and a threatened general strike was averted by a declaration of martial law and the arrest and deportation of the leaders. In 1922 occurred the most disastrous labour upheaval in the history of the Rand. On January 10, a general strike was declared, which rapidly developed into a revolt. Martial law was proclaimed on March 10, and for a week the Rand was given over to bloody warfare in which artillery and bombs were utilized before order was restored.

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The casualty roll was estimated at 291 police and military killed and wounded and 396 revolutionaries and civilians.

Johannesburg is primarily a mining city, and its Stock Exchange stands with the most important of its business institutions. Dealings in shares at first took place in a tent, and later in Donovan's livery stables at the corner of Commissioner and Sauer Streets. Woollan's Exchange was opened on January 16, 1888, at the corner of Commissioner and Simmonds Streets. Two years later a new exchange was opened on the same site in somewhat piquant circumstances. It stood where Palladium Buildings now are, facing the Corner House. It appears that a dispute had taken place on 'Change between Barney Barnato and a number of the brokers, which ended in a free fight. An apology was demanded, but Barnato's reply was to float the Johannesburg Estate Company for the purpose of building a new and bigger Exchange. In this way he secured control, without giving way to the Committee. Owing to the brokers' habit of coming out into the street to deal, the roadway in front of the Exchange was closed to traffic by chains suspended from iron posts, and the area became known as "between the chains." In 1897 the Exchange ceased to exist as a private concern, and became incorporated. The present imposing building, with frontages on four streets, was erected in 1903.

The first horse race on the goldfields took place on New Year's Day, 1887, when half a dozen starters lined up on the Wemmer mine claims. Nearly all the diggers attended. The winner, Videt, was ridden by R. O. Godfray Lys, who is still living in Johannesburg. During the year two more meetings were held, but on a different course, as the first had been pegged by prospectors. In 1889 the Club migrated to Turffontein, its present quarters, and race meetings were held at intervals of about six months. As there were few horses and owners, the same horses appeared at almost every meeting and in almost every racing centre in South Africa. The Club has prospered. Purses for its big handicaps, famous through-

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out the country, have increased from £250 in 1887 to £6,000. To-day the Rand boasts of several fine courses, and racing enjoys the support of all classes.

The first Rand Club was in striking contrast to the present one. When founded in 1887 it was a tin shanty, which was demolished two years later to make way for more commodious quarters, and these, again, were superseded in 1905 by the present building. While in course of erection the Club was housed in the North Western Hotel. During the strike in 1913 it was attacked by rioters and firing took place between them and troops posted in the vicinity. In June, 1925, the Club was the official residence of the Prince of Wales and his suite during his stay in Johannesburg. A few of the 1887 members are still living (in 1930), namely, James Butler (who built the Rand Tram), R. F. Bertram, S. B. J. Guthrie, L. E. B. Homan, Carl Jeppe, H. B. Marshall, C. E. Parker, R. G. Reiver, and W. Stayt.

Johannesburg, almost from the outset, has been well served with newspapers; indeed at one time there were seven. The first was a Dutch journal, of which even the name is now forgotten. It was followed by *The Diggers' News and Witwatersrand Advertiser*, the first number of which was published by Will Crosby and Co., on February 24, 1887. The next day *The Transvaal Mining Argus*, which later became Johannesburg's first daily, was published by Charles Deecker, followed a fortnight later by *The Standard and Transvaal Mining Chronicle*. Both the *Diggers' News* and the *Standard*, became daily papers, and in 1890 were incorporated as *The Standard and Diggers' News*, under the editorship of Henry Wright. *The Star*, Johannesburg's important evening paper, was transferred in 1889 from Grahamstown, under its former name *The Eastern Star*, and was sold by George Sheffield to the Argus Company. Its first editor was F. J. Dormer, who left the *Cape Argus* to assume that position. *The Star* and *The Standard and Diggers' News* were politically opposed, the former supporting the Uitlanders and the latter President Kruger.

Because of its attitude towards the Republican Govern-

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ment, the *Star* was suppressed in 1897 for three months, and during this period appeared as the *Comet*. The present editor of the *Star* (1930) is Charles D. Don. Among the weeklies in the early days the best known was Henry Hess's *Critic*, conducted on the lines of Labouchère's *Truth*. The *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg's notable morning paper, was founded in 1902, with Edgar Wallace as editor. In 1915 it incorporated *The Transvaal Leader*. Its editor (1930) is Lewis Rose Macleod. Johannesburg's popular *Sunday Times* first saw the light on February 4, 1906, under the managing editorship of G. H. Kingswell. Since 1908 it has been edited by J. Langley Levy.

Johannesburg's Hospital is an institution of which the city is justly proud. From very small beginnings it has grown until it has become one of the largest in the Empire. In the earliest days of the goldfields patients were nursed under canvas on the site of the present buildings. A Hospital Board was created in 1888 under the chairmanship of W. St. John Carr, and before long the tents gave place to a wood-iron building containing 14 beds, and staffed by the Reverend Mother Adele and four nuns, with Dr. Hans Sauer as District Surgeon. The rapid growth of the town necessitated big extensions, and on November 5, 1890, the nucleus of the present buildings was opened by J. N. A. Wolmarans, a member of the Executive Council of the Volksraad. Since then the Hospital's record has been one of ceaseless progress. Constant additions have been made and branches have been established outside its walls, including the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital, the Otto Beit Convalescent Home, the Fever Hospital, and a Children's Hospital erected as a memorial to those who had fallen in the Great War. A non-European Hospital was added in 1925. The superintendent is Dr. A. H. Louw (1930).

The Hope Home, crowning the ridge at West Cliff, and overlooking the Zoological Gardens, was formerly the residence of Colonel Raymond Ffennell (Schumacher); it was given by him to the city to be used as a convalescent home for children, and is named after his wife.

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Closely connected with the work of the Hospital, but in no way under its control, is the South African Institute for Medical Research, which owes its inception entirely to the gold-mining industry. It was organized in 1914, primarily to combat the heavy mortality from pneumonia among tropical natives working in the mines. The incidence of the disease has now been so reduced by Sir Spencer Lister's method of preventive inoculation that it is no longer a matter of great concern. Miners' phthisis, the most serious industrial disease in South Africa, has been intensively studied, and also plague, malaria, bilharziasis, cancer, epidemic influenza, hook-worm, and tuberculosis, with results which have received world-wide recognition. The Institute's home is a noble pile overlooking the city from the north, and is the city's greatest architectural asset. The main building was designed by Sir Herbert Baker in the English Renaissance style, and later additions have been made by F. L. H. Fleming. Control is in the hands of six members, three of whom are nominated by the Union Government and three by the Mining Industry. The present director is Sir F. Spencer Lister.

The Witwatersrand Agricultural Society's annual show, the biggest in South Africa, began its memorable career in 1896, during the regime of the South African Republic. President Kruger came over from Pretoria to open the first show, which proved an encouraging success. Mrs. J. Dale Lace, one of the earliest residents, who drove her own coach and a magnificent team of horses, the approach of which was always signalized by the sounding of a postilion's horn, was always a prominent exhibitor of horses. During the Anglo-Boer War, and for some years after, the show lapsed, but was revived in 1907, chiefly owing to the efforts of Sir Lionel Phillips and John Roy, successive presidents of the Society. J. G. Torrance has proved a brilliant secretary since 1915, and much of its latter-day success must be ascribed to his efforts, to those of John Roy, and to others of his enthusiastic committee. The original ground and building have now reached the dimensions of an industrial township,

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and 130,000 sightseers visit it annually from all parts of South Africa.

Johannesburg's sudden uprising on a lonely plateau in the heart of South Africa, far from rivers of any considerable size, soon confronted its citizens with an urgent problem of water supply. The streamlets which had earned for the Rand the name of "Ridge of White Waters" dried up as the mining community expanded. About the middle of 1889 the Johannesburg Waterworks Estate and Exploration Company exploited a spring on the Berea ridge, from which an uncertain supply was obtained. During a prolonged drought in 1895, when water was literally at a premium, the firing of small explosive bombs at the clouds to bring down rain provoked a protest from a number of Krugersdorp residents, who prayed that the Volksraad would prohibit this "Impious defiance of the Almighty." About that time the Waterworks Company made use of an underground supply on the farm Zuurbekom. From this source two million gallons daily were being obtained when the present Rand Water Board was established in 1903 at the instigation of Lord Milner. This Board is a statutory body upon which the various Rand Municipalities, the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, and the South African Railways are represented. The Chairman is appointed by Government. In 1905, the late Sir William St. John Carr was Chairman. He was succeeded in 1907 by T. A. R. Purchas, who held the chair until September 22, 1928, when S. A. Van Lingen was appointed. About 20 million gallons of water daily are now produced by the Board from the underground sources in the Klip River Valley and from the impounded waters of the Vaal River some 40 miles from Johannesburg. The total cost to date of the Vaal River scheme amounts to about £2,000,000, this including the magnificent barrage across the river which was designed by and carried out under the supervision of the late Wm. Ingham, Chief Engineer from 1910 to 1924. C. E. Mason holds the position of Chief Engineer (1930).

The Johannesburg Zoo had its beginning in very romantic circumstances. In 1904 a party of big-game

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hunters, who were on a shooting trip in the Northern Transvaal, came upon a number of lions and shot them, sparing only a young cub which had been wounded in the foot. One of the party, who was a medical man, saved its life by amputating the paw, and brought it to Johannesburg, where it was housed in grounds belonging to Hermann Eckstein, in Parktown. The young lion, which he named "Mac," took kindly to captivity, and two companions were added shortly afterwards by Lord Milner.

In this way was started what is to-day the finest collection of captive animals in South Africa. At his death in 1892 Hermann Eckstein bequeathed 200 acres of his beautiful park to the town. "Mac" had a numerous progeny, and most of the lions in the Zoo are his direct descendants.

The history of higher education on the Witwatersrand is a record of persistent endeavour in the face of difficulty. Facilities were entirely lacking until 1904, when the Transvaal Technical Institute was opened. Three years later a branch was established at Pretoria, but in 1910 the two were declared separate institutions, the Transvaal University College at Pretoria and the South African School of Mines and Technology at Johannesburg.

In 1916 the handing over to the University of Cape Town of a bequest of £200,000 made by Alfred Beit in 1906 for a Johannesburg University aroused the Witwatersrand to action, and a public appeal for funds yielded nearly £200,000. The result was that on March 1, 1922, the School of Mines became the University of the Witwatersrand and received its charter. In June, 1925, the Prince of Wales formally opened the new buildings on the Milner Park Ridge, overlooking the northern suburbs. The present head of the University is Principal H. R. Raikes, M.A., A.F.C. The premises formerly occupied by the University now house the Witwatersrand Technical College for vocational training, of which Professor John Orr is the Director.

The Wanderers Athletic Club was formed in 1888 on a site of approximately 28 acres, formerly known as Kruger

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Park, granted by the Republican Government on a 99 years' lease. For many years its secretary was Jacob Swart. J. P. Hess's "horseless carriage," Johannesburg's first motor car, a single cylinder Benz of one-and-a-half horse-power, was exhibited here on January 13, 1897. It was afterwards sold to "Coffee" Jacobs, who used it for advertising purposes.

Johannesburg's Art Gallery owes its inception chiefly to the enthusiasm of Lady Phillips, who secured the co-operation of Sir Hugh Lane in making initial selections of pictures. These were housed in the old School of Mines. The present building in Joubert Park, opened in 1915, was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. The collection includes examples of almost every school of painting, and is one of the most representative in the Empire.

The Union Observatory, on the eastern heights of the city, was established in 1903, under the direction of Dr. R. T. A. Innes, who retired in 1928. He was succeeded by H. E. Wood. The 26½-inch refractor, which should have been completed in 1911, did not reach the Observatory until 1925. The Yale University Observatory in Milner Park, established in 1925 under the direction of Dr. H. L. Alden, has a 26-inch photographic reflector.

Intimately connected with the growth of the Press was the simultaneous development of the Central News Agency, founded in 1892 by A. V. Lindbergh and Michael Davis. From small beginnings it has become the largest publishing house in the Union, and distributes the entire issues of practically every newspaper and journal in the country.

An important factor in the life of the city is the Johannesburg Publicity Association, which came into being on November 5, 1925, as the result of a "Publicity Breakfast" organized by the Rotary Club during the presidency of W. Seals-Wood. The association has done remarkable work in attracting visitors and industrialists to the city, and has taken preliminary steps in connexion with the proposed African International Exhibition. Its chairman (1930) is D. W. Mackay and its director, H. J. Crocker.

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The Johannesburg Public Library was established in 1892, and was taken over by the Municipality on July 1, 1924; it contains over 105,000 volumes, including the valuable collection belonging to the late Captain Seymour, and the Harold Strange collection of Africana. Plans are being prepared for the erection of a new and larger building, which will embody every improvement in library design, at the western extremity of the Town Gardens. The chief librarian is S. B. Asher.

For a long time after the first rush to the Rand, women were rarely seen; indeed, the camps were hardly suitable for them. As more men flocked to the fields their absence became even more noticeable, and men would emerge from their offices to look at the few who passed along the streets. Among the pioneer women still living may be mentioned Mrs. Catherine Blomefield, Mrs. L. J. Currey, Mrs. M. E. Deecker, Mrs. J. Dale Lace, Mrs. J. C. Pietersen (daughter of Captain von Brandis), Mrs. I. J. Salomon and her sister Miss Muriel Alexander (then a child), Mrs. Frank Wolhuter and Mrs. Sam Wemmer. The last-named, who arrived on the fields in 1886, is probably the oldest survivor of these pioneer women; she is the widow of the original owner of the Wemmer mine.

It seems a far cry from September 20, 1886, to September 5, 1928, when Johannesburg was officially proclaimed a city. The magical power of gold through which the city has been built has converted barren wastes into fertile lands; has enabled industries to be established, so that Johannesburg itself, with its 350,000 people, its rateable value of £62,000,000, its area of 82 square miles, its 800 miles of streets and its 121 townships, has become the premier city of South Africa and ranks third in the African Continent.

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY OF FOUR AFRICAN TOWNS: PRETORIA— DURBAN—MARITZBURG—EAST LONDON

PRETORIA: THE CITY OF REPUBLICAN MEMORY

A THOUSAND miles north of Cape Town there is a long range of low-lying hills, the Magaliesberg, upon the southern slopes of which is the city of Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Transvaal and of the Union of South Africa. It owes its foundation to Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, a son of the hero of Blood River. On November 16, 1855, he named the site of the future town, a site traversed by the Aapies River, in honour of his father. At that time there were three separate and independent republics north of the Vaal—Potchefstroom, Zoutpansberg, and Lydenburg (which included Utrecht), each under its own commandant. On the death, in 1853, of Hendrik Potgieter, the founder of Potchefstroom, Marthinus Pretorius became commandant-general, and set to work to form a strong central government which would put an end to dissension. In pursuance of this object a meeting of the Volksraad was called, and early in 1857 it adopted a new constitution. The South African Republic was proclaimed, with Potchefstroom as its capital and Pretorius as president. The Batavian tricolour, with a green vertical bar added, was chosen as the national flag. It was formally hoisted on January 6, 1857. Zoutpansberg and Lydenburg, however, repudiated the authority of the Republic, nor was it until April, 1860, that union was achieved. On May 1, 1860, Pretoria was officially proclaimed the seat of the united government. Nevertheless, the factionists still took the field occasionally, so that for nearly four years there was intermittent civil war. Peace was restored in 1864, Pretorius being definitely acknowledged president, with Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, commandant-general.

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Little wonder, therefore, that Pretoria developed slowly at first. There was the further consideration that the people of the Republic were essentially pastoral, and at that time, before the advent of the gold mines, there was a noteworthy absence of markets. Game was plentiful, so that hunting became a trade, and large quantities of ivory, hides, and ostrich feathers were brought into the town to be transported by ox-wagon to Natal. Commerce was carried on chiefly by barter, as there was little or no coin in the country.

The discovery of diamonds on the banks of the Vaal River provoked a dispute with regard to the south-western boundary of the Republic, which was eventually submitted to the arbitration of the Governor of Natal, Robert William Keate. Judgment was given against the Republic, whereupon Pretorius immediately resigned the presidency. Thomas François Burgers, a clergyman of somewhat independent outlook, was chosen in his place. He made bold efforts to build a railway to Delagoa Bay, and for this purpose raised a loan in Holland; but before work could be commenced he felt called upon to lead a punitive expedition against a native chief, Sekukuni, who had taken advantage of the farmers' trouble to raid their cattle. The failure of this expedition—coupled with the fear of a Zulu rising under Cetewayo, and the bankrupt condition of the treasury—led a section of the Volksraad to consider British protection. An influential party, however, strenuously opposed annexation. On April 27, 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal, an informal promise of home rule being given.

A measure of comparative prosperity followed Shepstone's assumption of control and was reflected in the doubling of the population with the three years from 1877 to 1880. Meanwhile, Cetewayo was defeated by the British.

During the administration of Sir Owen Lanyon, who succeeded Sir Theophilus Shepstone in 1879, a section of the Republicans, resenting the loss of their independence, hoisted their flag at Heidelberg on December 16, 1880. Pretoria was surrounded. Peace followed after the disaster to the British arms at Majuba on February 27, 1881,

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and on August 3 a convention was signed at Pretoria restoring self-government under the suzerainty of England. Government was carried on by a triumvirate consisting of Paul Kruger, Marthinus Pretorius and Piet Joubert. In 1883, Kruger was elected to the presidency, and continued to hold office until after the outbreak of the second Boer War in 1899. On the third anniversary of Majuba a new convention was signed in London which abolished the suzerainty and gave complete independence to the Republic.

The discovery in 1884 of gold on the Witwatersrand, less than forty miles from Pretoria, and the subsequent influx in 1886 of a large non-republican population, upset the equanimity of the old-world republic. While the vast increase in revenue gave a sudden fillip to the development of the town, it also became a political factor, since the newcomers—or Uitlanders—who paid the greater part of the country's taxes, had no voice in their expenditure. In 1896, Dr. Jameson's attempt to secure control of Johannesburg ended in his surrender and the arrest of sixty-four leaders of the Reform Committee, who were lodged in Pretoria jail until brought to trial and sentenced in the old Market Hall. The Uitlander population of the Transvaal was still unable to obtain any redress of their grievances, the chief of which was the Republic's disinclination to grant them the franchise, and in the end war again broke out on October 11, 1899. On June 5, 1900, the British troops under Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, and on May 31, 1902, peace was signed. Lord Milner was appointed Administrator of the Transvaal and held office until he was succeeded by Lord Selborne. On December 6, 1906, responsible government was granted to the Transvaal, when Lord Selborne became Governor, and General Louis Botha Prime Minister. The Transvaal was incorporated in the Union of South Africa on May 31, 1910.

Railway communication was established with Cape ports via Bloemfontein on January 1, 1893, with Durban on December 15, 1895, and with Lourenço Marques on November 18, 1894.

PRETORIA: CITY OF REPUBLICAN MEMORY

Pretoria's municipal history dates from the close of the Anglo-Boer War in 1902. Until that time, apart from two fleeting spells in 1880 and 1897-99, there was no civic government, all public utilities being in the hands of concessionaires. After 1902 these were taken over by the Town Council, the last to be bought out being the market concession in 1918. Church Square, among the most beautifully laid-out squares in South Africa, was the site of Pretoria's first thatched church, built in 1866, and around it at *Nagmaal* (Communion), numbers of farmers outspanned their wagons. In 1885 a more pretentious building was erected, but this in turn was removed about twenty years later. The planning of the Square, begun in 1910, was carried out at a cost of £46,000.

The town contains many reminders of the early days. Jess's cottage, the original part of which was built by Rider Haggard when he was secretary to Sir Theophilus Shepstone and described by him in his novel "Jess," still stands near the railway reserve. President Kruger's old home, an unpretentious one-storied house in Church Street, with its guardian stone lions presented by Cecil Rhodes, was occupied until the end of 1930 by the Moeders Bond Maternity Home. In the adjoining cemetery rests the rugged president himself, and his grave is still a place of pious pilgrimage. The Republican Transvaal Government Building, a magnificent pile facing Church Square, and now occupied by the Provincial Administration, is on the site of the little thatched building to which the Republican officials moved from Potchefstroom in 1860. The Old Museum, in the Zoological Gardens, founded by the late Dr. Jan Willem Bowdewyn Gunning, houses rock engravings, which are said to include two representations of the mastodon, probably among the earliest relics of human artistry. In this building may also be seen the state coach of the late President Kruger, and an interesting exhibit, known as the "Bratina" or "Fraternity Cup," presented to General Cronje by 70,000 Russians during the Anglo-Boer War. The New Museum in Market Street contains the Natural History collection. Between 1896 and 1899 a circle of six forts was constructed round

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the town by the Republican Government, but these have been partly dismantled. The chief military cantonment of the Union Defence Department is on Roberts Heights, and adjoining it is the Zwartkop Aerodrome, where nearly one hundred air-force planes are housed.

The Union Government Building, erected between 1910 and 1913 at a cost of a million-and-a-quarter pounds on Meintje's Kop, about a mile from the centre of the town, to the design of Sir Herbert Baker, remains the outstanding architectural achievement of Southern Africa. It was of this sandstone and granite marvel that Lord Selborne declared that people would "come from the ends of the earth to wonder at the site and admire the courage and forethought" of the men who had selected it. As far as possible only materials obtainable in South Africa were used in the building. A replica of the military memorial at Delville Wood stands in its terraced gardens. Government House, notable among vice-regal residences in the Empire, is situated at Bryntirion, a part of the ridge of which Meintje's Kop is the highest point.

The Hartbeestpoort dam, which impounds the waters of the Crocodile River, is twenty-five miles to the west of Pretoria, and is numbered among the largest irrigation works in South Africa. The Premier diamond mine is twenty-two miles east of the town.

A branch of the Royal Mint was established at Pretoria in 1923, on the site of the old jail. Eighteen million sovereigns are coined here annually from gold from the Witwatersrand mines, and of this amount South Africa retains about £2,000,000 for her own use. The coining of silver and the striking of medals is also undertaken.

Van Wouw's massive bronze statue of President Kruger, facing the railway station entrance in Market Street, formerly stood in Prince's Park. It was unveiled (in its present position) on October 10, 1925, the centenary of the president's birth, by ex-president Reitz of the Orange Free State. It was given by the late Senator Samuel Marks. The four bronze figures of burghers, and bas-reliefs at the base, which had been removed to England after the Anglo-Boer War by Lord Kitchener,

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were returned to South Africa at the suggestion of King George V and placed in position on the plinth.

Pretoria is a recognized South African educational centre. The Transvaal University College, formerly a constituent college of the University of South Africa, obtained its charter as a separate university during the present year (1930). There is also a Bacteriological Laboratory at Onderstepoort, eight miles north of the town, where research work of inestimable benefit to agriculture is carried on.

Pretoria has been chosen as the site of the Union's national iron and steel industry, on account of the vast deposits of rich iron ore found in the neighbourhood. The town is thus on the threshold of far-reaching industrial development. Its rateable value to-day is £11,000,000, and its population, inclusive of the suburbs, is 83,000, of which 54,000 are Europeans. On October 10, of this year (1930), when Pretoria will celebrate the seventy-fifth year of its foundation, it will be raised to the dignity of a city.

Pretoria's oldest newspaper, *Die Volkstem*, was first published in August, 1873. There is also the *Pretoria News*. Mr. Vere Stent was editor of the latter paper for many years. He is the only surviving member of the party that accompanied Cecil Rhodes on August 24, 1896, to the historic meeting with the Matabele indunas in the Matopo Hills, near Bulawayo, which terminated the Matabele rebellion.

2

DURBAN: THE PORT OF PALMS AND WIDE STREETS

The first Europeans to settle in Natal established themselves at Durban in 1823, when Lieutenant Francis George Farewell, a retired naval officer, with J. R. Thompson, a merchant of Cape Town, and James Saunders King, master of the brig *Salisbury* (from which the island in the bay is named), arrived to examine the potentialities of up-country native trade. The inlet where they landed—Port Natal—was well known to navigators and was correctly marked on maps, the coast-line

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having been surveyed in 1575 by Perestrello. Vasco da Gama, on his voyage of discovery to India, had sighted the coast on Christmas Day, 1497, when he named the country Natal, in honour of the day when Christian men first beheld it. He did not land, but stood out to sea. One must reject, therefore, the legend that the clock in the Point Road, popularly known as the Vasco da Gama clock, marked the exact spot where the great navigator stepped ashore. Other vessels had, indeed, entered the bay long before that of Farewell, but no attempt had ever been made to establish a permanent settlement; and Farewell is, therefore, looked upon as the founder of the town. From the wreckage of other vessels a number of marooned sailors at Port Natal in 1687 built a small schooner, which they named the *Centaurus*, in which, although without chart or compass, they safely reached Table Bay. So well had this vessel been constructed that it was bought by the Dutch East India Company and used for many years in coastal work. Furthermore, the Bay of Natal had been purchased in 1689 from the natives at a nominal cost in goods by the captain of the *Noord*, a vessel belonging to the East India Company. But there had been no attempt at colonization.

Farewell explored the surrounding country, and having surveyed the bay roughly, went back to Table Bay. He was so impressed that he resolved to return and establish himself in Natal. Accordingly he chartered two sloops, the *Julia* commanded by Henry Francis Fynn, and the *Antelope* under his own command, and arrived again at Port Natal with about twenty-five companions in the middle of 1824. But the hearts of certain of the adventurers failed them, for most of them returned to Cape Town, leaving only five men in the settlement: Farewell, Fynn, John Cane, Henry Ogle, and a boy named Thomas Holstead. The country at that time abounded with elephant and was practically uninhabited, except for a few half-starved natives, fugitives from the blood-thirsty Zulu king, Tshaka. Farewell and Fynn together visited Tshaka at his kraal, where no white man had ever been before, and found him suffering from a severe wound

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received in an attempt to assassinate him. Fynn, who knew something about medicine, was able to help him, and from that time onward Tshaka was their friend. On August 7, 1824, he made over to them a strip of land with boundaries twenty-five miles north and ten miles south of Port Natal and running about one hundred miles inland. On August 27, Farewell hoisted the flag at the port and proclaimed the territory a British possession.

Meanwhile, King had travelled to England, whence he returned on October 1, 1825, bringing with him Nathaniel Isaacs, from St. Helena, in the brig *Mary*, which was wrecked while crossing the bar. From the wreckage of this vessel and native timber, the ship's carpenter, Hatton, built a small schooner the *Elizabeth and Susan*, in which, in December 1828, Farewell and Isaacs set out for Cape Town to procure stores, taking with them the crew of the *Mary*. Again there were only five persons left at Port Natal. The *Elizabeth and Susan* was seized and detained at Algoa Bay for being without a licence, and of all who had embarked in her, only Isaacs saw Natal again.

Farewell was again able to interest a number of persons in his trading schemes. Returning overland to Natal he and two companions were treacherously murdered in September, 1829, near the Umzimvubu River.

Shortly before Farewell's journey to the Cape, however, Tshaka had been assassinated on September 23, 1828, at the instigation of his brother Dingaan, who assumed the chieftaincy of the Zulu tribe. Tshaka is buried in the village of Stanger, about fifty miles north of Durban, where his grave is still regarded with awe. Fynn left Natal in 1834 and joined the Cape Government service. The long spit of sand at the entrance to the harbour was named after him, although nowadays it is known simply as the Point. The population of the settlement at this time was still only thirty-five.

In January, 1835, Port Natal was visited by Captain Allen Gardiner, who proposed to establish missions among the Zulus. He states that there was then at the port one house constructed after a European model; it was occupied by a trader, James Collis, and was built of

reeds and mats. The settlers resolved to lay out a town, and on June 23, 1835, they named it D'Urban, in honour of the Governor of the Cape Colony. They named the district Victoria, and petitioned that it be made a British colony. Sir Benjamin D'Urban supported the petition, but it was rejected by the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg who, however, in the following year, promulgated the Cape Punishment Act, by which all subjects south of the twenty-fifth parallel came under the jurisdiction of the Cape Colony. The settlers were thus unable to claim British protection against aggression, although they would be subject to the laws of the Cape Colony in the event of misdemeanour. Captain Gardiner took up residence on the rising ground behind the town-ship and named it Berea, possibly after one or both of the biblical places of that name—Berea in Macedonia, whose people readily accepted St. Paul's mission, and Berea in Syria, which was a place of punishment—and endeavoured to unite the callings of missionary and magistrate. But the settlers would have none of it, and after the destruction of the town by Dingaan's army in May, 1838, he left Natal for good.

Pieter Retief, the leader of a party of emigrants from the Cape Colony, crossed the Drakensberg in 1837, and with a small band of followers arrived at Durban on October 19. He was hospitably received by the settlers and left again for Dingaan's kraal, where he arrived on February 3, 1838. Thomas Holstead acted as his interpreter to the Zulu chieftain who ceded to Retief, Port Natal and the territory from the Tugela River to the Umzimvubu River, most of which had previously been granted by Tshaka to Farewell and Fynn. Three days after the whole party was treacherously done to death by the order of Dingaan, whose army then marched on with the object of exterminating every white settler. After the massacre of over five hundred of Retief's defenceless followers at Weenen, the Zulu army reached Durban, where during nine days they plundered and destroyed all the property they could find. Fortunately the inhabitants had been able to take refuge on a small

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vessel, the *Comet*, which happened to be at anchor in the bay.

On May 26, 1838, Carl Pieter Landman arrived at Durban at the head of a party of emigrants and took possession of the port in the name of the "Association of South African Emigrants." Acting without instructions from the British Government, Sir George Napier, Governor of the Cape, sent a detachment of troops under Major Charters to take temporary possession of the port. The Home Government, however, still refused to sanction permanent occupation, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of Napier, who reluctantly ordered the troops to leave. They embarked on December 24, 1839, and the Dutch then took possession of the port and included it in the Republic of Natalia.

Early in 1842, a British force under Captain Thomas Charlton Smith and 263 men was dispatched to resume military occupation, and encamped on May 4 on the flats at the foot of the Berea, notwithstanding the protests of the Dutch who claimed to be under the protection of the Netherlands Government. On the night of May 23, Captain Smith with 138 men attacked the Dutch at Congella, but fell into an ambush, and was obliged to retreat to his camp which was soon surrounded by the Dutch. It was then that Dick King, an old transport rider, volunteered to ride six hundred miles overland to Grahamstown with intelligence of the disaster and to ask for reinforcements. At midnight, King and his *umfaan*, Ndongeni, a sixteen-year-old native, were ferried across the bay to the Bluff by George and Joseph Cato, their horses swimming in tow behind the boats, and got safely away. The country through which they travelled was in those days infested with wild game, lion, buffalo and elephant, and the larger rivers with hippopotami and crocodiles. Throughout the journey he had to evade enemies. Near the Cape border Ndongeni gave up and King rode on alone, struggling into Grahamstown ten days after leaving Durban. A month later the firing of rockets and the booming of guns announced to the beleaguered garrison that relief was at hand. On

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June 26, the British warship *Southampton* entered the bay and the town was relieved. Dick King's famous ride is commemorated by an equestrian statue, with two descriptive panels, on the Esplanade at the foot of Gardiner Street. The fort which was built later on the site of Captain Smith's camp, is to-day transformed partly into quarters for ex-service veterans. An interesting relic is an old 9-pounder retrieved from the ill-fated *Grosvenor* wrecked off the coast of Pondoland in 1782 (see Chapter V).

Sir George Napier formally proclaimed the district of Port Natal a British possession on May 12, 1843, and on August 8 this was accepted by the Volksraad at Pietermaritzburg. It was annexed to the Cape Colony on May 31, Martin Thomas West being appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Theophilus Shepstone diplomatic agent for natives. Sugar was introduced from Mauritius in 1847 by a planter named Edmund Moreland, who thus laid the foundation of one of Natal's most important industries. Durban was made a municipality on May 15, 1854, with George Cato as mayor, and two years later, on July 15, 1856, Natal received its charter as a separate colony.

The construction of piers to improve the entrance to the harbour was commenced in 1855. A great deal of money was wasted in the undertaking, the first plan being superseded when half completed by another design which in the end proved useless. The harbour scheme as it is to-day is the design of Sir John Coode as accepted in 1878. A breakwater extends from the foot of the Bluff for a distance of 2,300 feet into the sea, and a pier is carried out from the Point level with it. The depth at the entrance to the bay is now thirty-seven feet at low water, permitting the largest vessels to berth with safety. On the Bluff side of the harbour are the whaling slips, whence carcasses are conveyed by a short railway to the whaling-station behind the Bluff. The graving-dock at Congella, opened by the Prince of Wales in 1925, is the largest south of the Equator.

The building of a lighthouse was decided upon in 1864. An iron tower 83 feet in height was erected on the Bluff, and a revolving light first shown from it on New Year's

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Day 1867. The time-ball, also on the Bluff, is actuated from the Union Observatory at Johannesburg and falls at noon daily as a signal to the shipping and the town. Durban opened on June 26, 1860, the first completed railway in South Africa, a mile-and-a-half in length from the Point, which in 1867 was extended to Umgeni. Telegraphic communication with England via Aden was established on December 29, 1879.

Durban's magnificent Town Hall, containing the Museum, Public Library, and Art Gallery, was opened in 1910, superseding the older building erected in 1885, which now houses the Post Office.

Durban citizens who fell in the Great War are commemorated in an impressive memorial in the Town Gardens, a remnant of the old Market Square, facing Gardiner Street. At the time of its unveiling it provoked a good deal of comment by reason of its bold design and colour treatment. The population of the town and suburbs is 187,000, of whom 75,000 are Europeans, 55,000 natives and coloured persons, and 57,000 Asiatics. It is one of the Union's chief ports, and is undoubtedly destined to play a still more important rôle in South Africa's trade and commerce. Durban's morning newspaper, the *Natal Mercury*, was first published in 1852. There is also an evening paper, the *Natal Advertiser*, founded in 1878.

3

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Three peoples—British, Dutch and Zulu—are intimately associated with the founding and early history of Pietermaritzburg, or Maritzburg, as it is called nowadays. Early in 1837 two parties of Dutch farmers emigrating from Cape Colony under the leadership of Gerrit Maritz and Pieter Retief, met in the neighbourhood of Thaba 'Nchu, about forty miles due east of the present town of Bloemfontein. They joined forces, Retief being elected Commandant-General, and crossed the Drakensberg into Natal. Retief, with sixty-six followers visited

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the Zulu chief, Dingaan, at his kraal, Umgungunhlovu, on the White Umfulosi River, in order to obtain a grant of land. Dingaan was outwardly friendly and readily conceded the request. On the morning of February 6, 1838, however, as they were preparing to return, they were suddenly attacked by the Zulus and treacherously murdered. Retief was held and forced to witness the deaths of his companions before being slain. The Zulus subsequently fell upon the other unsuspecting emigrants at Weenen and massacred over five hundred defenceless men, women and children. Gerrit Maritz then took charge of the remainder, who vowed that they would not leave Natal until they had avenged their comrades. But their numbers were inadequate, and a disaster befell them in the death of their leader, who succumbed to the ravages of fever. Later on they were joined by farmers under Andries Willem Jacobus Pretorius, and he was elected Commandant-General. A force of four hundred and fifty men then took the field against Dingaan, vowing that if God would give them the victory they would build a church to His glory and set apart a day in every year in thanksgiving. The Zulus attacked them on the morning of Sunday, December 16, 1838, and after a bloody battle were utterly defeated. The farmers had three men slightly wounded; the number of Zulu dead was over three thousand. The ground was covered with corpses and the river discoloured with blood, so that it was subsequently called Blood River. Dingaan, however, escaped, but was again defeated thirteen months later, and was ultimately assassinated by a Swazi who had stolen upon him unawares.

Shortly afterwards, in March, 1839, the town of Pietermaritzburg was laid out on a site traversed by the Umsindusi River. It was named in honour of the Commandants Pieter Retief and Gerrit Maritz. On February 14, 1840, after the departure of the British troops from Port Natal, Pretorius took possession of the land in the name of the Republic of Natalia, with Pietermaritzburg as its capital, and informed Sir George Napier, Governor of the Cape Colony, that he and his followers had ceased

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to be British subjects. After some hesitation Napier sent a detachment to resume occupation of Port Natal, and on May 12, 1843, proclaimed Natal a British colony. Advocate Henry Cloete was appointed Commissioner, and travelled to Pietermaritzburg to explain to the Volksraad that the British Government could not recognize the Republic, and moreover, that the policy of pressing the native tribes towards the colonial frontier could not be permitted. He found the Dutch Government at a complete standstill and the treasury empty. For two days the town was in the possession of some six or seven hundred armed burghers, while the Volksraad met, and a great gathering of women waited on Advocate Cloete and expressed determination not to submit to British authority. On August 8, 1843, the Volksraad, with one dissentient, gave its allegiance to the British Crown. Numbers of Dutch settlers, nevertheless, left the colony, to be replaced by British immigrants.

Probably the first substantial building erected in the town, and the only one surviving from those days, was the church built in fulfilment of the farmers' solemn vow on the eve of the Blood River battle. No building in Natal can compare with this for historic interest. After being in use for about twenty years as a church, a larger building was erected in the vicinity, and the old one was converted into a school. Then it became in turn a wagon-maker's shop, a boarding-house, and a chemist's shop. It would probably have fallen altogether into decay but for the patriotic spirit of citizens who raised subscriptions for its purchase and restoration. On December 10, 1912, it was handed over to the Union Government to be used as a museum for Voortrekker relics.

Andries Pretorius's home, "Welverdiend," six miles out of Maritzburg, is also likely to be preserved for posterity. At present it is being used as a school for native children. The Raadzaal, which was used afterwards as the Court-house, and finally became a butcher's shop, stood on the site of the present magnificent City Hall, which was opened in 1901 by King George V, then Duke of York.

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Maritzburg was created a bishopric in 1853, and Dr. John William Colenso took up his residence as first Bishop of Natal early in the following year. He devoted himself chiefly to missionary work, and became a champion of the natives and a controversialist whose writings eventually caused a schism in the Church. In 1862, he published certain biblical criticisms which evoked widespread protest. He was summoned by the Metropolitan of Cape Town, Dr. Gray, to appear before a court of South African bishops on a charge of heresy. Dr. Colenso ignored the summons, and when found guilty and sentenced to be deposed, he appealed to the Privy Council in London which vindicated him. As a result, the Church of the Province of South Africa came into being, and in 1869 Dr. W. K. Macrorie was consecrated Bishop of Maritzburg. Thus, for a while, the city had two bishops, exercising authority over practically the same territory. Bishop Colenso subsequently championed the cause of the native chief Langelibalele, who rose in rebellion in 1873 when called upon to account for all rifles in the possession of his tribe. Langelibalele was captured and kept in confinement, at first on Robben Island in Table Bay, and later near Mowbray, on the outskirts of Cape Town. Dr. Colenso died in 1883 at his residence, "Bishopstowe," a few miles outside the city.

In March, 1846, there was issued the first number of the *Natal Witness*, Maritzburg's morning newspaper and the oldest in Natal. *Die Afrikaner*, printed in Afrikaans, is published twice weekly.

Municipal government was granted on May 15, 1854. Natal became a separate colony on July 15, 1856, with Maritzburg as the official capital. Self-government was granted in 1893. Maritzburg has been the seat of Natal provincial administration since May 31, 1910, when the colony was incorporated in the Union of South Africa. The arms of the city are an elephant on a shield surmounted by a cluster of five stars, with the word "Um-gungunhlovu" (place of the elephant), a title originally given to Dingaan's kraal, which, however, is a hundred miles distant from the city. The centre star of the cluster

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represents the Star of Bethlehem, in allusion to the discovery of Natal on Christmas Day, while the other four stars represent the Southern Cross.

In the Court Gardens in the centre of the city stands Nicoli's white statue of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who for thirty years directed native policy in Natal. "Somtseu," was the name the natives gave him, the father of his people, and they always accorded him the royal salute: "Bayete!"

The Zulu War Memorial recalls the heroic stand of the British against the hordes of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, in 1879. He had spurned the demand of Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape, to disband his armies which were deemed to be a menace to the safety of Natal. A British force under Lord Chelmsford therefore crossed into Zululand in five columns. One of these was attacked on January 22, 1879, at the foot of a barren crag called Isandhlwana, and was practically annihilated. Then the Zulus attacked the military post at Rorke's Drift, where a handful of men under Lieutenant Chard behind a barricade of maize bags and biscuit boxes was able to beat them back. The arrival of reinforcements enabled Lord Chelmsford to inflict a crushing defeat upon Cetewayo at Ulundi on July 4, and the Zulu military power was completely destroyed. A tragic incident of the war was the death of the Prince Imperial, only son of Napoleon III of France, who was surrounded and killed by Zulus while vainly trying to mount his frantic horse. Cetewayo was captured a month later and banished; he died in 1886.

The growth of Maritzburg was slow at first, for the people followed pastoral pursuits and their only market was Durban fifty miles away. The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley and the advent of the railway from Durban, in December, 1875, accelerated progress. Maritzburg is now the junction of four railway lines, and is the distributing centre for a prosperous agricultural district. The cultivation of wattle trees for the extraction of tannin has proved successful, and the felled trees, stripped of their bark, are sent to the gold mines at Johannesburg

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for use as mine props. When the Union Government embarked upon a policy of railway electrification, the first stretch of line to be electrified was from Maritzburg to Glencoe, 170 miles along the main line to Johannesburg.

But it is as an educational centre that Maritzburg holds pride of place, and the exceptional facilities provided attract pupils from all parts. The Natal University College is a constituent college of the University of South Africa. The population of Maritzburg, inclusive of the suburbs, is 48,000, of which approximately 20,000 are Europeans.

4

EAST LONDON: THE PORT ON THE BUFFALO RIVER

Had there been no Buffalo River there might have been no East London in the 'forties, for it was the river that first attracted the attention of Europeans. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Cape Colony, had indeed cherished a scheme of settling a body of Europeans on its eastern bank as far up as the Nahoon River, but nothing came of it owing to the opposition of Lord Glenelg, British Secretary of State for the Colonies. The mouth of the Buffalo River had been considered suitable for shipping. To test this belief the Government ordered the brig *Knysna* under Captain John Findlay to proceed there with a cargo of stores for the troops on the frontier. The *Knysna* arrived in the roadstead on November 19, 1836, and had on board as supercargo John Rex, the son of its owner, George Rex, who took away a shipment of hides obtained by barter from the natives. This was the first cargo to leave East London. Captain Andries Stockenström, Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Districts, thereupon named the spot Port Rex. Notwithstanding the success of the experiment, no more ships touched there for the next ten years, and the name was forgotten.

Lieutenant Charles Forsyth, of the Royal Navy, inspected the river-mouth in 1847, and advocated its suitability as a military post. A body of troops under

EAST LONDON

Lieutenant-Colonel Van der Meulen was accordingly stationed there, and a fort, afterwards Fort Glamorgan, was erected on the west bank. Ships now began to use the river to land supplies for the troops. A village grew about the fort. On December 28, 1847, Sir Harry Smith named the settlement East London, and on January 14, 1848, he annexed it to the Cape Colony together with two miles of surrounding country. For the next twenty-five years there was very little expansion, chiefly because of the shifting sandbanks at the river-mouth. Nevertheless the little colony attracted traders and artisans who received grants of land. The British Government voted £40,000 in 1857 to settle a number of volunteers from the German Legion in the neighbourhood, a corps which had been raised for service in the Crimean War. Altogether some 2,400 immigrants, including women and children, availed themselves of the offer and were distributed in various villages of British Kaffraria. A number remained at East London and formed a settlement on the east bank of the river. There were then three separate villages, East London East, East London West, and Panmure, which were amalgamated in 1873 into a form of municipality with five elected commissioners, of whom John Gately was the chairman.

A quaint feature of East London life in the 'sixties was the flagstaff on the west bank, near the sea, the meeting-place for all who had news or who wanted to hear news. East London's daily newspaper, the *Dispatch*—which still circulates throughout the Eastern Districts—was first issued in 1872. In the same year a start was made with the building of a breakwater planned by Sir John Coode. The need for a safe harbour was emphasized by the destruction of seven vessels in a violent gale on Sunday, May 26, 1872. Lives were lost and much valuable cargo destroyed. Eventually it was realized that owing to the constant accumulation of sand the bar could not be kept clear without dredging, and in 1886, the *Lucy*, a dredger of 500 tons, arrived from England, and the real development of the port began. Vessels of 11,000 tons can now enter the harbour with safety.

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The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley had an immediate effect on the fortunes of East London. The machinery and equipment used on the diggings were landed there. At that time the only form of transport was the ox-wagon. Railway construction was begun with the opening of a line to Kingwilliamstown on December 18, 1874; this was linked up in 1892 with the line from Port Elizabeth to Bloemfontein and the diamond fields.

The populace of the east bank grew more rapidly than that of the west bank, and in 1881, when the present form of municipal government was inaugurated, it predominated. The town has prospered steadily. The population is 38,000, of which 23,000 are Europeans, and its rateable value is £6,000,000. It is the premier wool port of the Union, and the commercial centre for the Transkei and native territories, with their many thousand square miles of rich, fertile, and well-watered soil, and a native population of nearly a million. There is also a considerable fishing industry. The town is rapidly becoming an important educational centre. Students are prepared for University courses at the Rhodes University College at Grahamstown, and technical training is provided in the Technical Institute.

CHAPTER XVI

BLOEMFONTEIN—PORT ELIZABETH—KIMBERLEY AND
LOURENÇO MARQUES

I

BLOEMFONTEIN: THE FIRST CITY OF THE ORANGE FREE
STATE

BLOEMFONTEIN, the capital city of the Orange Free State, is situated almost in the centre of the Union, and has been adopted as its judicial capital. The origin of the name is doubtful. Some say that the old transport riders, seeing so many flowers—*bloeme*—around the spring—*fontein*—where they watered their cattle, called the spot "Bloemfontein." Others say, probably with more truth, that a half-breed, Jan Bloem, established himself here with a band of robbers in the latter part of the eighteenth century and raided cattle from the natives in the neighbourhood.

In common with a number of other South African towns, Bloemfontein owes its first settlement to the emigration of a number of dissatisfied Boer farmers from the Cape Colony. These crossed the Orange River in 1836 to seek new homes. Trouble broke out between them and the Griqua chief, Adam Kok, who was living under British protection. Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of the Cape, visited the district and concluded an agreement with Adam Kok whereby the farmers were allotted the territory between the Modder and Riet Rivers. Major Henry Douglas Warden was appointed British Resident, and in 1846 he selected Bloemfontein as his Court and as the station of the troops under his

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command. On February 3, 1848, Sir Harry Smith, Governor of the Cape, declared the whole territory between the Vaal and Orange Rivers as far east as the Drakensberg range to be a British possession, under the name "Orange River Sovereignty." On March 8, he proclaimed a form of government, and Andrew Bain was authorized to lay out a township.

On Sir Harry Smith's return to the Cape a strong force under Commandant Pretorius compelled Major Warden to surrender the town and to retire across the Orange River. As soon as the intelligence reached Sir Harry Smith he set out with a detachment of troops, and on August 29 defeated Pretorius at the battle of Boomplaats and re-occupied Bloemfontein. Major Warden was reinstalled with an increased garrison, and the construction of a fort was begun.

Some years later the British Government decided to abandon the Sovereignty, and on February 23, 1854, the Bloemfontein Convention guaranteeing the independence of the country, was signed in the Old Museum. The troops left for Cape Town on March 4, and on March 28, a Volksraad met and framed a constitution. Josias Philip Hoffman was elected first President on May 15, 1854. A national flag designed by William III of Holland was adopted and formally hoisted on the third anniversary of independence.

Major Warden laid the foundation stone of the twin-spired Dutch Reformed Church on January 6, 1849, and in March, the Reverend Andrew Murray became its first clergyman. Dr. Murray subsequently founded the Huguenot Seminary and the Missionary Training College at Wellington, and will always be held in esteem in South Africa for his services to education and religion. In 1853 he went to England with Dr. Fraser to protest against the abandonment of the Sovereignty, but their efforts did not meet with success.

On June 10, 1850, the first number of a weekly paper, *The Friend of the Sovereignty*, was published by Godlonton and White, partly in English and partly in Dutch. The name was changed later to *The Friend of the State*, and

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to-day, as *The Friend*, it remains a leading South African newspaper.

The portion of the town on the south side of the Bloemfontein was probably the first to be occupied. A plan drawn in 1851 by Bain shows that the town was then bounded by Charles Street on the north, St. George's Street on the south, Fraser and East Burghers Streets on the east, and Aliwal Street on the west. Development was very slow, and it was not until the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley that real expansion began.

The affairs of the town were at first administered by a Board of Commissioners of Town Management, and the first records of their proceedings, now in the possession of the Town Council, commence in 1852. There are, however, references to earlier meetings. Business was originally transacted in the Old Museum, where the sittings of the Volksraad were also held, and later in Dr. Krause's house, now the Bloemfontein Club, and in the Market House. During the building of the present City Hall, use was made of the old Wesley Chapel. Bloemfontein was made a municipality in 1880, R. Innes being the first mayor. A proposal is under discussion (1930) to build a new City Hall more in keeping with the city's requirements, near the Union Appeal Court in President Brand Street. This last-named structure was completed at a cost of £120,000.

Bloemfontein's most interesting building historically is the Old Museum in St. George's Street, which is held in reverence by the burghers as the cradle of Free State independence. It was there that the Convention was signed in 1854, and there for the first three years that the Republic held its debates. The building was also used as the office of the Board of Town Management, and as a school. The Dutch Reformed Church held services there. The Volksraad presented it to the townspeople in 1887 to be used as a National Museum. Two wings were added in 1885 and 1890.

In 1886, the Volksraad transferred its meeting-place to hired premises in the Market Square, where the present Post Office stands, and remained there until 1895.

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New Government offices were then erected in President Brand Street, facing Maitland Street. This building was destroyed by fire in 1908 and after its rebuilding in 1910 was taken over by the Provincial Administration. In front of the main gate stands a statue, designed and executed in Holland, of Sir Jan Hendrik Brand, President of the State from 1864 to 1886. The Volksraad had moved in 1893 to a new building, where it continued to meet until the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War. This building is now the Legislative Assembly Chamber of the Provincial Council.

Government House, now the Eunice High School for Girls, was erected in 1888, during President Brand's term of office, on the same site as the original Presidency which dates back to 1852.

The Grey College, from which arose the Grey University College, a constituent college of the University of South Africa, was founded as a boys' school in 1885 by Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape Colony, and the first advocate of federation of all the South African States. The present beautiful buildings were commenced in 1909 and have been added to frequently since.

The Orange Free State threw in its lot with its sister republic, the Transvaal, when war with England broke out in 1899. Lord Roberts entered the city unopposed on March 13, 1900.

On the afternoon of Sunday, January 17, 1904, the city was overwhelmed by one of the most disastrous floods in South African history. The bursting of two dams at Brandkop on the previous day—followed by a cloudburst—changed the Bloemspruit from a trickling stream into a raging torrent which spread itself over the city and carried destruction in its wake. Sixty-two persons were drowned, and bodies were recovered ten miles away. The damage to property amounted to £500,000.

The railway from Cape Town reached Bloemfontein in December, 1890, and was extended to Johannesburg in September, 1892; a branch line to Kimberley was opened in April, 1908.

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The Public Library, a handsome building in Warden Square, was given to the city by the late G. A. Fichardt. Close to the fort, built by Major Warden in 1848, is a memorial to the burghers who fell fighting the Basutos in the wars from 1865 to 1868. Prince's Garden, opened in 1925 by the Prince of Wales, covers over eight acres and contains three thousand rose trees.

The remarkably high average of clear nights at Bloemfontein has attracted astronomers from various oversea universities. At the Ann Arbor Observatory on Naval Hill, Professor Rossiter is investigating double stars; a 27-inch telescope, was erected in 1927 with funds given by an American benefactor, Robert Patterson Lamont. A second telescope at Mazelspoort, near the city's waterworks, has been transferred by Harvard University from Arequipa, in Peru.

The Glen Agricultural College, erected at a cost of £65,000 on a site of 4,000 acres, is situated on the Modder River about sixteen miles outside the city. Scientific and practical training in every branch of agriculture is given here.

By reason of its central position Bloemfontein has been chosen as the site of the railways' main repair workshops; and half a million pounds has been expended in buildings, machinery and equipment. The total valuation of the city is £6,000,000; its population is 45,000, of which just over 20,000 are Europeans. It has been a bishopric since 1863.

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PORT ELIZABETH: THE CITY OF THE SETTLERS

Port Elizabeth, the second town of the Cape Province, lies in the south-western angle of Algoa Bay, or, as the Portuguese called it, Bahia da Lagoa. The bay was named by Bartholomew Diaz, who in 1487 put in on his way around Africa in the course of an unsuccessful attempt to find a sea-route to India. Diaz landed on a

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small island, which he named Santa Cruz, and set up a stone cross bearing the arms of Portugal.

The foundation of the town resulted from the emigration movement from England following the Napoleonic wars. The movement was thus advantageous to South Africa, for British enterprise and activity played a leading part thereafter in the development of the Cape Colony. Altogether about three thousand settlers, men, women and children, left the United Kingdom in twenty-four ship-loads to settle in South Africa. Incidentally, the supposed tribulations in store for the immigrants were cartooned by George Cruikshank, who depicted the settlers at the mercy of Kafir cannibals.

The *Chapman*, a vessel of 500 tons, was the first to arrive at Algoa Bay on April 10, 1820, with about two-hundred-and-fifty settlers aboard. They were under the leadership of John Bailie. Afterwards, at irregular intervals during a period of about six months, the other vessels of the fleet anchored in the bay, which presented a scene of activity not witnessed for many years later.

The settlers were welcomed by the Acting Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Rufane Donkin, by whose instructions ample preparations for their reception had been made. There was no lack of food or tents. The military post, Fort Frederick, was the only other evidence of local occupation. With few exceptions the immigrants were sent to the Albany district, between the Bushman's and Fish Rivers, some fifty to a hundred miles east of Algoa Bay. One party of twenty-four, consisting chiefly of fishermen from Deal, preferred to remain at the bay. They established themselves near the mouth of the Zwartkops River and called the place Deal after their old home.

For several years the settlers were in distress, for most of them knew nothing of farming. Their wheat crops constantly failed, a great flood destroyed many of their homesteads, and they were beset by roving bands of Kafirs. Ultimately many of them returned to Algoa Bay.

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A cluster of huts soon sprang up around Fort Frederick, and on June 6, 1820, Sir Rufane Donkin authorized the establishment of a town which he named Port Elizabeth, in memory of his first wife who had died in India. He also erected to her memory a stone pyramid on the hill above the landing-place. It is still a conspicuous feature of the water-front. The town grew rapidly. Within a few years substantial warehouses made their appearance in the lower parts of the town.

A dominant feature of Port Elizabeth to-day is the Campanile—177 feet high—in Jetty Street, erected near the sea, to the memory of the 1820 Settlers. The town extends for some five-and-a-half miles along the shores of the bay and up slopes to a plateau three hundred feet above. The ascent is so steep that steps sometimes take the place of footpaths. Terraces of houses rise one beyond the other until they reach the tableland. The Town Hall, built in Renaissance style, dates from the early 'seventies. The Public Library (facing the Market Square and St. Mary's Church) was founded in 1848; the present building, which cost £32,000, was erected in 1902, mainly owing to the generosity of the family of the late William Savage, who donated a third of the cost. Over 55,000 volumes are housed in the library, amongst which the Africana collection is of particular interest.

Port Elizabeth takes great pride in its Snake Park, one of the only two in the world, the other being at San Paulo, in Brazil. The Director is Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, who also has charge of the adjoining Museum. In the park some five hundred snakes, proper to South Africa, are housed in a walled and moated enclosure. Johannes, the native attendant, handles them so freely as to have become contemptuous of them. He has been bitten eleven times, and has been so often inoculated that he has become almost immune. Mr. FitzSimons is the discoverer of a remarkably efficient serum as an antidote for snake-bite.

A quaint memorial, erected in recognition of the services of the horses which perished in the Anglo-Boer War, takes the form of a drinking-trough surmounted

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by a bronze horse to which water is being given by a British soldier.

As Algoa Bay is an open roadstead, passengers and goods are landed by means of tugs and lighters. Harbour improvement was first commenced in 1856 with the construction of a breakwater which, however, had to be removed in 1869 owing to the silting of the sand. A new breakwater, planned for a length of 8,500 feet, of which over 3,000 have already been constructed, was begun in 1922, and forms part of a scheme which will probably cost £4,000,000. The existing harbour accommodation consists of three wrought-iron jetties, which permit of vessels drawing up to 21 feet to discharge alongside.

Port Elizabeth's geographical position, handy as it is to the main industrial centres of the Union, has contributed much to its rapid industrial advance. The town almost monopolizes the leather industries in South Africa, and is also an important entrepôt for the export of wool and mohair, hides and skins, and ostrich feathers. Two important motor corporations, the Ford Company and the General Motors Corporation, have established assembly shops at North End.

Railway construction was begun in 1875 when a line was built to Grahamstown, and this was opened for traffic in September, 1879. In March, 1884, Port Elizabeth was linked up with Kimberley; with Bloemfontein in December, 1890; and with Johannesburg in September, 1892.

On November 16, 1908, a disastrous flood overwhelmed the town. A heavy fall of rain caused the Baakens River—which divides the southern portion of the town from the centre—to come down in flood. It swept away several large buildings, and did damage to the extent of about £300,000.

The white population of the town and suburbs is 32,000; and there are 33,000 non-Europeans.

Port Elizabeth's daily paper, the *Eastern Province Herald* was established in 1845. The *Port Elizabeth Advertiser* appears three times weekly.

KIMBERLEY: THE DIAMOND CITY

Kimberley, the world-famous diamond city, sprang romantically from the finding of a diamond in the Hope-town district of Cape Colony, on the Orange River, about a hundred miles to the south of the present city. It seems that early in 1867, Schalk Van Niekerk, a farmer in the neighbourhood, happened to call at the house of a Mrs. Jacobs, and saw one of her children playing with a brilliant pebble. Van Niekerk expressed admiration of the stone, and Mrs. Jacobs unhesitatingly made him a present of it. Some little time after, a trader, O'Reilly, visited the Van Niekerks' house and was shown the pebble as a curiosity. He suspected it to be a diamond, and was permitted to send it to Dr. Atherstone at Grahamstown and to M. Herite, a jeweller—who was also French Consul at Cape Town—to be tested. It proved to be a diamond of $21\frac{1}{2}$ carats and was sold to the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for £500, of which Mrs. Jacobs received half of Van Niekerk's profit on the transaction. Search was instituted and other diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River. In March, 1869, the great diamond, the "Star of South Africa," was obtained by Van Niekerk in exchange for cattle to the value of £250 from a native witch-doctor, who had been in possession of it for a long time without suspecting its value, except perhaps as a powerful charm. This gem of $83\frac{1}{2}$ carats was sold for £11,000 to the Lilienfeld brothers, and passed eventually into the possession of the Countess of Dudley. Within a year the diamond lure was attracting a cosmopolitan "rush" not only from other parts of Africa, but from Europe, America and Australia. People came to make fortunes on the banks of the Vaal River. The first party set to work at Hebron (now Windsorton), whence camps of tents soon extended for some seventy miles along the river banks to Klipdrift (now Barkly West). That barren region soon began to resound with the clamour of industry.

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William Alderson, who is still living (in 1930), is probably the oldest surviving Kimberley pioneer. As a young man he left his native village in Yorkshire to seek his fortune in Australia, and after working for sometime on the goldfields in Victoria, glowing stories of mineral discoveries in South Africa led him to embark on a cargo-boat bound for Durban. From there he travelled, partly on foot and partly by ox-wagon, to the alluvial goldfields of the London and Limpopo Mining Company on the Tati River, which flows into the Limpopo from the north. Only traces of gold were found, and he therefore set out to walk to Cape Town, twelve hundred miles away, with the intention of returning to Australia. On the way south he touched at Hebron towards the end of 1869, and found that place in a fever of excitement over the new diamond discoveries. He immediately abandoned all thought of Australia and commenced digging at Klipdrift, the largest camp on the Vaal River, and later on at the "dry" diggings at Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, De Beers, and Colesberg Kopje. Together with Rhodes and Rudd he floated the De Beers Mining Company in April, 1880, becoming its managing director. Some little time before the amalgamation of the mines in 1888, he disposed of his holdings for a sum of approximately a million pounds, and returned to England.

Early in 1871, the children of a farmer named Adriaan Van Wyk, living at Dorstfontein, near Du Toit's Pan, picked several small diamonds out of the mud with which their homestead was plastered. Almost simultaneously, diamonds were found in the mud-brick walls of the homestead of Cornelius du Plooy at Bultfontein, about a mile away. Hard upon these discoveries came that of De Beers, two miles to the west, and in June, 1871, Fleetwood Rawstorne, one of a party of diggers from Colesberg in the Cape Colony, found the first diamond at Colesberg Kopje, now known as the Kimberley mine. Wesselton mine, at first called the Premier, was discovered in 1890, through those little veld animals, the meerkats, turning up the diamondiferous ground.

Van Wyk was persuaded to sell his farm for £2,000,

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and this sale produced a curious sequel with regard to Bultfontein. A man named Lynch drove over to du Plooy one Sunday and concluded an arrangement for the purchase of his farm for £2,000. The following day another buyer, Lilienfeld, arrived at the farm, and on hearing of what had taken place, told du Plooy that such an agreement on a Sunday was illegal and offered to indemnify him against damages if he would refuse to conclude the sale. The farm was accordingly sold to Lilienfeld. Lynch brought an action against du Plooy for £10,000 and was awarded £500 and costs. Du Plooy then sued Lilienfeld and received damages amounting to £760.

Within a few days a mighty "rush" occurred; the river diggings were almost deserted and thousands of diggers began excavating what has become the deepest man-made open hole in the world. It covers forty acres and is over 1,400 feet deep. Soon a great camp of canvas tents and later of wood-iron buildings sprang up as by magic. Stores and hotels, canteens and gambling houses, diamond-buyers' offices and diggers' cottages, all were hurriedly built regardless of order, with the result that Kimberley remains to-day one of the most irregularly laid-out towns in South Africa.

Life in early Kimberley was full of excitement, but it had its drawbacks. Water was scarce and bad and, until wells had been sunk, had to be carried long distances in barrels. Dust storms were terrific; violent gusts of hot wind caught up the sifted ground and whirled it about until the very air was darkened. In 1876 a heavy fall of snow carpeted the town, a most unusual occurrence in such a climate.

As in most mining camps there was a great scarcity of women, and social life centred in the bars, notably in the "Blue Posts," the "Pig and Whistle," "Cotty's," and the famous "Shilling Bar" where the "bloods" whiled away their time and their money. One hotel, curiously in accord with the primitive spirit of the time, was the "Queen's," run by Mrs. Jardine, where a man was always welcome to dinner on Sundays whether he had

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money or not. In this way Mrs. Jardine accumulated some thousands of pounds worth of I.O.U.'s which she took with her to Scotland on retiring from business. Before her death she requested her son to bring them to her bedside and burn them before her.

The free-and-easy business methods of those early days are well illustrated by the detail of a daring robbery which took place when the town was barely a year old. On May 9, 1872, a bag containing 2,381 diamonds disappeared from the post-office counter, and notwithstanding exhaustive inquiry could not be traced. About a month later a man named Harding was arrested in Cape Town on a charge of theft from a fellow passenger on the way out from England three months before. Harding had already booked his return passage and his luggage aboard the steamer was examined by the police. To their astonishment they found a thousand pounds in money and 2,347 diamonds, which proved to be part of those stolen. The barrel of a rifle was crammed with diamonds. At the trial it appeared that Harding had called at the post-office, and finding no one inside, put his arm through the delivery window, removed the bag from the counter, and had got away unseen. His adroitness cost him five years' hard labour.

On January 10, 1884, the town was startled by the explosion of thirty-three tons of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder, which, strangely enough, caused very little damage.

Many of the pioneers of Kimberley played a leading part in the development of other parts of Africa; they were the men who developed the gold industry at Barberton and who helped to make Johannesburg the world's greatest gold-mining city. Cecil Rhodes went to the diamond fields from his brother's farm in Natal in 1873 and laid the foundation of a fortune which made possible his dream of a great British State in the north. Dr. Jameson, who afterwards achieved fame as a Rhodesian pioneer, was the best-known medical man in early Kimberley. There was C. D. Rudd, who visited Lobengula, King of the Matabele, and obtained from him

the famous concession which became the basis of the Charter that added Rhodesia to the Empire. J. B. Robinson, who was among the first to go to the Witwatersrand after gold had been discovered there in 1886, began his career in a Colesberg store; he followed the stream to the diggings, where he opened a diamond-buyer's office. Barnett Isaacs, better known as Barney Barnato, who came out in 1873, achieved fame in amateur theatricals as well as in finance, and succeeded in interesting large audiences at the old Theatre Royal as Matthias in *The Bells*, and as Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*. Lionel Phillips, Alfred Beit, George Farrar, Percy FitzPatrick, Abe Bailey, George Albu, who all made history on the Rand goldfields, commenced their careers on the diamond diggings. J. R. Couper, who defeated Wolff Bendoff in the great ring battle for the South African Boxing Championship in Johannesburg in 1889, was a familiar figure in the early days. He later wrote a novel, "Mixed Humanity," a story of camp life on the diggings.

The territory in which the diamonds were found, although previously regarded as of little value, soon became the subject of a dispute between the South African Republic, the Orange Free State, the Griqua chief Nicholas Waterboer, and the Baralong and Batlapin tribes who all claimed ownership. This dispute was eventually submitted to an Arbitration Court which sat at Bloemhof under the presidency of Robert William Keate, Governor of Natal. On October 17, 1871, he gave judgment against the South African Republic, and in defining the territories of the disputants included within Waterboer's boundary the territory claimed by him west of Platberg on the Vaal, hitherto regarded as part of the Orange Free State. Ten days later, Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of the Cape, proclaimed Waterboer's territory a Crown colony under the name of Griqualand West. About five years afterwards, a Special Court created to decide a number of claims to the ownership of certain farms, rejected all claims within the disputed diamond area that rested on grants by Waterboer, the

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Court holding that he had never had any rights there. President Brand at once went to England to secure the restoration of this territory to the Orange Free State. But vested interests had been created and the population had become so entirely British in feeling that no change could have been made without provoking immediate strife, furthermore, it was held to be necessary for the paramount power in South Africa to be in possession of the diamond fields. Sir Donald Currie, who was called in to arbitrate, proposed the restoration of all farms that could be cut out of the border without affecting the diamond fields, and the payment of a sum of £90,000 to the Free State. This was accepted by President Brand, and was ratified by the Volksraad on December 11, 1876. The Free State judiciously invested this money by establishing a National Bank; at the same time secured an immediate and substantial benefit from the creation of a profitable market for its agricultural products practically at its door. On October 15, 1880, Griqualand West disappeared as a separate province, and became incorporated in the Cape Colony.

The changed conditions on the fields brought about by the Keate Award were not altogether to the liking of the diggers. Under the Free State administration natives were prohibited from roaming about at night; they could not buy or sell diamonds, nor could they purchase intoxicating liquor without an order from their employers. They now yielded to drink, stole diamonds and created pandemonium at night. Representations were made to the authorities, but to no purpose. The diggers therefore decided to take the law into their own hands, and on December 17, 1871, burned down four canteens at Colesberg Kopje and three at old De Beers. The prevalence of illicit diamond buying led a number of men to form a "mutual protection association"; they went about fully armed and finally hoisted the black flag of rebellion. On June 30, 1875, a detachment of Imperial troops arrived and the leaders were arrested and tried. The jury, however, refused to convict them, and they then decided to leave the district. In 1882, stringent

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regulations were enacted concerning the possession of rough diamonds.

The mines in 1888 were incorporated under the single control of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, with Gardner Williams as general manager. About 1905, he resigned this position in favour of his son, Alpheus Williams, the present general manager. The amalgamation, which had been a long-cherished scheme of Rhodes's, necessitated the purchase of the claims of the Kimberley Central Diamond Mining Company, controlled by Barney Barnato, for £5,338,650.

A disastrous fire occurred in the underground workings of the De Beers mine on July 11, 1888, caused probably through a native carelessly leaving a lighted candle on the timber in a disused engine room. Twenty-four white men and 178 natives lost their lives, nearly all of them having been either suffocated by the smoke or trampled to death in the subsequent stampede to escape.

On October 14, 1899, at the opening of the Anglo-Boer War, Kimberley was isolated by the Boers, Colonel Kekewich being in command of the garrison of 600 regulars and 2,000 volunteers. The heaps of tailings were turned into forts, and a conning tower with searchlights was improvised on the De Beers mine headgear. A long-range gun, known as "Long Cecil," designed by George Labram, was built in the company's workshops, and did excellent service. Labram was killed by a Boer shell on February 9, 1900, as he was entering his room at the Grand Hotel. During the shelling of the town by the Boer hundred-pounder, "Long Tom," numbers of women were lowered into the mines for safety. The town was relieved by General French on February 15, 1900.

Kimberley had to wait fifteen years before it was linked by rail with the coast, and during that time all mine stores and equipment had to be hauled 400 miles by ox-wagon from East London. Passengers used the coach which plied between the town and the railhead. After the opening of the railway from Cape Town on November 28, 1885, a coach service was inaugurated to

the new goldfields at Barberton and Johannesburg. A branch railway of 105 miles to Bloemfontein was opened on April 4, 1908. The line through Barkly West, opened in 1922, has been continued to Postmasburg to tap the large manganese deposits in that locality.

Several large gems have been found in the Kimberley mines. The Porter-Rhodes diamond, a white octahedron weighing 152 carats and valued at £60,000 was found near the centre of Colesberg Kopje (Kimberley) mine. In 1917, a stone of 442 carats was obtained from Du Toit's Pan mine. The largest stone from De Beers was an imperfect one of 503 carats found in 1896; but the best stone from that mine weighed 428½ carats, which was cut down to 228½ carats before being sold for £13,600. Alluvial stones are considerably more valuable than mine stones, but they are far less abundant. The largest, weighing 337½ carats, was found at Delport's Hope in 1909.

Kimberley contains a number of impressive monuments. An equestrian statue of Cecil Rhodes by Hamo Thornycroft stands at the junction of Du Toit's Pan Road and D'Arcy Street. In the garden of the Public Library there is a memorial bust of Alfred Beit. The Honoured Dead Memorial, erected in memory of those who fell in defence of the town during the siege, is modelled on the famous Nereid monument of fourth century B.C. found at Xanthos, in Asia Minor. On the stylobate stands Labram's gun, "Long Cecil." A dignified monument facing the Hospital commemorates the Kimberley men who gave their lives in the Great War. The MacGregor Memorial Museum is rich in specimens of Bushman art, and has been under the able direction of Miss M. Wilman for many years.

The Kimberley mine, where underground work has been carried on to a depth of 3,600 feet, has been closed since 1909, and the De Beers mine, 2,400 feet deep, since 1908. Diamond cutting is being carried on in two factories, one controlled by a private firm under agreement with the Union Government, and the other by the Diamond Syndicate, which regulates practically the whole of the South African diamond supply.

LOURENÇO MARQUES

Kimberley was made a municipality in 1877, and in 1912 it incorporated the neighbouring township of Beaconsfield. Its area is now thirteen square miles and its rateable value £3,500,000. Its population is 38,000, of which 17,000 are Europeans. It was the first town in South Africa to have its streets lighted by electricity. In 1911 it was made a bishopric.

A severe earth tremor shook the town on the afternoon of February 20, 1912; huge cracks appeared in the walls of many buildings, and clouds of dust from falling ground in the open mines blackened the air.

On the night of February 12, 1930, the most disastrous fire in the history of the city destroyed a large portion of its shopping centre. The damage was estimated at over £400,000.

On July 17, 1873, the name Colesberg Kopje was changed to Kimberley, after the British Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Kimberley's daily paper, the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, was founded in 1876. Other papers (which have since passed away) were the *Diamond News*, and the *Independent*.

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LOURENÇO MARQUES: THE PREMIER PORT OF MOZAMBIQUE

Lourenço Marques, the capital of Mozambique, is the nearest sea-port to Johannesburg and has thriven largely on the volume of traffic it handles for the Rand gold-fields. Its foundation is due to the intrepid Portuguese navigators who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries explored the southern ocean in search of a sea-way to India. Before their advent the whole of the east coast of Africa was in the hands of Arab traders who, however, did not venture farther south than Cape Correntes, which they supposed to be the home of the sirens who lured unfortunate sailors to their doom. Delagoa Bay was discovered early in the sixteenth century by Antonio

do Campo, captain of one of Vasco da Gama's ships, and was explored in 1544 by a trader named Lourenço Marques who built a fortress and established a settlement. Then vessels would put into the bay for ivory and slaves. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a Dutch expedition arrived on the scene, lured by reports of gold, copper, and iron in the Lebombo mountains. Its members began the construction of a fort at Katembe, but could not induce the male natives to work, although these natives offered the services of their wives and daughters. The fort was wrecked by buccaneers, and the Dutch, disappointed in the search for mineral wealth, abandoned the enterprise.

After that it was not until 1777 that Colonel William Bolts, commanding an Austrian expedition, attempted to found a trading station, but was driven out by a Portuguese force sent from Goa. In 1781, Joaquim de Arujo built a fortress on the site of the present town of Lourenço Marques, and became the first military governor. The garrison was often severely tested by hostile natives, whose power was not finally broken until 1895, when the notorious chief Gungunyana was defeated and captured by Captain Mousinho d'Albuquerque. In 1822, Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen entered the bay for the purpose of surveying and charting it. He obtained a cession of the surrounding territory from Mayete, chief of the Tembe tribe, and on March 8, 1823, hoisted the British flag. Captain Bickford, commanding the British warship *Narcissus*, was the next to arrive, and on November 5, 1861, he declared the islands of Inyaka and Elephant and the adjoining roadstead to be British territory annexed to Natal. Less than a month afterwards a native chief, Umzila, ceded the mainland to the Portuguese in return for military assistance against his brother. The British corvette *Ponteval* sailed into the bay in 1869, and its commander hoisted the British flag on Inyaka island; but on April 5, 1870, the Portuguese replanted their flag. A commercial treaty defining a boundary was signed on July 29, 1869, between the Portuguese Government and the South African Republic, but this was contested by the British Government, which based its claims

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on Captain Owen's documents. The dispute was referred to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, the French President, who on July 24, 1875, confirmed the Portuguese in their rights.

A municipality was established on December 19, 1876, the administration being in the hands of a nominated Council. At that time there were only about a hundred houses in the town. Thereafter civic affairs were managed either by elected or nominated bodies, until in 1917 they were finally vested in a Commission of five members appointed by the Government. On May 20, 1907, the town became the official capital of the whole province of Mozambique.

The discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand had a marked effect on the development of Lourenço Marques, especially after the railway to Johannesburg was opened in 1894. The population is now about 37,000, including 9,000 Europeans. Commercial relations between Mozambique and the Union of South Africa are regulated by a Convention signed in 1928 by which the Union Government undertakes to secure to Lourenço Marques from 50 to 55 per cent. of the total tonnage of seaborne traffic imported into what is known as the "Competitive area" of the Transvaal; that is, the area bounded by the towns of Pretoria, Springs, Vereeniging, Klerksdorp, and Krugersdorp. In return for this traffic guarantee the Portuguese Government grants certain facilities for the recruiting of natives within its boundaries for work in the gold and coal mines of the Transvaal. Lourenço Marques is also the natural outlet for the export of coal from the mines in the Witbank district of the Transvaal. A well-equipped coaling plant on the wharf handles at the present time from one-half to three-quarters of a million tons of coal per annum, although capable of far greater tonnages. The harbour is one of the best in South Africa, the bay being twenty-six miles long by twenty-two miles broad; the wharf, which is equipped with up-to-date appliances for discharging and receiving cargo, is capable of accommodating twelve large steamers.

Undertakings such as tramways, lighting, power and

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water supply, which in most towns are public assets, are, in Lourenço Marques, operated privately under licence. In practice, the system seems to work well enough, as all the original concessions have been renewed. The beautiful Polana beach, with its picturesque background of red cliffs and luxuriant deep-green vegetation, is one of the finest stretches of sand on the East African coast. A fine, winding drive connects the top of the cliff with the beach.

The town is associated romantically with the great emigration of farmers from the Cape Colony in 1836. One of the first of these parties, under the leadership of Louis Trichardt, reached the Zoutpansberg from where it turned towards the east coast. Fever broke out, but a number of the party managed to reach Delagoa Bay in 1838. They were received sympathetically, but continued to diminish through fever. A few survivors reached Natal by sea. Louis Trichardt himself, however, is supposed to have been among those who succumbed at Delagoa Bay, and an old cemetery in the town is regarded as his place of burial.

Despite its African setting Lourenço Marques remains a picturesque echo of Portugal. Life centres in what is generally known as the Band Square, or, to give it its proper name, the Praça Mousinho d'Albuquerque, where, in the kiosks, at all hours of the day, men and women gather like born boulevardiers. The visitor from other parts of South Africa is charmed with the unobtrusive Bohemian spirit of Lourenço Marques and its essentially Latin character.

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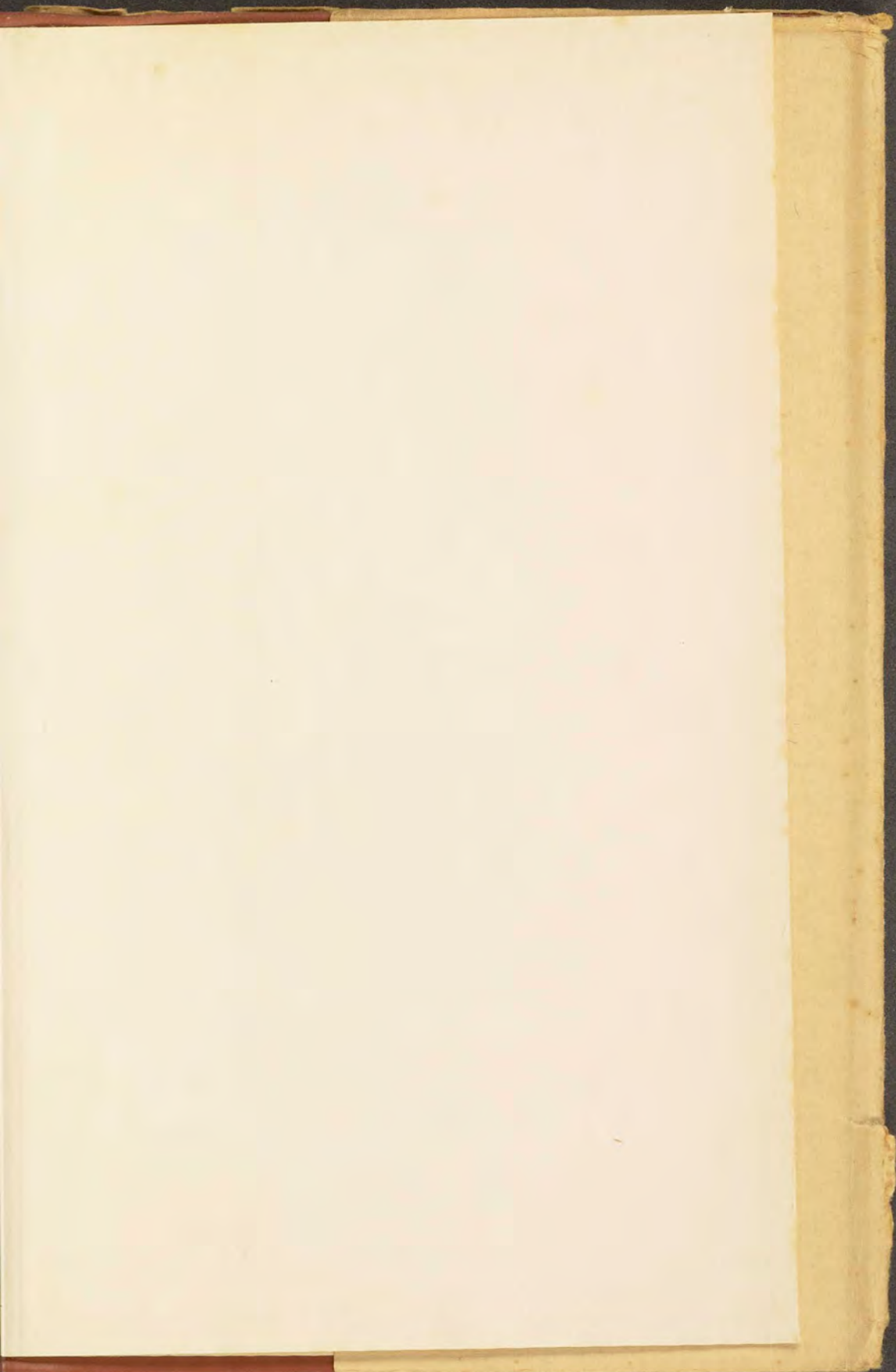
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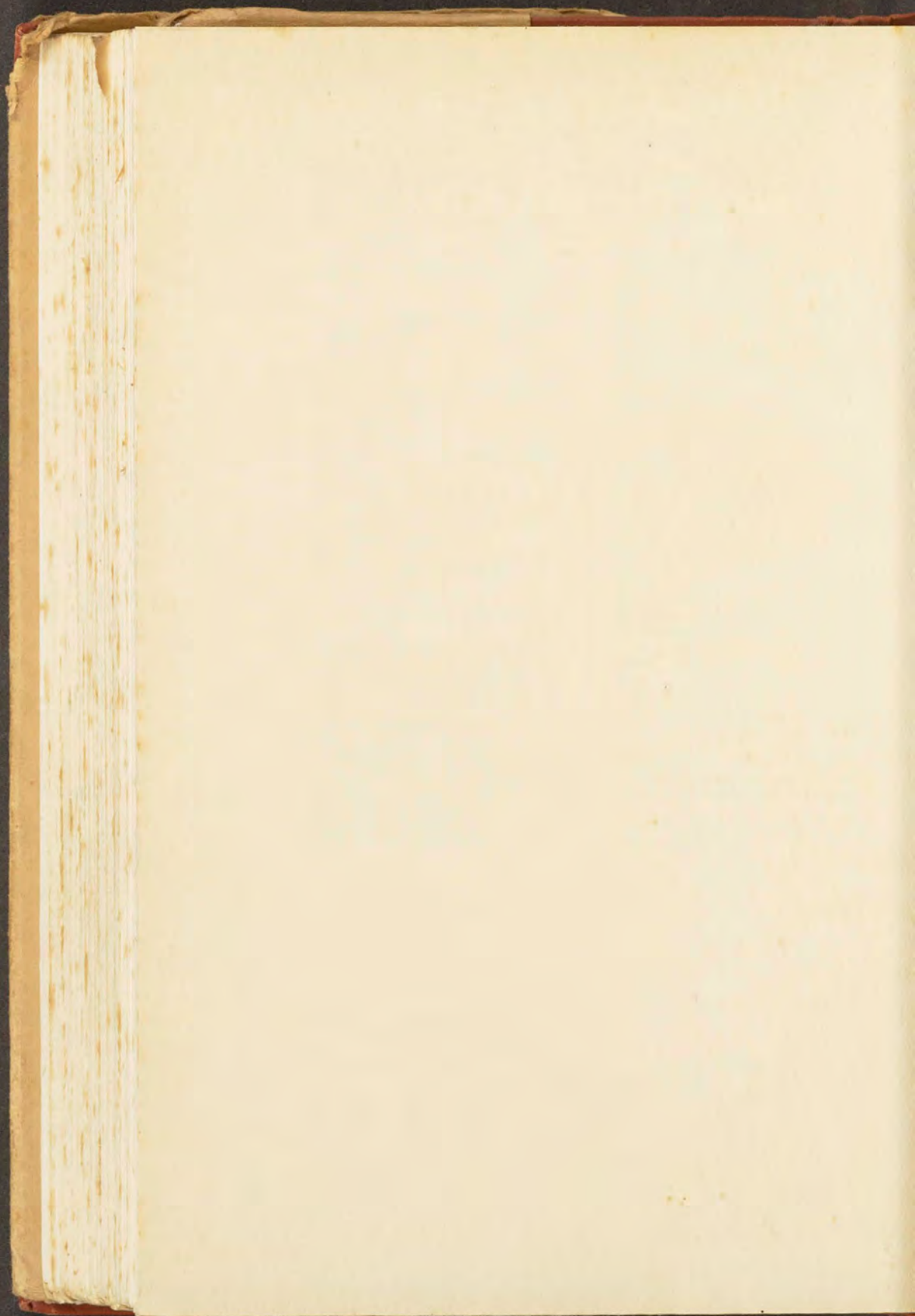
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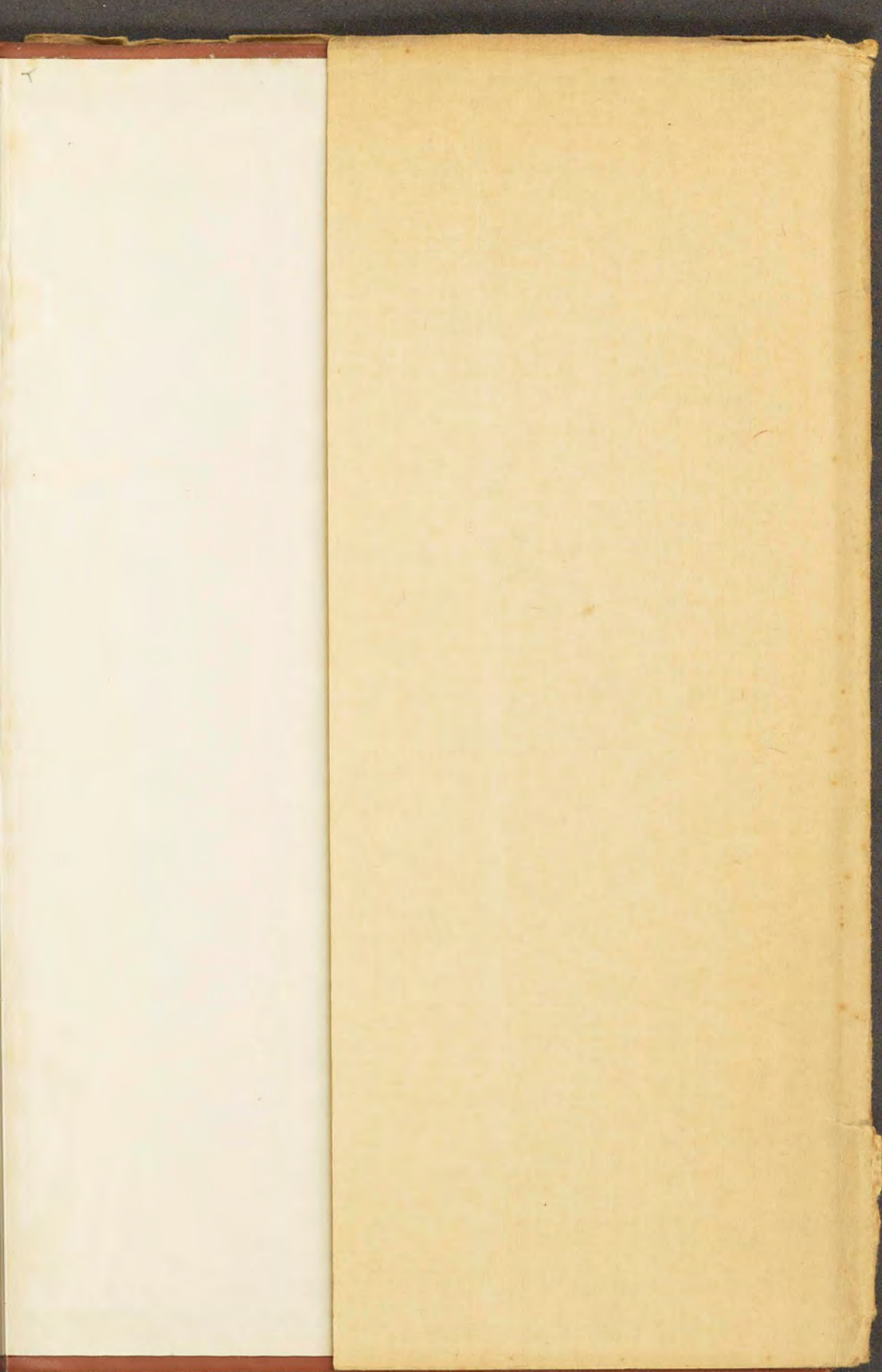
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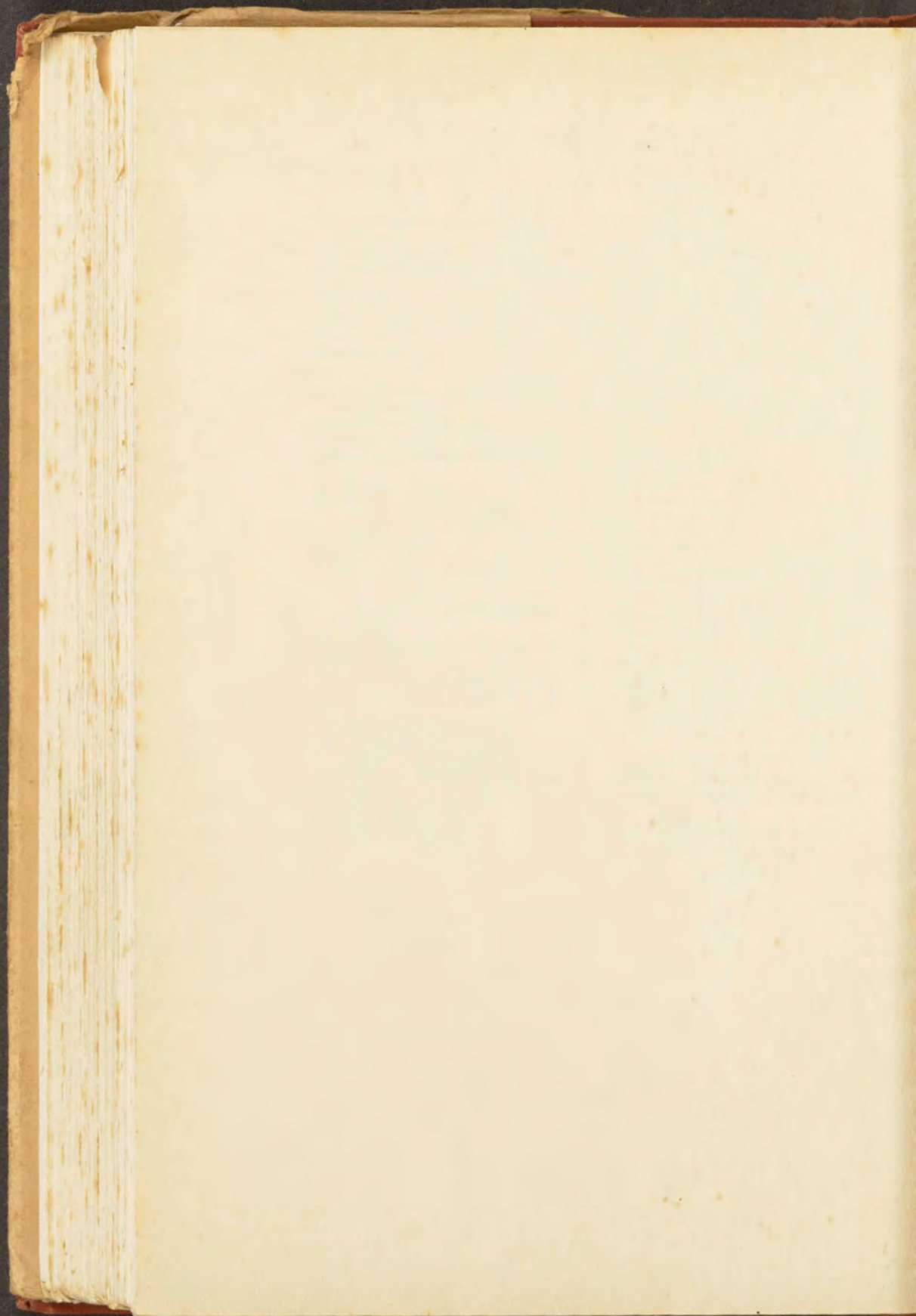
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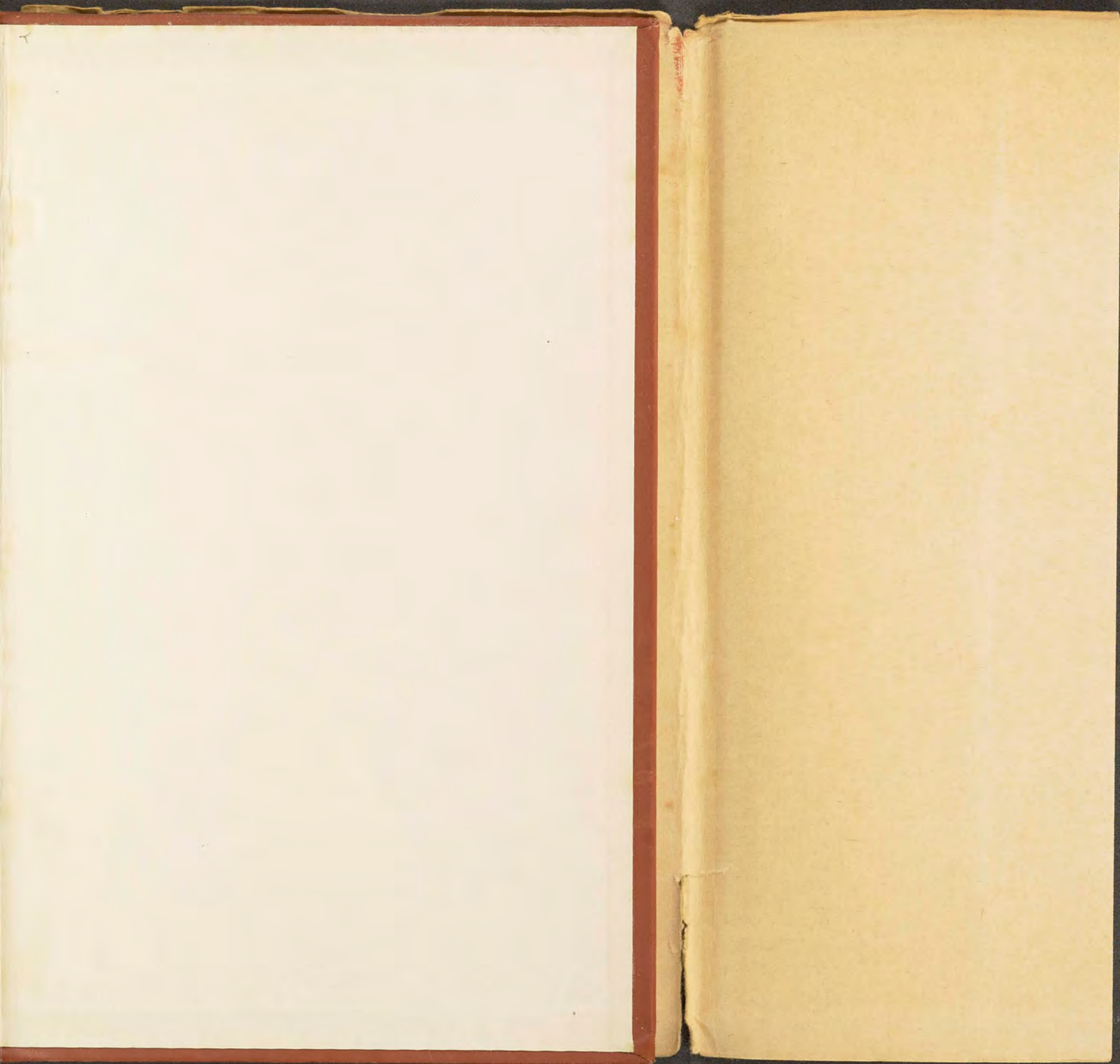
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